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JUVENILIA;
A
COLLECTION
OF
POEMS,

WRITTEN BY
GEORGE WITHER,
IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTENTS:

ABUSES STRIPT AND WHIPT,
PRINCE HENRY'S OBSEQUIES.

A SATYRE TO THE KING.

EPITHALAMIA, OR NUPTIAL POEMS.

THE SHEPPARD'S HUNTING,
HIS MOTTO.

and

HYMNS and SONGS OF THE CHURCH,
&c. &c.

VOLUME I.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. S. FOR JOHN BUDGE, DWELLING IN
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD, AT THE SIGN OF
THE GREEN DRAGON. 1622.

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Abuses Stript and Whipt,

OR

SATYRICAL ESSAYS.

Πολλακι τοι και μωρος ανης κατακαιριον ειπε.

Despise not this, whate'er I seem in show ;
A fool to purpose speaks sometime, you know,

THE HISTORY OF THE

REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT

BY JAMES M. SMITH

NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1857

1857

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO HIMSELF G. W. wisheth all happiness.

THOU, even myself, whom next GOD, my Prince and Country, I am most engaged unto, it is not unlikely but some will wonder why, contrary to the world's custom, I have made choice of thy patronage for this book, rather than the protection of such whose mightiness might seem better able to defend it; especially considering such a gigantic troop of adversaries have banded themselves against Virtue, that one of them, Goliath-like, dares rail upon an whole host of Israel. It may be, I say, some will wonder, and some scoff at me for it: for which cause (though to answer them with *sic volo* had been sufficient: yet to shew I will not, like our great ones, stand so much upon my authority as to make my will my reason) I here let you know why, and for what causes I have done it. The first is this: I could not amongst all men find any man, in my opinion, so fitting for this purpose, but either my work was unworthy or too worthy his patronage. Secondly, it is said, *obsequium amicos, veritas odium parit*: and I doubting my free speech would hardly make a diapason pleasing to the ear of a common Mecænas, thought it best to hold my tongue, or speak to myself, whose disposition I am better ac-

quainted with. Thirdly, seeing I know but what men appear, and not what they are, I had rather endure the kite's tyranny, than with Æsop's doves make the sparrow-hawk my champion. Fourthly, if I have spoken truth, it is able to defend itself; if not, whoever be my patron, it is I must answer for it. Fifthly, for-as-much as I know mine own mind best, I purpose, if need be, to become mine own advocate. Sixthly, for my own sake I first made it, and therefore certain I am, myself have most right unto it. But seventhly, and lastly, (which is indeed the principal reason) I have made this dedication to my own self, even to put thee in mind, seeing thou hast here boldly bid defiance to the flesh, and upon just causes quarrelled with the world, that thou take heed to thine own words, and not through baseness of mind or untowardness of fortune, to thy everlasting disgrace, faintly give over so noble a combat. If ever adversity (as it is likely enough) oppress thee, yet remember thine own sayings, and in despite of outward destinies, have a care to keep an undejected heart still free for virtue. Or on the contrary, if ever (as it is unlikely) unexpected prosperity be cast upon thee, then look to thyself, take to thee this poor book of thine, wherein thou shalt see the danger of it; and be, perhaps, thereby stayed from many a perilous enterprize, which that estate might else drive thee into. Read it weekly, daily, yea, and hourly too. What though it be thy own? Thou knowest man's nature to be so uncertain and prone to forgetfulness, even in the best things, that thou canst not have too many memorandums.—The wisest fall, and therefore was every day Philip de-

sirous to be remembered that he was a man. Thou thinkest, I know, still to remain what thou art; I desire in some things thou mayest : but unless thou labour it with diligent watchfulness thy affection, it is at least much to be doubted, if not altogether to be despaired of. For thou hast seen many, by an alteration in their estate, been so metamorphosed, as if they were neither the same men, nor of that nation.

Nay, (remember it) thou thyself, and that but upon a bare hope or imagination of some preferment, hast been puffed up and exalted above measure. Consider now, then, how much more thou hadst been so; and what had become of thee, if God had not, by dashing those hopes, called thee to thyself again. Alas ! if he had answered thy ambitious expectations to thy desire, thou hadst been by this time past recovery, and not thought of this ; but delighted in villany, been overmastered by passion, rushed into all vanity and presumption ; yet never felt any danger, till it were too late to prevent it. Thou hast oft wished thou hadst been born to the like means that others are ; which, might it have been so, now thou seest, thou shouldest hardly or never have come to the knowledge of those things, that are now shown thee. It is true, thou hast lamented to be crossed in thy preferments, but thou seest since, that it might have been thy undoing if it had not been so ; and mayest persuade thyself, whether it be now or never, it will be to thy good. For tell me, hast thou not often felt, even when thou wert busiest to prevent them, fond-love, ambition, revenge, covetousness, and such-like passions, then to invade

'thee? I see thou hast perceived it. How much more then, would they have been ready to assail thee, when quite forgetting them, thou hadst wholly addicted thyself to the things of this world! Let me advise thee, my dear self, then, to make use of this thine own work; it will be better to thee than all the world: for this good it may do thee, and to this end I made both it and the dedication thereof to thee, that if ever hereafter the temptations of the world, the flesh, and the devil, or any occasion should make thee to forget this mind which thou art now in, or so blind thy understanding, thou shouldest not perceive thine own and the world's follies as thou dost; that if thou shouldest be in that miserable state (as many are) to have no feeling of thy danger; that if thou shouldest be woefully flattered, and have no friend that dares, or loves thee so well, to put thee in mind of thy transgressions;

That, then this may shew thee what once thou wert; touch thee again with the feeling of thy miseries; and be unto thee that true friend, which, free from all feigning, shall plainly tell thee, what perhaps should else have never been brought again to thy remembrance. Look then, that for thy own sake thou respect this, however to others it may seem a trifle.—Be careful of thy actions; for seeing thou knowest the dangerous passions whereunto man is subject, hast shown his vanities, laid open his weakness, and sharply taxed his presumption: if now thou wouldest wilfully run thyself into the same evils, the world would upbraid thee, this book, yea, thy conscience accuse thee, God and good men hate thee, thy fault

be more odious and inexcusable, thy judgement more severe, and (which is worst) thy punishment most intolerable. I say seek, therefore (if for no other cause) so to carry thyself, that at least thou mayest have a good conscience before God; for, *si Deus tecum, quis contra te?* But if now having made the world thine enemy, exposed thyself to the malice thereof, and having so many legions of foes without thee, thou shouldst also, by thy negligence, suffer the invincible fortress of a sound conscience to be crazed within thee, the devil, that is always watching such advantages, would quickly possess it with so unmerciful a troop of horrors, fears and desperations, that without God's miraculous assistance, thou wouldest grow wholly ~~part~~ either comfort or recovery.

For all the world cannot defend thee against thy conscience; but that being with thee, thou mayest prevail against all the world. Beware then, do not like the Zebithum, yield a perfume to sweeten others, and be thyself a stinking vermin; but let this thy own work be confirmed by thine own life and conversation; yea, let it be a precedent to thyself: for, *tanti erit aliis quanti tibi fuerit*. But if not, I say, if the world mis-esteem either it or thee, yet do not thou therefore esteem the less either of thy book or of thyself; but rather let them know,

That thou hast learned, still thy care shall be
A rush for him, that cares a straw for thee.

But now, though for these and divers other reasons I have to thee, my own-self, committed the protection and made the dedication of this book, yet my meaning is, not that thou shouldest keep it wholly to thine own use, but rather, seeing it is honorable to give, I have bestowed this on thee, that if thou canst in this corrupted age find any whom desert and thy love may make so dear to thee; or whom thou art persuaded will gratify (or but think well of thy honest endeavors) thou mayest be liberal to them, both of these thy labours and expences.

But if this I conjure thee, be they ever so great, yet inter not; or if he be a man whom thou knowest the world speaks any way justly ill of, either tell him his fault, or leave him wholly out of thy catalogue. But because I begin to grow tedious to my own-self, since therefore I shall have opportunity enough to consider with thee what is further needful without an epistle, with my prayers for my Prince, my Country and my Friends, and my own prosperity, without any leave-taking, or commendations of myself, I heartily wish my own soul to farewell:

Thy Prince's, thy Country's, thy Friend's,

Thine Own,

Whilst reason masters affection,

GEORGE WITHER.

THE OCCASION of this WORK.

WHEN nimble time, that all things over-runs,
Made me forsake my tops and eldren guns,
Reaching those years in which the school-boys
 brag,
In leaving off the bottle and the bag;
The very spring before I grew so old,
That I had almost thrice five winters told;
Noting my other fellow-pupils haste,
That to our English Athens flock'd so fast,
Lest others for a truant should suspect me;
That had the self-same tutor to direct me,
And in a manner counting it a shame
To undergo so long a school-boy's name,
Thither went I. For though I'll not compare
With many of them that my fellows were,
Yet, to my teacher's praise (I speak it now)
I all the forms in school had quite run through,
And was no whit for grammar-rules to seek
In Lillie's latin, nor in Camden's greek;
But so well grounded, that another day
I could not with our idle students say
For my excuse, I was not enter'd well;
For that I was so, can my fellows tell.
And therefore since I came no wiser thence,

I must confess it was my negligence ;
 Yet daily longing to behold and see
 The places where the sacred sisters be,
 I was so happy to that Ford I came,
 Which of the labouring Ox doth bear the name.
 It is a spring of knowledge that imparts
 A thousand several sciences and arts,
 A pure, clear fount, whose water is by odds
 Far sweeter than the nectar of the gods ;
 Or rather (truly to entitle it)
 It is the wholesome nursery of wit.

There once arriv'd, in years and knowledge
 raw,
 I fell to wond'ring at each thing I saw ;
 And for my learning made a month's vacation,
 In noting of the place's situation,
 The palaces and temples that were due
 Unto the wise Minerva's hallow'd crew,
 Their cloisters, walks and groves ; all which sur-
 vey'd,
 And in my new admittance well a-paid ;
 I did (as other idle freshmen do)
 Long to go see the bell of Osney too ;
 And yet for certainty I cannot tell
 That e'er I drank at Aristotle's well ;
 And that perhaps may be the reason why
 I know so little in philosophy.
 Yet old Sir Harry Bath was not forgot,

In the remembrance of whose wond'rous shot,
 The forest by (believe it they that will).
 Was nam'd Shot-over, as we call it still.

But having this experience, and withall
 Atchiev'd some cunning at the tennis-ball,
 My tutor (telling me I was not sent
 To have my time there vain and idly spent)
 From childish humours gently call'd me in,
 And with his brave instructions did begin
 To teach, and by his good persuasion sought
 To bring me to a love of what he taught.

Then after that he labour'd to impart
 The hidden secrets of the *logic* art;
 Instead of grammar-rules, he read me then
 Old *Scotus*, *Seton*, and new *Keckerman*.
 He shew'd me which the *prædicables* be,
 As *genus*, *species*, and the other three:
 So having said enough of their contents,
 Handles in order the ten *prædicaments*;
 Next *post-prædicamenta* with *priorum*,
Perhermenias and *posteriorum*.
 He with the *topics* opens, and describes
Elenchi, full of subtle fallacies.
 These to unfold, indeed, he took much pain,
 But to my dull capacity in vain;
 For all he spake was to as little pass
 As in old time, unto the vulgar was

The latin *mass*, which, whether bad or good,
 The poor unlearned never understood,
 But of the meaning were as far to seek,
 As Coriat's horse was of his master's Greek,
 When in that tongue he made a speech unto him,
 That he the greatness of his strength might shew
 him.

For I his reading did no more conjecture
 Than if he had been reading Hebrew lecture.
 His *infinities*, *individuities*,
Contraries, and *subcontrarities*,
Divisions, *sub-divisions*, and a crew
 Of terms and words, such as I never knew,
 My shallow understanding so confounded,
 That I was gravell'd, like a ship that's grounded;
 And in despair the mystery to gain,
 Neglecting all, took neither heed nor pain:
 Yea, I remain'd in that amazed plight,
 'Til Cynthia six times lost her borrowed light.

But then asham'd to find myself still mute,
 And other little dandiprats dispute,
 That could distinguish upon *rationale*,
 Yet scarcely heard of *verbum personale*;
 Or could by heart (like parrots) in the schools,
 Stand prattling, those (methought) were pretty
 fools:

And therefore in some hope to profit so,
 That I like them (at least) might make a show;

I reach'd my books that I had cast about,
 To see if I could pick his meaning out;
 And prying on them with some diligence,
 At length I felt my dull intelligence
 Begin to open, and perceived more
 In half an hour, than half a year before.
 And (which is strange) the things I had forgot,
 And 'til that very day remember'd not,
 Since my first tutor read them; those did then
 Return into my memory again :
 So, that with which I had so much to do,
 A week made easy, yea, and pleasing too.
 And then not therewith thoroughly content,
 I practis'd to maintain an argument;
 And having waded thorough sophistry,
 A little look'd into philosophy,
 And thinking there the ethicks not enough,
 I had a further longing yet to know
 The cause of snow, hail, thunder, frost and rain,
 The lightnings, meteors, and what here 'twere
 vain

For me to speak of, since I shall but show it;
 To those that better than myself do know it.
 Then from the causes of things natural,
 I went to matters metaphysical;
 Of which when I a little news could tell,
 I with the rest in schools, to wrangling fell.
 And (as example taught me) to disgrace her,
 When I oppos'd the truth, I could out-face her.

But now ensues the worst ; I getting foot,
 And thus digesting learning's bitter root,
 Was ready to have reach'd the fruit, and thought
 I should a calling in that place have sought ;
 I found that I, for other ends ordain'd,
 Was from that course perforce to be constrain'd ;
 For fortune, that full many a boon hath lost me,
 Thus in the reaping my contentment, crost me.

You, sir (quoth she) that I must make my slave,
 For whom in store a thousand plagues I have,
 Come home, I pray, and learn to hold the plough,
 For you have read philosophy enough.
 If wrangling in the schools be such a sport,
 Go see those Ploydens at the inns of court ;
 For (ask your parish neighbours, who can tell)
 Those fellows do maintain contentions well.
 For art in numbers, you no coil need keep ;
 A little skill shall serve to tell your sheep.
 Seek not the stars thy evils should relate,
 Lest when thou know them, thou grow desperate ;
 And let alone geometry ('tis vain)
 I'll find you work enough to mar your brain ;
 Or would you study music ? else 'twere pity,
 And yet it needs not, you shall find I'll fit ye ;
 I'll teach you how to frame a song, and will
 Provide you cares to be the subject still.

This, fortune or my fate did seem to tell me,
 And such a chance, indeed, e'er long befell me;
 For e'er my years would suffer me to be
 Admitted to require the low'st degree,
 By fate's appointment (that no stay can brook)
 The paradise of England I forsook.
 To art and study both, I bade farewell,
 With all that good my thoughts did once foretell.
 The sweetest of my hopes I left, and went
 In quest of care, despair and discontent.
 For seeing I was forc'd to leave those mountains,
 Fine groves, fair walks, and sweet delightful
 fountains;

And saw it might not unto me be granted
 To keep those places where the muses haunted,
 I home returned somewhat discontent,
 And to our *Bentworth* beechy shadows went,
 Bewailing these my first endeavors lost,
 And so to be by angry fortune crost;
 Who though she daily doth much mischief to me,
 Can never whilst I live a greater do me.
 Yet there, e'er she on me procur'd her will,
 I learn'd enough to scorn at fortune still;
 Yea, use had made her envy seem so vain,
 That I grew almost proud of her disdain;
 And having thorough her first malice worn,
 Began to take a pleasure in her scorn.

But after I returned, as is said,
 And had a season in the country staid;
 I there perceiv'd (as I had long suspected)
 Myself of some unjustly ill-affected :
 And that e'en those whom I had truly loved;
 Had foes unto my good ungently proved;
 I found, though they in shew my friends had
 been,
 (And kept their hidden malice long unseen,
 With such fair shews as if they sought my good,)
 None my advancement with more spite withstood.
 For, (seeming kind) they often did persuade
 My friends to learn me some mechanic trade,
 Urging expence, perhaps, and telling how
 That learning is but little made of now ;
 When 'twas through malice, 'cause they fear'd
 that I
 Might come to understand myself thereby,
 Exceed their knowledge, and attain to do
 Myself more good than they would wish me to.
 Some such, or worse, at best a wicked end,
 Thus mov'd this self-conceited crew to bend
 Their spiteful heads, by secret means to cross
 My wish'd desire and propagate my loss.

But having noted this their hollowness,
 And finding that mere country business
 Was not my calling, to avoid the spite
 (Which at that season was not shewn outright)

And to escape the over-dangerous smiles
 Of those new-found up-landish crocodiles,
 Upon some hopes I soon forsook again
 The shady grove and sweet delightful plain,
 To see the place of this great isle's resort,
 And try if either there or at the court,
 I might by good endeavor action find;
 Agreeing with the nature of my mind:

But there I view'd another world, methought,
 And little hope or none of that I sought.
 I saw, I must (if there I aught would do)
 First learn new fashions and new language too.
 If I should hang'd have been, I knew not how
 To teach my body how to cringe or bow,
 Or to embrace a fellow's hinder quarters,
 As if I meant to steal away his garters;
 When any stoop'd to me with congés trim,
 All I could do, was stand and laugh at him.
 Bless me! thought I, what will this coxcomb do;
 When I perceiv'd one reaching at my shoe;
 But when I heard him speak, why, I was fully
 Possess'd, we learn'd but barbarism in Tully.
 There was nor street, nor lane, but had a wench,
 That at once coming could have learn'd them
 French.

Grecians had little there to do (poor souls !)
 Unless to talk with beggar-men in Paul's.
 All our school-latin would not serve to draw

An instrument, adjudged good in law,
 Nay, which is more, they would have taught me
 fain
 To go new learn my English tongue again;
 As if there had been reason to suspect
 Our ancient-used Hampshire dialect.
 There I perceiv'd those brutish thronging swarms,
 That were transformed by lewd Cyrce's charms;
 There heard I wanton Syrens tune the lay,
 That work th' unwary traveller's decay.
 The cruel Lycanthropi walk'd in sight;
 So did the beastly loose Hermaphrodite.
 I saw Chimeras, Furies, fearful things,
 And fiends, whose tongues are such envenom'd
 stings,
 As plague not only bodies that have breath,
 But make a wound, that, oft uncur'd by death,
 The next in blood doth poison, and goes nigh
 To ruin a man's posterity.
 There I saw gulls, that have no brain at all,
 And certain monsters, which they gallants call;
 New broods of centaurs, that were only proud
 Of having their beginning from a cloud.

These, with a thousand other creatures more,
 Such as I never saw the like before,
 In stranger shapes, and more deform'd and vile;
 Than ever yet appear'd to Mandevile,
 Flock'd there; that I almost to doubt began,

How I had pass'd the streights of Magalan,
 Or gotten on the sudden (with such ease)
 To see the wonders at th' Antipodes.
 O Lord, thought I, what do I mean to run
Out of God's blessing, thus, into the sun!
 What comfort or what goodness here can I
 Expect, among these Anthropophagi,
 Where like the droves of Neptune in the water,
 The less are made a prey to feed the greater?
 Certain it is, I never shall be able
 To make my humour suit to please this rabble;
 Better it were I liv'd at home with wants,
 Than here with all these strange inhabitants,
 Whose natures do with me so disagree,
 I shall scoff at them though they ruin me.
 Yet being loth to turn 'til I had tried
 What fate my new adventure would betide,
 I staid for my experience, and withall
 Flatter'd myself with hope there would befall
 Something unto my share well worth my suite,
 Which honesty might serve to execute,
 Without respecting how to please the rude
 And apish humours of this multitude.
 But all in vain I that preferment sought,
 Ill fortune still my hope's confusion wrought.
 Which though for ominous some understood,
 Yet I presum'd upon some future good;
 And (though I scarce am wish'd so well of some)
 Believe there is a happy time to come;

Which, when I have most need of comfort, shall
 Send me true joy, to make amends for all;
 But say, it be not whilst I draw this air,
 I have a heart, I hope, shall ne'er despair;
 Because there is a God, with whom, I trust,
 My soul shall triumph when my body's dust.
 Yet when I found that my endeavors still
 Fell out as they would hav't, that wish'd me ill;
 And when I saw the world was grown so coy,
 To curb me as too young then to employ;
 And that her greatness, though she did not want
 me,

Or found no calling bad enough to grant me;
 (And having 'scap'd some envies which to touch
 Unto this purpose appertains not much)
 Weighing both that and therewith also this;
 How great a shame, and what reproach it is
 To be still idle; and because I spied
 How glad they would be that my state envied,
 To find me so, although the world doth scorn
 T' allow me action, as if I were born
 Before my time; yet e'en to let her see
 In spite of fortune I'd employed be;
 Casting preferments too much care aside,
 And leaving that to God, that can provide;
 The actions of the present time I ey'd,
 And all her secret villanies descry'd;
 I stripp'd Abuse from all her colours quite,
 And laid her ugly face to open sight.

I labour'd to observe her ways, and then
 In general the state and tricks of men.
 Wherein, although my labour were not seen,
 Yet (trust me) the discovery hath been
 My great content; and I have for my pain,
 Although no outward, yet an inward gain.
 In which, because I can with all my heart
 Allow my countrymen to share my part,
 And 'cause I think it may do some a pleasure,
 One opportunity I'll now take leisure,
 And summon up my muse to make relation;
 I may b' employ'd e'er long—now's my vacation.

I should be glad to see you
 in person, but I am afraid
 I cannot do so at present.
 I am very sorry to hear
 that you are not well.
 I hope you will soon
 be able to go on with
 your work. I am
 very anxious to see
 you and to hear
 all the news.
 I am, dear friend,
 ever your affectionate
 friend,
 Wm. Lloyd Garrison

My dear friend,
 I have just received
 your letter of the 10th
 and am very glad to hear
 from you. I am
 well and hope
 you are the same.
 I am, dear friend,
 ever your affectionate
 friend,
 Wm. Lloyd Garrison

AN INTRODUCTION.

COME then, invention, and call judgment in;
Knowledge and reason; fie! where have you been?
Go whistle of my muse that wanton plays,
With epigrams, love-sonnets, roundelays,
And such-like trifling gain; bid her come on,
I have found braver prey to seize upon.
Some new inspir'd power warms my heart,
And adds fresh courage unto every part;
New blood hath fill'd up all my love-dried veins;
A sacred fury hath possess'd my brains;
Something there is swells in my troubled breast,
'Til it be utter'd I expect no rest;
For full with matter, like a Sibyl nun,
I shall grow furious if 't be long undone.

Then rouse thee, muse, each little hobby plies
At scarabes and painted butterflies;
Leave thou such trash, it is not now for us
To fly for pleasure, we'll in earnest truss;
Leave base attempts to buzzards or the kite,
And check the bravest in their proudest flight.

But thou, methinks, seem'st sickly feathered,
 As if thy sprightly heart extinguished,
 Had left thee nothing of the same thou wert ;
 Dejection hath possessed every part,
 And thou look'st dull, unfit for lofty things,
 As if thy wanton flight had tir'd thy wings.
 Lest therefore thou should'st faint, forsake the
 first,

And turn thyself into a satyrist ;
 Not of the roughest nor the mildest sort :
 Be most in earnest, but sometimes in sport.
 Whate'er thou find to speak, be not afraid,
 But for assistance crave th' Almighty's aid ;
 And to that grace and power which he shall deign,
 Add all thy best endeavors, to attain
 So thriving an event, that men may see,
 Heaven hath decreed to help and favor thee.
 Look to thy task, for know thou must unfold
 The strangest nature that was ever told ;
 Lance that foul, deep, imposthumated sore,
 Which shameless time hath so well skinned o'er ;
 As ripping up thereof some smart will be,
 Yet strike it home, and none shall hinder thee.
 Search, if thou canst, 'til thou the bottom sound,
 Yet not too far, lest thou thyself confound,
 And (by too near enquiry) smother'd lie
 In the unfathom'd depths of villany ;
 For (do not mis-conceive what I intend)
 No message to th' Antipodes I send :

Nor have I any meaning thou should'st go
 To search th' earth's centre, what lies hid below,
 Or undermine it for rich minerals;
 Thou shalt not have to do with vegetals.
 Strange natures have both stone, tree, herb,
 and plant,
 Which let them seek for, that employment want.

There is a herb, some say, whose virtue's such,
 It in the pasture only with a touch
 Unshoes the new-shod steed. Within the north,
 The Scottish isles call'd Orcades, bring forth
 Trees, (or else writers feign it) from whose seeds
 A certain kind of water-fowl proceeds.
 The loadstone also draws the steel unto it,
 Yet hath no gin nor instrument to do it;
 Rare powers of nature; and yet none of these,
 Nor what lies hidden in the vast wild seas,
 Mean I to speak of; I no knowledge have
 What monsters play with Neptune's boisterous
 wave;
 Nor quality of birds or beasts I sound;
 For soon their open natures may be found.
 Man's wisdom may, with little inquisition,
 Find out the brutish creatures true condition.
 For by experience, we for certain know,
 The elephant much love to man will show.
 The tigers, wolves and lions, we do find
 Are ravenous, fierce and cruel even by kind.

We know at carrion we shall find the crows,
 And that the cock the time of midnight knows;
 By a few days experience we may see
 Whether the mastiff curst or gentle be;
 And many other natures we find out,
 Of which we have no cause at all to doubt:
 But there's another creature, called *Man*,
 Note him who will, and tell me if he can,
 What his condition is; observe his deeds,
 His speech, his raiment, yea, and how he feeds;
 Try him a month, a year, an age, and when
 You have so tried him, say, what is he then?
 Retains he either unto Præster John,
 Or else unto the Whore of Babylon?
 If that you know not which of them to grant,
 Is he a Brownist or a Protestant?
 If in an age you cannot find out whether,
 Are you so much as sure that he is either?
 Is his heart proud or humble? Know you where,
 Or when he hates, or loves, or stands in fear?
 Or who can say, (in conscience I think none)
 That this man's words and deeds and thoughts
 are one?
 Where shall you him so well resolved find,
 That wants a wandering and a wavering mind;
 Nay, he of whom you have most trial, when
 You see him dying, will you trust him then?
 Perhaps you may, yet questionless he leaves you
 A mind misdoubting, still that he deceives you.

And no great wonder, for he's such an elf,
 That ever is uncertain of himself;
 He is not *semper idem* in his will,
 Nor stands on this or that opinion still,
 But varies; he both will and will not too;
 Yea, even the thing he thinks and swears to do,
 He many times omits, and not alone
 Hath from another's expectation gone,
 But lest to any one he should prove just,
 Himself he guiles, if in himself he trust.

But this same diverse and inconstant creature,
 That is so contrary in his own nature,
 'Tis he that now my Muse must here devise,
 Whilst he is living to anatomize;
 'Tis his abusive and ill-taught condition
 (Although it be beyond all definition)
 She must discover with the boundless rage
 Of the unbridled humours of this age.
 Yet 'tis a mighty task, whose undertaking
 Would make all Argus' eyes forget their waking;
 And I do fear I may attempt as well
 To drag again to light the dog of hell.
 For all Alcides' toils had not been more,
 Though his twice-six had been twice sixty score.
 So infinite is this I must unfold,
 That I might write and speak 'til I were old;
 I know, that I should leave unspoken then
 Most of those humours, I have seen in man;

And still confess in him that hidden be
 Thousands of humours more than I can see;
 Somewhat he hath to do would trace him out
 In every action that he goes about;
 Or but look after him and see the path
 He treads, what contrarieties it hath.
 To find him by his words, were to assay
 To seek a fish out by his watery way,
 Or chace the swallow to her home at night,
 Through all the pathless windings in her flight.
 But to observe him in his thoughts were more
 Than all the labours mentioned before.
 The never-ending, winding, turning way,
 That the unbounded mind of man doth stray,
 So full of wonder is, that admiration
 Hath nigh confounded my imagination
 With too much musing thereupon; but yet
 Since either want of years or want of wit,
 Or lack of work, or lack of all, hath brought me
 To be more heedful than a number thought me;
 Since it some time and study too hath cost me,
 And many a humour of mine own hath lost me;
 Since it hurts none, and since perhaps some may
 Be benefitted by't another day;
 Though as I said, the task be not alone
 Too huge to be perform'd by any one,
 But more than all the world can well dispatch;
 Look what I could by observation catch,
 And my weak memory well bear away

I regist'ed against another day.
 Nor will I aught that I remember spare,
 Save things unfit, and such as needless are.
 Here I will teach my rough satyric rhymes
 To be as mad and idle as the times.
 Freely I will discover what I spy,
 And in despite of curiosity,
 Mask in a homely phrase as simply plain,
 As other men are mystically vain.
 I'll break the closet of man's private sin,
 Search out the villanies conceal'd therein;
 And if their sight may not infectious be,
 Draw them to view in spite of secrecy.
 Greatness and custom shall not have their will
 Without controul so to authorise ill,
 That though much be amiss, yet no man dare
 Seem to take notice that offences are.
 We'll brand them, and so brand them, all shall see,
 We durst not only say such faults there be,
 But startle those who had securely long
 Slept, senseless of all shame and others wrong.
 None will I spare for favor or degree.
 My-verse, like death, shall so impartial be,
 If that my father or my brother halt,
 Though I spare them, I will not spare their fault:
 No, mine own follies, that are most belov'd,
 Shall not escape their censure unprov'd.

Now some will say, fit 'twere I held my tongue,
 For such a task as this I am too young ;
 I ne'er had dealings in the world with men,
 How can I speak of their conditions then ?
 I cannot, they conclude ; strong reason, why ?
 Know none how market goes, but such as buy.
 We find, that it is oft and daily seen,
 When a deceitful shifting knave hath been
 Playing at cards with some unskilful gull,
 Whose purse is lin'd with crowns, and pennyfull,
 He by some nimble passage may deceive ;
 Which though the simple gamester ne'er perceive,
 Another may the cheater's craft espy,
 That is no player, but a stander by.
 So I aloof may view without suspicion,
 Men's idle humours and their weak condition,
 Plainer, perhaps, than many that have seen
 More days, and on earth's stage have actors been.
 And 'tis no marvel, for employments take them
 Quite from themselves, and so dim-sighted make
 them,

They cannot see the fooleries they do,
 Nor what ill passions they are subject to.
 Then whoe'er carp, the course I have begun,
 If God assist me, spite of them I'll run ;
 And lest the *exordium* hath too tedious been,
 What I intended, lo, I now begin.



Of MAN.

MOUNTED aloft on contemplation's wings,
And noting with myself the state of things,
I plainly did perceive, as on a stage,
The confus'd actions of this present age;
I view'd the world, and viewing, saw my fill,
Because that all I saw therein was ill.
I weigh'd it well, and found it was the scene
Of villany, of lust, of all unclean
And loath'd corruption. Seeing which, my mind
(That by some inspiration, 'gan to find
The place was not in fault for this) search'd on
To find the cause of this confusion.
And noting every creature there, I found
That only *man* was the chief spring and ground
Of all this uproar; yea, I soon did see
He there was all in all, and none but he.

Then having also a desire to know
 Man's true condition, I began to grow
 Yet more inquisitive. An old record
 At last, I happ'd upon, which did afford
 Much sacred light. It shew'd, *He was a creature*
First made by God; just and upright by nature.
That in his likeness fram'd, he was compounded
Of soul and body; that this last was founded
Of earth; the first infus'd by inspiration;
And that the final cause of his creation
Was to set forth the glory of his Maker;
And with him to be made a joint partaker
Of endless happiness.—Grown much amaz'd
 To read this of him, for a time I paus'd,
 And finding now in man no mark or sign
 That e'er he was a creature so divine,
 I knew not what to think, unless the same
 Should mean some other creature of that name;
 But prying further on, I there found out
 The resolution of my present doubt.
 I saw the cause of's fall, how with *free will*
 He fell from his first goodness unto ill.
 I saw how he from happiness did slide,
 Through disobedience and unthankful pride;
 Yea, and I found how by that cursed fall
 He was bereaved and quite stripp'd of all
 That so adorn'd him. His first holiness
 Was chang'd to a corrupted filthiness.
 Then he began to draw a painful breath,

And was a slave, made captive unto death ;
 His body was expos'd to labour, sweat,
 And much disquieting ; he got his meat
 With sorrow, care, and many perturbations,
 And then his soul grew subject unto passions
 And strange distemperatures. Moreover, he
 So perfect miserable grew to be,
 That if he had not a *regeneration*,
 Nothing was left him but mere desperation.

This having seen, I made no question than
 But it was spoken of that creature, MAN ;
 Which I sought after. Searching further yet,
 On some apocriphal records I hit,
 The works of wise philosophers ; from whence
 I yet received more intelligence
 Concerning him : for there they do unfold
 Each part about his body, and have told
 Secrets of nature very rare to find.
 They have considered also of the mind,
 The understanding part, and do relate
 The nature of his soul, and her estate.
 Deep mysteries they be ; but seeing, I
 Have never searched that philosophy
 So far as those, and sith I shall but tell
 Such things as no man can explain so well
 As they themselves, I leave you to their books,
 In which whoe'er with good advisement looks,
 Shall find it largely handled. As for me,
 I mean to speak but what I know and see

By try'd experience, which perhaps may give
 (Although I have but now begun to live)
 Some profitable notes.—First, I avow,
 Whatever man hath been, that he is now
A reasonable living creature, who
Consisteth of a soul and body too :
His body flesh and blood, to sin subjected,
And from his very birth therewith infected,
Grows riper in uncleanness. Then his soul,
A pure and lasting substance, is made foul
Through th'other's filthiness, and much supprest
By divers hurtful passions, which molest
And hinder her proceedings; yea, he's this :
A creature that exceeding wretched is.
 And that he may be sure no fault to want,
 Vain, fickle, weak, and wond'rous arrogant.
 And though his nature heretofore was pure,
 Now nothing is more fading or unsure.
 But I'll omit at this time to relate
 The courses I've observed in's outward state;
 For though the body, that before the fall
 Sustain'd no sorrow, were it ne'er so small,
 Doth now feel hunger, with heat, thirst and cold,
 A feeble birth, defects in being old,
 With thousands more; and though each gasp of
 breath
 In misery he draws, until his death,
 Yet all this outward change which I do find,
 Is nothing when I do behold the mind;

For there inordinate and brutish passion
 Keeps umpire, and hath got predomination.
 Full many a pensive thought doth now molest
 His troubled mind, whose conscience slept in rest.
 His best contents but discontentments are ;
 His chief of pleasures are so mix'd with care,
 And with so little comfort he obtains them,
 Or with such smart and danger he retains them ;
 Or with such fear of losing them enjoys them ;
 That those distastings in the taste destroys them.

Amongst his own desires doth hourly rise
 So many wond'rous contrarieties,
 And vain repentings of what's done before,
 As all his good makes but his ill the more.
 This day he's cheerful, and to-morrow sad ;
 E'en from the same occasion he's made glad.
 The mind, which sometime harbour'd so much

good,

That *evil* but in name was understood,
 Knows *ill* so well, as of that *good* bereft,
 The name of *goodness*, now, is scarcely left.
 And unto me a wonder 'tis become,
 To see what glories man is fallen from.
 The best are bad, yet I observed still
 There are degrees amongst men in their ill.
 The basest creatures that here breath on earth
 (Inheriting corruption by their birth)
 In the condition of their life, are far

Less different from what the worst men are,
 Than they are from the best. Perhaps the shapes
 (Unless it be some strange disguised apes)
 Remain alike ; but their poor souls are quite
 Exchang'd to that which we call appetite.
 For who can name of *reasonable* give
 To what is made but merely sensitive?
 It was a throne where virtue ruling sat,
 Jointly with reason, her beloved mate ;
 And they two, under sweet obedience then,
 Kept that fair place, th' unblemish'd Isle of Man :
 But since with *good* we've learn'd to know the *ill*,
 Instead of *reason* we have set up *will*.

The mind is nothing but a mint of jars,
 Or little world of mad domestic wars ;
 Virtue's deposed thence, and vice rule obtains,
 Yea, vice from vice there by succession reigns ;
 Expelling those whom virtue's presence graceth,
 And in their steads these hurtful monsters placeth ;
 Fond *love*, and *lust*, *ambition*, *enmity*,
 Foolish *compassion*, *joy* and *jealousy*,
Fear, *hope*, *despair* and *sadness*, with the vice
 Call'd *hate*, *revenge*, and greedy *avarice*,
Choler, and *cruelty* : which I perceiv'd
 To be the only causes man's bereav'd
 Of quietness and rest. Yea, these I found
 To be the principal and only ground
 Of all pernicious mischiefs that now rage,

Or have disturbed him in any age.
 These losing reason, their true prince, began
 To breed disturbance in the heart of man.
 Each laid a several claim, forsooth, and he
 Would be the monarch of this emperie.
 Ruin had got the upper hand, and they
 Would be commanders, that were made t'obey.

Love, (when as reason rul'd) you would have
 thought
 Would never have been forc'd or drawn to
 nought.

When God the chaos did divide, then he
 Set it to look things should not disagree ;
 And taught it sweetly how to move the mind,
 Both for increasing and preserving kind.
 But now, the bound it had, contenteth not,
 A vein of domineering it hath got ;
 And the whole man is held in slavery,
 Within the compass of that tyranny.
 Such apishness it now hath entertain'd,
 That all the credit which it had is stain'd.
 Yea, 'tis as far from what it was, as we
 From our more honor'd ancient English be,
 And so unlike unto itself doth prove,
 We scarce dare give it now the name of Love.

Ambition, that erst gently mov'd *desire*
 To nought else but to good things to aspire ;

Now must be lord of mis-rule, and will force
The mind beyond her bound, from bad to worse.

Revenge doth claim a pryncedom, and will be
The sole commander in this seignorie.
That cruel ruffian, that in vain doth strive
His offspring from true valour to derive.

Despair and *fear*, (two rake-hells more) that
man
Had never knowledge of, 'til sin began ;
With mighty troops of terrors, play their part,
To overthrow th' weak fortress of the heart.
Yea, every passion strives that only he
Might ruler in that microcosmos be.

E'en *hope*, (that when this discord first fell out,
Was sent to keep *despair's* rude forces out,
And be a comfort to this troubled state)
Becomes an actor in this foul debate.
And when she had got footing in his breast,
Under the colour of procuring rest,
Built castles in the air, from whence did grow
Another means of reason's overthrow:
Yea, *choler*, *jealousy*, black *envy*, *hate*,
And bloody *cruelty*, aim'd at this state.
Joy (though fair shew it made of discontent)
And kind *compassion* (though she weeping went)
Made private means to sway all to their wills,

Without the least care of ensuing ills.
That by their discord (I perceive) began
All whatsoever is amiss in *man*.
And therefore I do here intend to show
E'er I go farther, what ill humours flow
From these fore-named ; and I will declare
To what *abuses* most men subject are,
Through every of them ; for, when I took view,
Although I saw not all, I found a few.
And here, because I will not order break,
I will asunder of each *Passion* speak.

[illegible]

Of the Passion of LOVE.

SATIRE I.

FIRST, *Love*; the same I here the first do call,
Because that *passion* is most natural;
And of itself could not be discommended,
Wer't not with many a foul abuse attended,
Or so much out of measure, as we see
By those in whom it reigns it oft will be:
For, look where't grows into extremity,
It soon becometh virtues lethargy;
Makes them set light by reason's sound direction,
And bears them headlong by untam'd affection.
Counsel's in vain; cause when this fit doth take
 them,
Reason and understanding both forsake them;
It makes them sometimes merry, sometimes sad;
Untam'd men mild, and many a mild man mad.
To fools it wisdom gives, and makes the witty
To shew themselves most fools (the more's the pity.)

Some it makes purblind, that they do not know
The snow-white cygnet from the cole-black crow.

And one to gold compares his mistress' hair,
 When 'tis like fox-fur; and doth think she's fair,
 Though she in beauty be not far before
 The swart' West-Indian, or the tawny Moor.

"Oh those fair star-like eyes of thine!" one says,
 When to my thinking, she hath look'd nine ways;
 "And that sweet breath," when I think (out upon't!)
 'Twould blast a flower if she breathed on't.

Another, having got a dainty piece,
 (Prouder than Jason with his golden fleece)
 Commends her virtues (that must needs have many
 Because she never maketh use of any;) . . .
 Yea, swears she's chaste, and takes her for no less,
 When all that know her, know her fickleness.

Another groweth careless of his health,
 Neglects his credit, and consumes his wealth;
 Hath found a pretty peat, procur'd her favour,
 And swears that he, in spite of all, will have her.
 Well let him take her, since they are contented,
 But such rash matches are the soon'st repented.

Then there is one, who having found a peere
 In all things worthy to be counted dear,
 Wanting both art and heart his mind to break,
 Sits sighing, "woe in me!" and will not speak.
 All company he hates, is oft alone,

Grows melancholy, weeps, respecteth none,
 And in despair seeks out a way to die,
 When he might live and find a remedy.

But how now ; wa'st not you (says one) that late
 So humbly begg'd a boon at beauty's gate ?
 Was it not you that to a female saint
 Indited your Phil'arete's complaint,
 With many doleful sonnets ? was't not you ?
 Sure 'twas, says he : but then how comes it now
 You carp at love thus in a satyr's vein ?
 Take heed you fall not int'her hands again :
 Sure if you do you shall in open court,
 Be forc'd to sing a palinodia for't.
 What ! are your brains dry, or your blood grown
 cold,
 Or are you on a sudden waxen old,
 To flout at love, which men of greatest wit
 Allow in youth as natural and fit ?
 What reason have you for't else ? what pretence
 Have you to make excuse for this offence ?

To him I answer ; that indeed, even I
 Was lately subject to this malady :
 Lik'd what I now dislike ; employ'd good times
 In the composing of such idle rhimes
 As are objected : from my heart I sent
 Full many a heavy sigh, and sometimes spent
 Unmanly tears. I thought, I must confess,

If she I lov'd had smil'd, no happiness
Might equalize it, and her frown much worse
(O God forgive me !) than the church's curse.

I did (as some do) not much matter make
To hazard soul and body for her sake.
Having no hope, sometime I did despair,
Sometime (too much) build castles in the air.
In many a foolish humour I have been
As well as others. Look where I have seen
Her (whom I lov'd) to walk, when she was gone;
Thither I often have repair'd alone,
As if I thought the places did contain
Some poor contentment (Oh exceeding vain !)

Yet, what if I have been thus idly bent,
Shall I be now ashamed to repent ?
Moreover, I was in my childhood then,
And am scarce yet reputed for a man ;
And therefore neither cold, nor old, nor dry,
Nor cloy'd with any foul disease am I,
Whereby the strength of nature is declin'd.
'Tis no such cause that made me change my mind ;
But my affection, that before was blind,
Rash, and unruly, now begins to find
That it had run a large and fruitless race,
And thereupon hath given reason place.
So that by reason, what no reason might
Persuade me from before, I have outright

Justly forsaken ; for because I see
 'Twas vain, absurd, and nought but foolery.
 Yet for all this, look where I lov'd of late,
 I have not turn'd it in a spleen to hate ;
 No, for 'twas first her virtue and her wit
 Taught me to see how much I wanted it.
 Then as for *love*, I do allow it still,
 I never did dislik't, nor never will,
 So it be virtuous, and contain'd within
 The bounds of reason ; but when 'twill begin
 To run at random, and her limits break,
 I must, because I cannot chuse but speak.

But I forget myself ; wherefore am I
 So tedious in my own apology ?
 It needed not at all ; I'll on again,
 And shew what kind of *lovers* yet remain.

One sort I find yet, of this loving crew,
 Whose quality I think is known to few ;
 These seek by all the means they can to gain.
 Each virgin's liking ; sometime not in vain.
 The thing they would, they have, but when 'tis
 got,
 Sorry they are, and wish they had it not ;
 For peradventure they have plac'd their love
 So as it cannot, or it must not move :
 And yet if they should fail but to procure it,
 'Twould grieve them so they hardly would en-
 dure it.

Yea, though in show (at least) they have said nay,
 Their loves with like affection to repay,
 If they perceiv't abate, as it will do,
 Both this and that will make them sorry too.
 But such as do into that weakness fall,
 Unsteady and unconstant I may call.

Moreover, some such humours do infect,
 That the same man doth diversly affect;
 Now he the fair approves, anon the grace
 Appears not in the colour of a face.
 He spies the brown, and then that most esteems,
 'Cause the proportion much more pleasant seems.
 Then he the wanton likes, then modest eyes,
 Then loves the simple lass, and then the wise;
 One for her pace, and for her gesture one
 Must be the mistress he adores alone;
 Yet, peradventure, e'er a little while
 Another wins her from him with a smile.

This, with a look nigh languishing, moves pity;
 That he commends because she's bold and witty;
 And longs for what anon again he loaths,
 Because she seem'd fair in her gaudy cloaths.

True worth moves few, but sure I am not many
 Have for bare Virtue's sake affected any.
 Wealth wins the most, yet they by trial prove
 Though it breeds *liking*, yet it gains not *love*.

Then to obtain his mistress, one man tries
 How he can strain his wits to poetize ;
 His passion to relate, his skill he proves,
 But in this blockish age it little moves.
 Nor do I wonder much true meaning fails,
 And wit so little in this case avails,
 Since dunces can have sonnets fram'd, and send
 them
 As their inventions, when some others penn'd
 them.

Another seeks by valour to obtain
 His wished prize, but now that trial's vain.

The third brings wealth, and if he do not speed,
 The woman's worth the suing for indeed.

Then he that's neither valorous nor wise,
 Comes ruffling in with shameless brags and lies,
 Making a stately, proud, vain-glorious show
 Of much good matter, when 'tis nothing so.
 Instead of lands, to which he ne'er was heir,
 He tells her tales of castles in the air ;
 For martial matters, he relates of frays
 Where many drew their swords, and ran their
 ways.

His poetry is such as he can cull
 From plays he heard at curtain or at bull.

And yet his fine coy mistress, Mary Muffe,
The soonest taken with such broken stuff.

Another shallow brain hath no device,
But prates of some strange casts he had at dice;
Braggs of his play, yea, sure it doth befall,
He vaunts oft times of that which marreth all.

But some I note (now fie on such a man!)
That make themselves as like them as they can,
Thereby to win their loves; they feign their pace,
Order their looks, and strive to set their face
To be demure. Some woo by nods and looks,
Some by their sighs, and others by their books.

Some have a nature must not be denaid,
And will grow furious if they be delay'd.
Other again have such a fancy got,
If they soon speed, then they esteem them not.

When women woo some men doth most affect
them,
And some again for wantons do suspect them;
Besides, we see that fools themselves they make,
What toys they count of for their wenches sake.

One, for some certain months, or weeks, or
days,
Wears in his hat a branch of wither'd bays;

Or sweareth to employ his utmost power,
 But to preserve some stale neglected flower.
 He wears such colours as for lovers be,
 Drinks vowed healths upon his bared knee;
 Sues mainly for a shoe-string, or doth crave her
 To grant him but a busk-point for a favor;
 And then to note (as I have seen) an ass
 That by her window whom he loves must pass,
 With what a feigned pace the woodcock stalks,
 How scurvily he fleareth as he walks:
 And if he ride, how he rebounds and trots,
 As if the horse were troubled with the bots;
 'Twould make one swell with laughing. In a day
 He makes more errands than he needs that way,
 Bearing himself as if she still espied him;
 When as perhaps she flouts or looks beside him.

Nay, should I tell you all the vanity
 I have observed in this malady,
 I should shame lovers: but I'll now be hush'd,
 For had I said more, I myself had blush'd.
 Yet know, although this passion I have tied
 To love of women, it concludes beside
 All whatsoever kind of loves there be,
 Unless they keep the mind from troubles free,
 And yield to reason; but of such-like lovers,
 My muse hereafter other feats discovers.

1. The first part of the paper is devoted to a general discussion of the problem of the origin of life. It is shown that the problem is one of the most important and interesting in the history of science. The author discusses the various theories of the origin of life, and shows that the most probable is the theory of spontaneous generation. He also discusses the question of the origin of the first living organisms, and shows that the most probable is the theory of the origin of life from non-living matter.

2. The second part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the theory of spontaneous generation. The author shows that this theory is based on the fact that the first living organisms were produced from non-living matter. He also shows that the theory of spontaneous generation is based on the fact that the first living organisms were produced from non-living matter.

3. The third part of the paper is devoted to a detailed discussion of the theory of the origin of life from non-living matter. The author shows that this theory is based on the fact that the first living organisms were produced from non-living matter. He also shows that the theory of the origin of life from non-living matter is based on the fact that the first living organisms were produced from non-living matter.

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Of *DESIRE*, or *LUST*.

SATIRE II.

LUSTFUL *Desire* (although 'twere rather fit
To some brute creature to attribute it)
Shall be presented in the second place,
Because it shrouds a vile deformed face
Beneath love's vizard, and assumes that name,
Hiding its own fault with the other's blame.
'Tis a base passion, from whose sink doth flow
Many base humours. 'Tis the overthrow
Of all in whom it enters. 'Tis an evil
Worse than to be possessed with a devil.
This, this is that, which oft caus'd public strife,
And private discord. This makes man and wife
Grow each to other cold in their affection,
And to the very marrow sends infection.
This spoils the body ; this doth make the face
Look wan, pale, yellow, and doth much disgrace
The beauty of it. This bereaveth quite
The bones of marrow, and the eyes of sight.
It shrinks the sinews, and from thence doth sprout
Griefs of the stomach, leprosy and gout,
With other such ; beside, it doth decay
Not life alone, but also takes away

Both memory and understanding too ;
And many other mischiefs else will do.

And which way comes that foul disease to us
We call the French, so vile and odious ?
Is't not by *lust* ? Breed not such-like desires
Children begotten by unlawful sires ?
Strange generations, beds so oft defil'd,
That many a father scarcely knows his child ?
Or, is't not hence this common proverb grows,
'Tis a wise child that his own father knows ?
Doth it not others reputations foil,
And them e'en of their dearest jewels spoil ?
Yes, and from hence a thousand other crimes
Do daily spring, and yet in these our times
'Tis highly made of. Yea, 'tis *lust* doth wear
The richest garments, and hath curious't fare ;
The softest beds it hath to take repose,
With sweet perfumes ; but sure there's need of
those.

Drawn in a coach it visits, now and then,
Some near acquaintance 'mongst the noblemen.
And yet the court alone frequents it not,
But in the city residence hath got ;
Where in a daily service it employs
Young cocknies, burgomaster's roaring boys,
Yea, porters, 'prentices, and all that may
Be serviceable to it any way.

"Twere much to note the pain that some endure,
 And at how high a rate they do procure
 Their beastly wills. There's many spend their
 stocks

In ruffs, gowns, kirtles, petticoats and smocks;
 For which one's paid with that shall make him
 crawl,

(If be be friended) to some hospital.

Another's quitted for his well-spent stuff,
 By some grim serjeant with a counter buff;
 A third it brings (if long that course he follows)
 First to the gaol, and so-forth to the gallows.

And what have you observed to have been
 The usual associates of this sin,
 But filthy speeches, bold-fac'd impudence,
 Unseemly actions, riot, negligence,
 Or such as these? Yea, to procure their lust
 It makes them into any mischiefs thrust,
 (How hateful in appearance e'er they be)
 Or put in practice any villany.

Moreover, where it enters once, the mind
 Can no true rest nor any quiet find.
 We see it also maketh them to crave
 Not what is best, but what they long to have.
 Yea, *lust* hath many mischiefs that ensue it,
 Which most men see, but few the less eschew it.
 Men rather now, as if 'twere no offence,

Are grown to such a shameless impudence,
 They vaunt and brag of their lascivious facts,
 No less than some of brave heroic acts.
 And not a few of this same humour be,
 That would be thought the foes of chastity ;
 By whom, if I see ill, I'll sure conceal it,
 For they themselves will, to their shames, reveal
 it.

There's others, who disliking so to vaunt,
 Will, *si non casté, tamen cauté*, grant,
 (For that's their motto) they make modest shows,
 But what they do in secret, man ne'er knows.

Some make a band of the divine profession,
 (Like shavelings in auricular confession)
 Th'other are bad, and sure of GOD accurst ;
 But of all others, these I deem the worst.

There's other gallants would desire but this,
 Without suspicion to confer and kiss ;
 For other pleasures they would never crave them,
 Nay, if they might, they swear they will not have
 them.

So mean, perhaps, but time brings alteration,
 And a fair woman is a shrewd temptation.

Then many make their feigned love to be
 A cloak to cover their immodesty :

These will protest, and vow, and swear their life
 Consists in having whom they woo to wife.
 Yet, if the villains can their lust fulfill,
 They will forswear them, and be living still.

Some do court all (and not alone to prove,
 But for because with all they are in love.)
 With such deep passion, that they cannot smo-
 ther
 Their hot affection 'til they meet another.

But why will man, against himself and reason,
 Consent to such a tyrant in his treason?
 Why will he so his liberty forego,
 To be a slave to such a monstrous foe?
 For what is this same passion we call *lust*?
 Is't not a brutish longing? an unjust
 Any foul desire, unlawfully to gain
 Some evil pleasure? Or, to speak more plain,
 A furious burning passion, whose hot fumes
 Corrupts the understanding, and consumes
 The very flesh of man? Then what's the fact?
 What may I term that vile and shameful act
 But this,—the execution of an ill,
 Out of set purpose, and with a good will,
 In spite of reason? Tell me, is't not base,
 When men shall so their worthy sex disgrace,
 To give their bodies in a deed unclean,
 With a foul, nasty, prostituted queane?

Or in their understanding be so dull,
 As to observe an idle short-heel'd trull;
 A puling female devil, that hath smiles
 Like syren's songs; and tears like crocodiles?

Yet there be some (I will not name them now)
 Whom I have seen unto such puppets bow,
 And be as serviceable as a groom,
 That fears another man will beg his room.
 They have been glad full oft to please their pride
 With costly gifts, and forced to abide
 Imperious scoffs, with many scornful words,
 Such as the humour they are in affords.
 And yet for these they'll venture honours, lives,
 If they command it; when on their poor wives
 (Though they in beauty, love, and true delight,
 Exceed them more than day-time doth the night)
 Those common courtesies they'll scarce bestow,
 Which they to every stranger use to show;
 Yea, and their lust doth wrap them in such blind-
 ness,
 They cannot give them one poor look in kindness.

Moreover, for their lusts they have not laid
 Base plots alone, like him that was convey'd
 In a close trunk, because in secrecy.
 He would, unseen, enjoy his venerary.
 I say not only therein have they reach'd
 Their damn'd inventions; it hath also stretch'd

Unto strange *lusts*, of which I will not speak,
Because I may offend the mind that's weak ;
Or lest I to some simple one should show
Those sins, by naming, he did never know.
Then here I'll leave ; there's lurking holes such
store,
This stinking vermin I will hunt no more.

... ..

1. The first group of people who are not allowed to enter the country are those who are not citizens of the United States.

1911-12-10

$$M = \begin{pmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{pmatrix} \quad \text{and} \quad V = \begin{pmatrix} 1 & 0 & 0 \\ 0 & 1 & 0 \\ 0 & 0 & 1 \end{pmatrix}.$$

There is a lot of information in this book, and it is not all in the form of a list of references. The book is divided into three parts. The first part is a general introduction to the field of research. The second part is a detailed review of the literature. The third part is a discussion of the implications of the research for practice.

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1. The first group of people who are not in the labor force are those who are not in the labor force for any reason. This group includes people who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force for any reason. This group includes people who are not in the labor force because they are not in the labor force for any reason.

Of *HATE*.

SATIRE III.

BUT I have rous'd another here as bad,
They call it *Hate*; a worse I never had
Before in chace; I scarce can keep (in sooth)
Myself from danger of his venom'd tooth.
This is the passion that doth use to move
The mind a clean contrary way to love.
It is an inspiration of the devil,
That makes men long for one another's evil.
It cankers in the heart, and plagueth most,
Not him that's hated, but the hateful host;
And yet there's too too many I do know,
Whose hearts with this foul poison overflow;
Of which I have a true intelligence,
By the sharp scoffs and slanders springing thence.
But where it rules, they cannot well conceal it,
For either words or deeds, or both, reveal it.

Were it just causes that did still engender
This passion in them, or if they could render
A reason for't, 'twere somewhat; but their will
Carries them on in spite of reason still.
These are their humours: for a slight offence

They'll hate the offender, for a recompence.
 Some malice all that any way excell,
 Although they know it far from doing well.
 And many have abhorred (God amend them!)
 The stranger that did never yet offend them;
 Which they are not ashamed to confess,
 Yet in their hate continue ne'ertheless:
 But though that they can yield no reason why
 They bear them causeless malice, yet can I.
 Their hearts are ill, and it is seldom known
 That a sweet brook from bitter springs hath flown.

There's some, too, when they see a man re-
 spected,
 Though they are nothing by that means neglected,
 They'll inly grudge, and outwardly disdain,
 Being alike-condition'd as was Cain.

Some hate their friends, that love and count
 them dear,
 As by the sequel plainly shall appear.
 One that a seeming friendship had profest me;
 Upon a time did earnestly request me
 That I would plainly my opinion shew,
 What I of his conditions thought or knew;
 And that I would without exceptions tell
 What things in him did not become him well.

I scorning flattery, with a simple heart,

'Twixt him and me my mind did soon impart;
 And as a friend that is unfeigned ought,
 Left nothing unreveal'd of that I thought :
 Yea, without soothing, him I reprehended,
 If I perceiv'd he any way offended;
 Provided always, that I did not swerve
 From a decorum fitting to observe.
 But mark man's nature; he perceiving I
 Had taken note of some infirmity
 He would not have unripp'd; and seeing I
 Saw more than he wish'd any man should spy
 Of his ill humours; (though I must confess,
 Being my friend, I lov'd him nothing less)
 Instead of thanks and liking for my pains,
 My company and sight he now refrains;
 And for my kindness, like a thankless mate,
 Doth ill repay me with a loathing hate.

This one I know, and by that one I find
 That there be many bear as bad a mind.
 But let us for their true conversion pray,
 For never age could this more justly say,
Truth hatred gets, (she of such gain is sped)
 While *love* and *charity* to Heaven are fled.

Again, the wicked hate beyond all measure
 The righteous man that contradicts their pleasure;
 And that's the fundamental cause I know,
 That many men do hate their teachers so.

These common humours are observ'd of few,
 Yet may a young experience find them true ;
 And boldly say, that all in whom they're found,
 Have poison'd hearts, polluted and unsound.
 Yet they are more corrupt than all the rest,
 Who hate their friends they should account of
 best.

But let men strive and study to remove
 This passion from their hearts, and graft on love ;
 Let them not harbour such a hellish sin,
 Which being enter'd, marreth all within.
 Nor let them think my counsel merits laughter,
 Since scripture says, *to hate our brother's slaugh-*
ter.

Of ENVY.

SATIRE IV.

THEN some, envenom'd with an envious touch,
Think every thing their neighbour hath too much.
“ O lord,” say they, (if in the field they be)
“ What goodly corn and well-fed beasts hath he!”
If in the house, “ they never in their lives
“ Saw fairer women than their neighbours wives;
“ ’Tis pity she, a lass of such renown,
“ Should be embraced by so rude a clown.
“ That house is too well furnish’d, or doth stand
“ Better than his; or it hath finer land.
“ This farm he thinketh more commodious much,
“ For wood and water he had never such.”
Yea, so he grudges inwardly and frets
At every good thing that his neighbour gets.

Of these besides there are, that when they see
Any beloved or in favor be,
Especially in courts and great men’s houses,
Then the heart swelleth and the envious rouses;
Ne’er resting ’til that like a spiteful elf,
He do displace them or disgrace himself.

Now some are in the mind that *hate* and this
 Still go together, and one passion is.
 Indeed, they foul injurious humours be,
 So like, they seem to have affinity;
 And yet they differ (as oft kindred do)
 Enough at least, I'm sure, to make them two.

Hate many times from wrongs receiv'd hath
 grown;
Envy is seen where injuries are none.
 Her *malice* also is more general;
 For *hate* to some extends, and she to all.
 Yet envious men do least spite such as be
 Of ill report, or of a low degree;
 But rather they do take their aim at such
 Who either well-beloved are or rich;
 And therefore some do fitly liken these
 Unto those flies we call cantharides;
 Since for the most part they alight on none
 But on the flowers that are fairest blown;
 Or to the boisterous wind, which sooner grubs
 The stately cedar than the humble shrubs.
 Yet I have known it shake the bush below,
 And move the leaf that's wither'd long ago;
 As if it had not shown sufficient spite
 Unless it also could o'erwhelm it quite,
 Or bury it in earth. Yea, I have found
 The blast of *envy* fly as low's the ground.
 And when it hath already brought a man

Even to the very meanest state it can,
 Yet 'tis not satisfi'd, but still devising
 Which way it also may disturb his rising.

This is most true, or else it could not be
 That any man should hate or envy me,
 Being a creature (one would think) that's plac'd
 Too far below the touch of *envy's* blast.
 And yet they do; I see men have espy'd
 Something in me too that may be envy'd.
 But I have found it now, and know the matter,
 The reason's, *they are great, and I'll not flatter.*
 Or else because they see that I do scorn
 To be their slave, whose equal I am born.

I heard (although 'twere spoken in a cloud)
 They censure, that my knowledge makes me
 proud;
 And that I teach so far beyond my calling,
 That every hour they expect my falling;
 With many a prayer and prognostication,
 To shew their love not worthy revelation.
 But what care I! To quit their good surmising,
I do desire my fall may be their rising.
 Which say should once be, as I hope 'twill never,
 My hope is sure it shall not be for ever;
 Or, else because I know it cannot be
 Much lower than it is, it grieves not me.

And where they say my wit augments my pride,
 My conscience tells me that I am belied.
 For that poor dram which Heaven on me bestows,
 Such lack (of what is yet more needful) shows,
 That I am sad to think how much I come
 Short of those gifts, which are bestow'd on some
 And knowledge of that want doth grieve me so,
 I have no joy to boast of that I know.

But let them scandal, as I hear they do,
 And see whose lot the shame will fall unto.
 The shafts are aim'd at me, but I reject them,
 And on the shooters may perhaps reflect them.
 I care not for their envy, since they show it,
 Nor do I fear their malice now I know it.
 For to prevent the venom of their throat,
 I'll of the poison make an antidote ;
 And their presaging (though it be abuse)
 I hope will serve me to an excellent use ;
 For where before I should have took no heed,
 Their words shall make me circumspect indeed.
 Yea, I will be more careful to do well,
 Which were a plague for them as bad as hell.

Some I do know, yea, too too well I know
 them,
 And in this place do a remembrance owe them ;
 These men, when through their envy they intend
 To bring one out of favor with his friend,

Will make as though they some great vices knew
 That he is guilty of (and not a few ;)
 They'll shake their heads, as if they did detest
 The course he follows ; and that not in jest.

If to the father they dispraise the son,
 It shall be slyly, indirectly done ;
 As thus, (I hope there's some will understand)
 " He lives,—I tell you at a second hand ;
 " Should I say all I know, 'twould much offend
 you,

" But more such children, I pray God, ne'er
 " send you !"

With other words of doubt to breed suspicion,
 But dare not (being of a base condition)
 To name them any fault ; and good cause why,
 It should be prov'd, unto their shames, a lie.
 Now 'tis a quality I do despise,
 As such an one doth him whom he envies ;
 If any, therefore, do that love profess me,
Lord from their friendship I beseech thee bless me.

Some crafty ones, will honor to their face
 Those whom they dare not openly disgrace,
 Yet underhand their fames they'll undermine,
 As lately did a seeming friend of mine.
 They'll sow their slander, as if they with grief
 Were forc'd to speak it, or that their belief
 Were loth to credit it ; when 'tis well known
 That damn'd invention was at first their own.

Some do not care how grossly they dispraise,
 Or how unlikely a report they raise,
 Because they know, if't be so false and ill,
 That one believes it not, another will :
 And so their envy very seldom fails,
 But one way or another still prevails.

Oh, villanous conceit! an engine bent
 To overthrow the truest innocent ;
 For well they know, when once a slander's sown,
 And that a false report abroad is blown,
 Though they would wipe it out, yet they can
 never,
 Because some scar will stick behind for ever.

But what is this, that men are so inclin'd
 And subject to it? How may't be defin'd?
 Sure if the same be rightly understood,
'Tis but a grief that springs from others good.
 Tormenting them whenever they hear tell,
 That other men's endeavors prosper well ;
 It makes them grieve if any man be friended,
 Or in their hearing praised or commended.
 Contrar'wise, again such is their spite,
 In other men's misfortunes they delight ;
 Yea, notwithstanding it be not a whit
 Unto their profits or their benefit.
 Others prosperity doth make them lean ;
 It nigh devoureth or consumes them clean ;

But if they see them in much grief, why that
Doth only make them jocund, full and fat.

Of kingdom's ruins they best love to hear,
And tragical reports do only cheer
Their hellish thoughts; and then their bleared
eyes
Can look on nothing but black infamies,
Reproachful actions, and the foulest deeds
Of shame, that man's corrupted nature breeds:
But they must wink when virtue shineth bright,
For fear her lustre mar their weaken'd sight.

They do not love encomiastic stories,
Nor books that shew their predecessors glories;
For good report to all men they deny,
And both the living and the dead envy.
Yea, many of them I do think had rather
Lose all good fame, than share it with their fa-
ther.

The biting satire they do only like,
And that at some particulars must strike,
Or all's worth nothing. If they can apply
Some part of this to him they do envy
(As well perhaps they may) then they'll commend it,
And (spite of their ill natures) I that penn'd it,
Shall have some thank. But why? Not 'cause
they deem
Me or my writing either worth esteem.

No, here's the reason they my labour like,
They think I mean him they suppose to strike;
 So shall my well-meant lines become to be
 A wrong to others, and a snare to me.

Heaven, shield me from such monsters! for
 their breath

Is worse than blasting, and their praise is death.
 And let them find no matter here, but what
 May tend unto their glories whom they hate;
 To make them either this ill passion fly,
 Or swoln with their own venom, burst and die.
 Foul hag of *envy*! let thy snaky elves
 Keep hell with thee, and there torment themselves;
 Your poison'd conversation fitteth men
 For no society but some grim den,
 Where nothing can be heard nor seen appear
 But groans and sighs of misery and fear.
 Who have you yet possess'd, that pleased stood
 With any private or with public good?
 What man's endeavors, think you, prosper should,
 If the event of things were as these would?
 (None can resolve me that, for 'tis unknown)
 Nor parents, no nor children, scarce their own;
 I say, their own-hand works are seldom free,
 But subject to their proper envies be.

Witness a certain rich man, who of late
 Much pitying a neighbour's woeful state,
 Put to his helping hand, and set him clear

From all his former misery and fear ;
 But when he saw that through his thrift and heed,
 He had well cur'd again his former need,
 And grew to pretty means, though he no whit
 Unthankful was for that his benefit ;
 Yet being of a nature that did long
 And joy to see another's case go wrong,
 Having no cause, but a repining now
 That he once help'd him, all his study's how
 To ruinate the poor man's state again,
 And make (through *envy*) his own labour vain.

Oh ! that a man should so from reason range,
 Or entertain an humour that's so strange
 And so unprofitable ! Tell me, why
 Should we the honors or the wealth envy
 Of other men ? If we delight to see
 Our brethren when in evil case they be,
 Let's wish them riches, titles and promotion ;
 'Twill make them greedy, proud, and choak de-
 votion ;
 'Twill plunge them in a flood of misery,
 In the respect of which, the beggary
 We think so vile, is heaven. Yea, I know
 It is a thousand more men's overthrow
 Than poverty can be. That if we hate,
 Or would envy who are in happy state,
 In my opinion they must not be such
 That titles have attain'd, or to be rich

But poor men rather, who are cumbered less,
And have indeed the truest happiness.

But be they rich or poor, I pass not whether,
For my part, I am sure I envy neither ;
So I but reach the glory I desire,
I do not care how many mount up higher ;
And if I want not, what hurt is't to me,
If I the poorest in the kingdom be ?
Yet from this passion, I believe, not many
Can be exempted, if there may be any ;
But sure more mischief alway doth betide
To th' envious, than to him that is envy'd :
And they have often (who would them bemoan!)
Lost both their eyes to lose their neighbour one.
Yea, there is many a perjur'd envious noddie,
Damns his own soul, to hurt his neighbour's body.
But now such men may best by this be known,
They'll speak to no man's honor but their own ;
And in their presence if you praise a man,
They'll from his worth detract e'en all they can.
Such dogs as these are the detracting *Momes*,
And he whose eyes on each new treatise roams,
To feed his humour by disgracing it,
More than for his delight or benefit ;
But the most commonly do disallow
What they would mend themselves if they knew
how.

But what are they that keep the critic's court?
 Not any, doubtless, of the wiser sort;
 But such poor pedants as would fain appear
 A great deal abler than indeed they are.
 Yea, such as (when among the learn'd they
 chance)

Are often set by for their ignorance;
 For, howsoever their insinuation
 Hath gain'd a little vulgar reputation,
 They are but glow-worms, that are brisk by night,
 And never can be seen when sun gives light.
 Ill-tongu'd and envious, ignorant of shame,
 And vile detractors of another's fame;
 But let them carp on, what need any care,
 Since they are known for fools without compare?
 But think, O think, to know and shun this evil,
 This matchless inspiration of the devil;
 Remember, 'tis a known apparent foe
 To charity, and friendship's overthrow;
 A vicious humour that with hell acquaints,
 And hinders the communion of saints.
 Consider that, and how it makes unable
 To be partaker of the holy table.
 Do so—survey yourselves—and if you find
 Such guests within you, root them from your
 mind.

Banish that gnawing fury from your heart;
 And as one wisely counsels, lay apart

Dissembling—*envy*—slander—malice—guile,
 With evil-speaking, as most bad and vile,
 In those men chiefly, whose *religion* saith,
 Her mainest pillar is *true-love*, next *faith*.

Of REVENGE.

SATIRE V.

ROOM for *Revenge*, he's no comedian
That acts for pleasure, but a grim tragedian ;
A foul, stern monster, which if we displease him,
Death, wounds, and blood, or nothing, can appease him.

This most inhuman passion, now and then,
With violence and fury hurries man
So far from that sweet mildness, wherewith he,
Being himself, should ever temper'd be ;
That man nor devil can we term him well,
For part he hath of earth, and part of hell.
Yet this (so much of all good men disdain'd)
Many there are have rashly entertain'd,
And hugg'd as a sweet contenting passion,
Though in a various and unlikely fashion.

Some are so staid they can their purpose keep
Long time conceal'd, to make the wound more
deep ;

And these it is not heat of blood that blind,
But rather the fell canker of the mind.
Some by respect to time and place are staid,

And some again by nothing are allay'd;
 But them mad rage oft furiously will carry,
 Without respect of friends or sanctuary.
 Then some of them are fearful, some are bolder,
 Some are too hot, and some again are colder.
 O I have seen, and laugh'd at heart to see't,
 Some of our hot-spurs drawing in the street,
 As though they could not passion's rage withstand,
 But must betake them to it out of hand.
 But why i' th' street? Oh, comp'ny doth heart
 them,
 And men may see their valorous acts, and part
 them.

And yet that humour rather I commend,
 Than their's whose fury hath no stay nor end,
 'Til of their lives they have bereft their foes;
 The only way to both their overthrows.
 O poor revenge! behold, he thou hast slain,
 Sleeping in rest, lies free from care and pain.
 Death is the good man's refuge, which his God
 Ordain'd to be his sorrows period;
 And he, perhaps, thou in revenge didst slay,
 Enjoys more bliss than thou could'st take away;
 Whilst thou surviving feel'st the horrid smart
 Of many thousand tortures in thy heart.
 For say thou 'scape the rigour of the law,
 Thy wounded conscience will have many a flaw;
 Fears thou shalt pass by day, and then at night

Dreams all of terror thy scar'd soul affright.
 Orphans and widows' curses thou shalt have,
 To bring thee with confusion to thy grave.
 Which if in mercy God do shield thee from,
 Justice hath set this unavowed doom,
 The plague of bloodshed on thy stock shall lie,
 Till she be quit in thy posterity.
 Poor world ! if these thy best contentments be,
 Seek blood and vengeance you that list for me.
 If this be sweet, Heav'n grant I may forgive,
 And never seek for vengeance whilst I live.

But now, methinks, I hear our hacksters tell me,
 With thund'ring words, as if their breath would
 fell me,

I am a coward if I will not fight,—
 True, cavaleros, you have spoken right ;
 And if upon good terms you urge me to it,
 I have both strength and heart enough to do it,
 Which you should find ; yet minded am I still
 (Though I am mov'd) to punish, not to kill.

Yet breathes there to my knowledge many a
 man,
 That in his bloody actions glory can ;
 He thinks it honor to be said that he
 Was the destruction of some two or three.
 A brave tall man, I promise ye, and may
 Take Tyburn for preferment in his way.

What poor renown is there in such a deed,
 For which a good man's heart would inly bleed!
 What valour's in't, since a poor fly or gnat
 Doth many times perform as much as that!
 But I perceive the chiefest cause of this,
 The opinion of the rascal vulgar is;
 They puff men up with their infectious breath,
 'Til swoln, it break out to their shame or death.
 But though they think that he, which kills his foe,
 Is most courageous, reason tells them, no;
 For he that hath a heart that fact to do,
 Is both a tyrant and a coward too.
 But how is he a coward (some will say)
 That takes in fight another's life away?
 Thus he is one: he having by his might
 A power on him with whom he haps to fight,
 Thinks if he spare his life in such a case,
 He one day may revenge his foul disgrace;
 And that with fear of future dangers fills him,
 Which to prevent, he like a coward kills him.
 Yet those whose present safety cannot be
 Without the ruin of their enemy,
 Blameless I count, since nature gives us way,
 Things violent by violence to stay.
 Yet thou, whate'er thou be, that hast a foe,
 Seek not to be his wilful overthrow;
 Since life's a matter of the greatest weight.
 If there be any way, though ne'er so strait,
 Whereby thou may'st from such an act be free,

Part not such friends as soul and body be.
 Rather if't may be, keep him living still,
 For foes oft prove a necessary ill.
 And for thy mercy thou shalt one day find
 Much comfort and contentment in thy mind.

Foes I have some, whose lives I do not grutch,
 For they have done me service very much,
 And will do still. These, wheresoe'er I go,
 Do make me careful what I speak or do;
 And if I step aside, have so much grace
 To tell me all my folly to my face:
 Whereas my friend, 'til I were quite undone,
 Would let me still in my own vainness run;
 Or if he warn me, it is so in sport,
 That I am scarce a whit the better for't.
 But this good evil few of us can use,
 For we do better things than these abuse.
 Man's nature's ill, and I have noted this,
 If we upbraided be with what's amiss,
 We cannot brook it; but are readier still
 To hate them that reprove, than mend what's ill.
 Nay, to the mildest sort men know not how
 To speak their minds without exceptions now;
 We must not our mad lusty-bloods gain-say,
 No, not so much as in a yea or nay;
 But presently we die for't (if we will)
 They have both hand and heart prepar'd to kill.
 Let them but think a man to them injurious,

Although he be not so, they'll strait grow furious,
 And are so quickly up in a bravado;
 They are for nothing but the imbrocado;
 And in this humour they respect not whether
 They be unto them friends or foes, or neither;
 All are alike, and their hot choler ends
 Not only love and friendship, but their friends.

I know 'twere vain if I should tell to these
 The peaceful mind of ancient Socrates;
 Or if I should Lycurgus' vengeance shew,
 How he behav'd himself unto his foe.
 'Twere but much labour lost, for there's no doubt
 Our Bedlām gallants would but grin and flout
 At their well-temper'd passions, since they deem
 Nought but their brainless humours worth esteem.
 The small discretion that doth guide this age,
 Hath left them so to their unbridled rage,
 That men most foolish, desperate, who care
 For nought, but little wit enough to dare
 Some beast-like combat (without lawful ground)
 Are now the only men that are renown'd
 Amongst the vulgar. And forsooth, to gain
 A little fame that way, though ne'er so vain,
 They'll put their lives in danger; nay, there's some
 Had rather have it than the life to come.

Alas, poor men! what hath bewitch'd your
 mind?

How are you grown so senseless and so blind,
 Thus to affect vain shadows, and let slide
 The truer substance as a thing unsied?
 Is reason in you grown so great a stranger,
 To suffer an affection of such danger
 To settle in you? Banish't from your breast,
 And there let mercy and forgiveness rest;
 It is a token of a humane mildness:
 But vengeance is a sign of brutish wildness,
 Not fitting any but the tyger, bear,
 Or such-like creatures, that remorseless tear
 Whate'er they light on. Cast it from you, then,
 Be in condition, as in shape y'are men,
 And stand unmov'd, for innocence, e'er long,
 Will shew herself abroad in spite of wrong;
 When of your patience you shall not repent,
 But be avenged to your own content.

Yet some may say, the counsel I have given
 Is hard to follow, strict, and too uneven;
 And whatsoever show I seem to make,
 Such as myself would hardly undertake.
 Know you that think so, I am not afraid
 If that it be a burthen I have laid,
 To bear't myself; nay, I have undergone,
 If this be hard, a more uneasy one.
 For, but of late a friend of mine in show,
 Being, indeed, a spiteful secret foe,
 I know not why, for I did ne'er in aught

Wrong him so much as in a word or thought ;
 Yet this man having wisely watch'd his time,
 When I (a stranger in another clime)
 Left mine own country, did meanwhile repair
 To my best friends, and with dissemblings fair,
 And shows of love and grief, did there unfold
 The grossest slander ever villain told.
 A damn'd invention, so exceeding vile,
 That, gallants, 'twould have made your blood to
 boil,
 And out of your abused bodies start,
 I know it would have broken veins or heart.
 If you had felt that tongue's envenom'd sting,
 You would have fret, fum'd, stamp'd, done any
 thing ;
 Or angry, rag'd like mad-men in your fit,
 'Til merciless revenge had quenched it.
 And what did I ? At first, I must confess,
 I was extremely mov'd. Who could be less ?
 But when I felt my troubled thoughts begin
 To join with brutish passion's force within,
 And raise disquiet humours in my breast,
 I fear'd if I should yield 'twould mar my rest ;
 And therefore to myself I patience took,
 Which whilst I have about me, I can brook
 Any misfortune. Then that patience
 Grew so much stronger through my innocence,
 That I, as much as flesh and blood could do,
 Forgot both injury and vengeance too.

Yet, might I wanted not to do him ill ;
 All the defect that was, was in my will.
 It is well known the coward dares not stand
 T'abide the vengeance of my wronged hand,
 Were his strength tripled ; nay, were I in bands
 Of impotency wrapt, and had no hands,
 Yet I have friends (whom if I had not pray'd,
 And begg'd unto to have their fury stay'd)
 Had heap'd confusion on him for my sake.
 Yea, I am half persuaded he would quake
 A twelve-month after ; had he but the daring
 To think upon the vengeance was preparing
 For that lewd sland'rous tale of his, which he
 As well might raise on one unborn as me.

But when that course my reason did gain-say,
 I was allow'd revenge a better way.
 Both law and justice proffer'd me the scourge,
 To whip him for it ; which though friends did
 urge,
 (Shewing me motives to allure me to it)
 Yet was I much unwilling still to do it ;
 For though I might (beside submission) gain
 No little sums, my heart doth much disdain
 To add unto my substance through his shame,
 Or raise it with the ruin of his fame.
 Yet 'cause, perhaps, there's some may think I
 feign,
 Or speak a matter fram'd out of my brain ;

Know, this back-biter lives, and may do long
 To do me more, and many others wrong.
 And but that I am loth to stain my verse,
 The name of such a monster to rehearse,
 For others satisfaction (to disgrace it)
 Upon the margent here my pen should place it;
 Yet that, perhaps, would vengeance counted be,
 For that shall never be reveng'd by me.
 Nor had I thus much said, but to make known
 So truly these opinions are mine own,
 That I do wish no other men unto
 More than I gladly of myself would do.
 Thus was I wronged, and I thus withstood
 My own mad passion in the heat of blood;
 Yet think myself in as good case as those,
 That have reveng'd themselves with stabs and
 blows.

In my opinion, it is now as well
 As if that I should pack his soul to hell,
 With danger of mine own, and here remain
 To grieve and wish he were alive again;
 Nay, now 'tis best; for why? he may repent,
 Whilst I with a safe conscience live content.

But grant, that some misdeem'd my innocence,
 (Because they saw that I with patience
 Endur'd the wrong) by thinking I did know
 Myself in fault, because I took it so;

What's that to me? Indeed, if all my care
 But to make shew of what I should be, were,
 I might be much displeased, when I see
 Men think me not what I would seem to be.
 But he whose only aim is virtue's path,
 And that true aim by his endeavor hath
 (Which God grant me!) so much sweet comfort
 gains
 Within his conscience, that he nought complains
 Of men's opinions; but above them borne,
 Doth both their censures and supposings scorn.
 And why should I do less, who never weigh'd
 My innocence by that which others said?
 Whether I patient were, or storm'd at it,
 It quits me of the slander ne'er a whit.

He that condemns my mild and gentle course,
 May in his wisdom light upon a worse.
 I must confess I let his error pass,
 Nor have I done amiss; for say, an ass
 Had struck me with his heels: how should I quit
 The harm he doth me? You would blame my wit
 If I should kill him. If I went to law,
 Who would not count me the most ass—a daw—
 Or worst of fools? And pray, what were I less,
 If I had done't to his unworthiness?
 One that's so ignorant of his offence,
 He seems as if he had no spark nor sense
 Of understanding: one, whom if I touch

Or offer to lay hands on, 'tis as much
 As if I in my anger would begin
 To break the stool that erst had broke my shin.

In this and that I found the cause was one,
 And therefore did I let revenge alone;
 Only I mark'd him (for this cause indeed)
 That other men might (knowing him) take heed;
 And he himself, with a repining shame,
 Reading his folly's emblem in his name,
 Might grieve he did into that error run.
 Which hoping he by this time now hath done,
 I cease to brand him, and forgive him too:
 Others might thus by my example do.

But to thy task, my muse; for there remain
 Mad humours many more yet to explain;
 Such as are theirs, who use to take in hand
 A lawless pilgrimage to Calice sand,
 And think if they by tricks can blind the law
 Of God, they never need to stand in awe.
 These only deal in blows. But there be other
 Who their revengeful minds as ill can smother;
 Yet 'cause they have not hearts to deal with
 swords,
 Like valiant champions fight it out with words.
 Such frays have made me oftentimes to smile,
 And yet they prove shrew'd combats other-while;
 For from such brawls do sudden stabs arise,

And sometimes in revenge the quart-pot flies;
 Join'd stools and glasses make a bustling rumour,
 Yea, this is grown a gentleman-like humour;
 But in my mind, he that so well can fight,
 Deserveth to be dubb'd an ale-house knight.

Is't not a shame that men should at their meet-
 ing,

Welcome each other with a friendly greeting,
 As I have seen, and yet before they part
 Bandy their swords at one another's heart?

Wond'rous inhumane! O, the savage boar,
 Or wild Armenian herds can do no more.

But such believe not it is **GOD** hath said,
Vengeance is mine, and I will see't repaid.

For if they did, they would not dare to be
 Such carvers for themselves, as now we see.

No good remains, if long this fit endure,
 Friendship is quite extinguished, and sure
 The devil doth so much possess them, than
 They have no honest thought of **GOD** or man;
 Which you may note, if you do ever see
 Two hare-brain ruffians when at odds they be;
 All th' one's ambition is the other's fall,
 Without compassion or respect at all.
 Which fury so unlimited doth prove,
 They have to man-ward not a spark of love;
 Nor no regard of **GOD** shall you espy,

If you observe their damned blasphemy,
 When standers-by would stop their bloody will;
 Stark mad with rage, the Heavens wide ears they
 fill

With horrid, bloody, fearful canon-oaths,
 Such as no honest Christian man but loaths
 Almost to hear them nam'd. Yea, seem to tear
 CHRIST's manhood piece-meal from him, when
 they swear

For foot, heart, nails, still using GOD withall,
 Their foul-mouth'd rackets, like a tennis-ball,
 Do bandy to and fro : His blood and wounds
 Add to their hellish bravings such strange sounds,
 As if the powers of Heav'n they did contemn,
 And meant in this wild fit to challenge them.

Oh, base, proud clay ! who by their deeds can
 gather

These men believe a Power above? But rather
 That they are viler than the brutest creature;
 For that is taught more reverence by nature.
 But these bold champions dare him ; yea, when
 they

Cannot have vengeance their desired way
 (As if they scorn'd the threat'ning of his rod)
 Thus think they to avenge themselves on GOD;
 Who were he not as merciful as just,
 Might with a blast consume them into dust.

Of CHOLER.

SATIRE VI.

BUT now, the cause of man's *vengeful* thirst,
Proceeds from rash, unbridled *Choler* first;
Which passion flows from imbecility,
And bring us unto much absurdity:
Yea, those that are infected with this crime,
Are (in a manner) mad-men for the time.
'Tis a short fury, wherewith man possess't
Resembles most a wild untamed beast.
It makes the wisest so beside their wit,
They speak and practice many a thing unfit;
Yea, those in whom I find this passion reign,
I have oft seen to storm for things but vain;
And chafing fret at poor halfpenny losses,
As if for some intolerable crosses.
In a slight trifle, or some slender toy,
You would suppose consisted all their joy;
For should a wise man every sorrow prove
This world could heap, it would not so much
move
His settled patience, as one rascal fit
Would on no ground in these distemper it.

There is this weakness, which in *choleric* men
 I have observed reigning now and then ;
 They are not only ready to believe
 The least report that may occasion give
 Of discontents, but so doth anger blind them,
 As if no causes be, they'll seek to find them,
 And (in light matters, if they should contend)
 Would pick a quarrel with their dearest friend.

Yea, I have seen where friends, nay more,
 where brothers
 That be, or should be, dearer far than others,
 Have in their heat of anger turned foes,
 And mixed strange words with far sharper blows.
 Nor do, nor can they, in this humour spare
 Any degree ; for reverence nor care
 Doth them remain, although they be most sure
 Their heedless words not foes alone procure,
 But lose their friends ; nor do they in that case
 Respect the time, nor company, nor place.

Besides, there is this over-sight in some,
 (Where choler doth the reason overcome)
 They do not only blame him that offends,
 But are displeas'd e'en with their dearest friends ;
 And with the like displeasure do pursue
 All that are in their presence or their view.
 Yet if that any should but tell these men
 Such anger were without just reason, then

Although it be so, and they know it right,
 Their fury would the more increase with spite.
 They cannot bear controul, neither can they
 Brook him aught better that doth nothing say ;
 For then indeed, they presently suspect,
 He carelessly their anger doth neglect.

Some masters and some tutors I espy
 Too much o'ercome with this infirmity ;
 They are so hot and confident in this,
 That all their anger still with reason is ;
 As if they think their servants do offend,
 They must not their suspected crimes defend,
 Guilty or no ; but yield to all they say,
 Whatever shame or wrong betide them may ;
 And so be sure to make it an offence,
 Though but by wronging their own innocence,
 Which is mere tyranny. And he that can
 Force to such slavery the mind of man,
 By my opinion shall for ever pass
 For an imperious, foolish, wayward ass,
 Who looks so much what duties others owe,
 That he himself doth scarcely manners know.

This *anger* is a wond'rous head-strong passion,
 And hath a beastly frantic operation ;
 From which how can we any man release,
 When we must neither speak nor hold our peace?

Some will be angry if they cannot make
 All others their opinions undertake;
 But let them keep from me, or I should chaufe
 them,
 For out of that fond humour I should laugh them.
 Others have meanings, but they cannot show
 them;
 And therefore fret at all that do not know them.
 And I have seen (that anger may be holy)
 A good man moved for another's folly.

The hurt that through this passion doth ensue
 Is great, although observ'd by very few;
 For that which hath ensu'd on one man's spleen,
 The ruin of a state hath often been.
 And therefore (though I none excuse the while)
 I hold it much less seemly and more vile
 In men authoris'd, than in those that be
 Born to a lower fortune or degree;
 For when this fit possesseth private men,
 They trouble but themselves, or now and then
 Their private families; when if it seizes
 On eminent and mighty personages,
 It doth distemper thousands, and thereby
 Whole provinces do oft oppressed lie.
 In my opinion, he's unfit to wield
 The sword of justice, that doth basely yield
 To such a brutish passion, howsoe'er
 In other things he most sufficient were;

Though some in places of esteem there be,
Whom therewith strangely overcome we see.

Oh ! why should they to govern others sit,
Who know not how to rule themselves as yet ?
The angry and incensed magistrate,
On them to be aveng'd whom he doth hate
For private causes, draws the public sword,
And all extremity the laws afford,
He makes to serve his rage. And if that fail,
He'll strain his conscience but he will prevail.

But divers think, that such as hasty be
(For so they title this infirmity)
Best natur'd are. But yet I see not how,
I that position may for truth allow ;
For (whosoe'er 'twas first that saying taught)
If they are best, I'll swear the best is nought.
Moreover, there be many do suppose,
It is a sign of courage. What mean those ?
Where is their judgment ? They, methinks,
should gather
That it were *weakness* did produce it rather ;
Or else, why should the feeble and the sick,
Women and children be most choleric ?

Again, there's some whose judgment is as rude
As to suppose it quickens fortitude.
Which cannot be, for they must grant me then,

That vice assist to perfect virtue can;
 Which I cannot believe nor come to see,
 How fortitude and anger can agree:
 For one a resolution is that's steady,
 And rul'd by reason; th' other rash and heady.
 Yea, the one doth nothing but on consultation;
 The other cannot take deliberation,
 But head-long, unadvisedly doth tend,
 'Til it in sorrow, shame or ruin end.
 And though some thence much help would seem
 to gather,
 To whet true valour on, it hinders rather:
 Yea, so unreasonable is this passion,
 It overthrows in man all seemly fashion;
 Making him speak if aught but discontent him;
 Yea, do the thing of which he shall repent him:
 And such a dangerous kind of lunatic
 Is he who useth to be choleric,
 That of a friend if I might chuser be,
 I'd rather have a man that's mad than he.
 Yet men do rarely seek to stop this ill,
 But as they grow in years that groweth still,
 As if it were a humour whence could rise
 Not any thing which them might prejudice.
 And they so yield themselves to the invasion
 Of this strange frenzy on the least occasion,
 That when they think the fury to suppress
 Of this disease, they can do nothing less.
 For he that will a certain med'cine find

For such a malady, must have a mind
 Settled in good, and an unfeign'd intent
 To prosecute what he in shew hath meant.

Light trust he must not give to all reports,
 Nor take too much delight in idle sports;
 On toys his love should never be so set,
 To make him for their absence grieve or fret.
 He must be wary still not to adore
 Treasure or honors (heap'd upon him) more
 Than will befit such things as needs must perish,
 For oft that folly doth this passion cherish.
 Let dogs, nor hawks, nor any pleasure move,
 But as it doth indifferent things behave.
 At no time let him rashly speak or do
 What self-conceit doth urge or prompt him to,
 And not alone this my advice embrace,
 But learn of Cotis, that wise king of Thrace,
 Who having many precious vessels sent
 Of brittle metal, fearing discontent
 Might for their loss another day arise,
 The messenger he richly gratifies;
 And then before his face, against the stones
 Dashes the costly present for the nones,
 To shew that those, who *anger's* flames would
 hinder,
 Must first remove the fuel and the tinder.

And in the morning, when the sun
Shall rise, and the world be new,
I'll be the first to see it,
And the first to see thee.

And in the evening, when the moon
Shall rise, and the world be new,
I'll be the first to see it,
And the first to see thee.

And in the morning, when the sun
Shall rise, and the world be new,
I'll be the first to see it,
And the first to see thee.

And in the evening, when the moon
Shall rise, and the world be new,
I'll be the first to see it,
And the first to see thee.

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Shall rise, and the world be new,
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Shall rise, and the world be new,
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And the first to see thee.

And in the evening, when the moon
Shall rise, and the world be new,
I'll be the first to see it,
And the first to see thee.

Of JEALOUSY.

SATIRE VII.

BUT though these angry ones soon breed a
brawl,
And are pernicious to converse withal,
Not one jot better is this *jealous* head,
That ever fears his wife hath wrong'd his bed.

Sometime this passion, as it may appear,
Proceeds out of a too much love, with fear;
Sometime, again, the mischief doth arise
When he that worth in his beloved spies,
Is forced that deserving to confess,
And privy to a self-unworthiness;
Which is indeed the cause that brings the smart
Of *Jealousy* upon the greatest part.

The first is seldomest, and it is sent
Of God, as a peculiar punishment
To those who do the creature so affect,
As thereby their Creator they neglect.
Love is the highest and the noblest bliss
That for mankind on earth ordained is;
But when true measure it exceeds, and gets

Beyond the decent bounds that reason sets,
 God turns it to a plague, whereby he will
 Shew them their folly, and correct the ill.
 He adds a fear of losing of their joy
 In that they love, which quickly doth destroy
 All their delight, and strewing good with ill,
 Makes things seem lost though they are with them
 still.

Thus doth it oftentimes with that man prove,
 Who keeps not moderation in his love.
 He having got a wife not only fair,
 But modest, honest, wise and debonaire,
 At first so wond'rous meritorious deems her,
 As worthy all affection he esteems her,
 And waxeth so assur'd, he dares be bold
 She will not be allur'd to ill by gold,
 Honor, nor beauty; but as she is chaste,
 So is persuaded will be to the last;
 And to himself so well doth seem to thrive,
 He thinks his own the happiest choice alive.
 All which is good, and if no more I tell,
 You cannot say wherein he does not well.
 But there he doth not his affection stay,
 Further it tends, and it will further stray.
 This man not having learned to possess
 With temperance, so great a happiness,
 Oft his affections grow to that extreme,
 As well he knows not, if he wake or dream;

Then doth his love (such love will ever do it)
 For a companion take in *fear* unto it ;
 A fear of losing what he loves so much.
 And then the nature of this fear is such,
 That it begets *suspect* ; which creeping in,
 Doth by a little at the first begin
 To make him doubt his spouse may loosely live.
 But then her well-known virtuous mind doth give
 Such blameless testimony of her good,
 As that surmise is for a time withstood,
 'Til this disease upon him grows more strong,
 Then he begins to think she doth him wrong ;
 Which if he do, that one false thought's enough
 To give all former truths the overthrow.
 And why? *Suspect* grows thereupon so great,
 She thrusts *true judgment* quite beside her seat.
 Which being done, then straight begins to wane
 The good conceit he of his bliss had ta'en.
 His only labour's how to bring't about,
 To be assur'd of what he seeketh out.
 A cuckold he esteems himself, and he
 Were e'en as good indeed a cuckold be ;
 Nay, rather than he'll be deceiv'd, the elf
 Will try to make a cuckold of himself.
 In borrow'd shapes, to bed her he will try,
 Sometimes he courts her by a deputy ;
 And if all fail to tempt her unto ill,
 Yet he remains himself a coxcomb still.
 For if his friends do to his house repair,

He thinks 'tis only 'cause his wife is fair.
 Or if a stranger come, he'll pawn his life
 All his intent is to corrupt his wife.
 Yea, though the business to himself he find,
 He thinks 'tis but a hood to keep him blind.

Thus all the sweet he had is turn'd to sower;
 Fain would he think well, but hath not the power;
 Much care torments his heart, and yet he will
 Be prying farther to increase it still.
 Yea, he will seek, although he truly know,
 The more he seeks, the more he finds his woe.

Besides, *suspect* reviveth in the head
 All things that may be misinterpreted,
 And the best thought her virtue's like to win
 Is only this—*It serv'd to cloak her sin.*
 In brief, his former love he marreth quite,
 And there he loaths where once he took delight.
 But wherefore? Only 'cause he doth mistrust,
 And not on any proof that she's unjust.

Unhappy man! thus thy ill nature shall
 Convert the honey of thy life to gall.
 And hapless woman she, that comes to wed
 So mere a sot, and such a jealous head!
 An owl-ey'd buzzard, that by day is blind,
 And sees not things apparent, yet can find
 That out which never was. The fear to lose

The jewel he above all gems did choose ;
 That fear, I say, of wit doth so bereave him,
 He thinks that's gone which means not yet to
 leave him.

Oh, foolish man ! that having gain'd a bliss,
 Dost make't a curse, by using it amiss ;
 If judgment be not blinded in thee, look,
 Try if thou hast not all this while mistook ?
 Is not thy wife still fair ; and to the eye
 Seems she not yet to have that modesty
 Thou didst commend her for ? Is she not wary
 With whom she walks, or speaks, or where to
 tarry ?

Is she not still as careful how to please,
 As loving too as in her former days ?
 In shew he sees it, but he thinks 'tis feign'd.
 Out, blockish dolt ! that art most justly pain'd :
 Thou but a few supposed shadows hast,
 That make thee to account thy wife unchaste ;
 But many firm, substantial proofs make clear
 That she's unstain'd, and ought to be as dear
 As e'er she was. Why then should faults in thee
 Make her seem evil, until such she be ?

A woman that is fair shall much be view'd,
 And have perhaps unlook'd-for favors shew'd.
 She shall be courted whe'er she will or no ;
 Nay, be resorted to ; and though she show
 Scarcely so much as common courtesies,

She shall be censur'd by misjudging eyes,
 And false reports will fly ; but what of this ?
 Wilt thou, that hast had trial what she is,
 And never knew'st her err—wilt thou, I say,
 Cast all the good conceit thou hadst away,
 And strait grow jealous ; trusting the surmise
 Of the lewd vulgar, more than thine own eyes ?
 It were mad folly ; and yet I do know
 Some that are thus besotted ; more's their woe.
 And pity 'twere but they had horned him,
 Were't not a greater pity so to sin.

Should you but sit with such an one at table,
 To hold from laughter you were scarcely able,
 To see what note the jealous woodcock takes
 Of his wife's words, and every look she makes ;
 In what a fear he eats his meat, and drinks,
 What signs he uses, how he nods and winks,
 With twenty scurvy gestures, though he see
 No reason he should so suspicious be.
 Now some have cause enough, and I believe
 Such seem to have a colour why they grieve.
 But yet there's no just reason any one
 Should over-strive to hold what will be gone,
 Vexing himself so for another's ill,
 Which he can never help. Let him that will.
 This I know true, to seek much to restrain
 A woman's will, is labour spent in vain ;
 And he that tries to do it might have been

One of the crew, that hedg'd the cuckow in.
 Why should a man go put himself to pain,
 As some have done, a business to feign ;
 And then at night come lurk about his house,
 Where be it but the stirring of a mouse,
 He doth observe it? Wherefore doth he so ;
 Since if thereby he aught amiss do know,
 The greatest good that he shall hereby find
 Is more vexation to molest his mind :
 For then the mischief he but fear'd before,
 He's certain of, and need not doubt it more ?
 A goodly meed ! but sure those wretched elves,
 Take pleasure in tormenting of themselves.
 They hearken, watch, set spies, and alway long
 To hear some tales or inkling of their wrong ;
 And he that can but whisper some such fable,
 Shall be the welcom'st guest that sits at table.
 (Though it be ne'er so false) they love so well
 To feel the torture of this earthly hell.
 But I do muse what devil keeps their heart,
 They should affect the causers of their smart ;
 Those ever-buzzing, deadly-stinging flies,
 Those that of echoes only can devise
 A slander 'gainst thyself. Whate'er they say,
 Thy love from her thou must not draw away
 On bare reports. Thou must behold the crime,
 Or keep her, as thy best-belov'd, her time.
 Better or worse, thou surely must abide her,
 'Til from thyself the death of one divide her.

Then tell me, were it not (by much) less pain
 A good opinion of her to retain?
 Could'st thou not be contented by thy will,
 At least, to think that she were honest still?
 Yes, in thy heart I know thou would'st be glad,
 Unless that thou wer't void of sense, or mad.
 Why, shake off all these claw-backs, then, that
 use

Thy soon-believing nature to abuse;
 For, trust me, they are but some spiteful elves,
 Who, 'cause they have not the like bliss them-
 selves,

Would fain mar thine; or else I dare be bold,
 If thou the truth could'st warily unfold,
 They are some lust-stung villains, that did court
 Thy honest wife to some unlawful sport;
 And finding her too chaste to serve their turn,
 Whose evil hearts with foul desires did burn,
 To spite her (being far more evil doers
 Than Daniel's elders, fair Susanna's wooers)
 To thee they do accuse her of an ill,
 Whereto they labour'd to allure her will.

Let me advise thee, then, whate'er he be
 That of such dealings first informeth thee,
 Believe him not, what proofs soe'er he bring,
 Do not give ear to him for any thing.
 And though he be the nearest friend thou hast,
 From such-like knowledge shut all sense up fast.

Fly and avoid him, as thou would't the devil,
 Or one that brings thee messages of evil.
 Let him be to thee as thy deadliest foe,
 A fury, or some one thou loath'st to know;
 And be assured, whatsoe'er he shews,
 He is no friend of thine that brings that news;
 Since if that thou wert his most deadly foe,
 For any wrong it were revenge enough.

Now some men I have noted love as well
 The husband's faults unto the wife to tell,
 And aggravate them too; as if thereby
 They either meant to feed their jealousy,
 Or else stir up their unbecoming hates,
 Against their guiltless, well-beloved mates.
 But of these monsters, fairest sex, beware,
 Of their insinuations have a care;
 Believe them not, they will coin tales untrue,
 To sow foul strife betwixt your loves and you
 Out of ill will; or else here is my doom,
 They hope to get into your husband's room,
 Through the advantage of the discontent
 They would work in you. But this their intent
 They'll so disguise, that you shall never spy it,
 'Til you're ensnar'd too surely to deny it.

But oh! consider you, whose excellence
 Had reason able once for difference,
 This passion well: if ill your spouses do,

Amend yourselves, and they'll grow better too.
 Look not upon them with o'erblinded eyes,
 Nor grieve you them with causeless jealousies;
 For most of them have ever this condition,
 Though they are bad, they cannot brook sus-
 picion.

Strive not with them too much. For as the
 powder,
 Being fast stopp'd, makes the report the louder,
 Sending the bullet with the greater force,
 So he that seeks to bar a woman's course,
 Makes her more eager, and can ne'er out-strive
 her,
 But on she will, because the devil doth drive
 her.

Let those, then, that thus matched are, begin
 By love and gentle means their wives to win;
 And though no hope they see, yet patience take,
 So there is none shall know their heads do ake.
 And let all wary be that no surmises,
 Or flying tale some envious head devises,
 Make them to wrong their chaste and modest
 wives,
 Who have with virtue led unspotted lives;
 For though they stand unmov'd, yet that's the
 way
 To make a woman soonest go astray.

And so I will conclude these *jealous humours*
Which, part I found b' experience, part by ru-
mours;

I feel it not, yet know it is a smart
That plagues the mind, and doth torment the
heart.

And I could wish but for the others sake,
Their thoughts-tormenting pain might never slake;
For, none's so jealous, I durst pawn my life,
As he that hath defil'd another's wife.

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Of COVETOUSNESS.

SATIRE VIII.



BUT how I miss'd of *Avarice* to tell,
Whose longing is as infinite as hell.
There is no passion that's more vile and base,
And yet as common as to have a face,
I muse it 'scap'd so long; for I'll be plain—
I no where look for't but I see it reign.
In all this spacious round I know so few
That can this slavish dung-hill vice eschew;
I neither will excuse sex nor degree,
Young folks, nor such as middle-aged be.
Nay, I perceive them given most to crave,
When they had need to dig themselves a grave.
Like earth-bred moles, still scrambling in the dust,
Not for the treasure that shall never rust,
But for vile canker'd dross is all their care,
As if the same their *summum bonum* were;
When all that they have with their labor bought,
(If well consider'd) is not worth a thought.

I have known cluffles, that having well to live,
Sufficient also both to lend and give,
Yet ne'ertheless toil, moil, and take more pain

Than Jews' bond-slave or a Moor in Spain.
 All day they brook the rain, hail, frost and snow,
 And then, as if they had not drudg'd enough,
 They lie and think all night with care and sorrow,
 How they may take as little rest to-morrow.

'Tis strange their minds so much for gold doth
 itch,

And being gotten, that it should bewitch ;

For 'tis by nature in a prison pent,

Under our feet, i' th' basest element.

And should we pluck't from dungeon, filth, and
 mire,

To giv't the chiefest seat in our desire ?

'Twere want of judgment, which brave spirits
 know,

Counting it base with those that prize it so.

I have heard those say, that travel to the west,
 Whence this beloved metal is encreast,

That in the places where such minerals be,

Is neither grass, nor herb, nor plant, nor tree.

And like enough, for this at home I find,

Those who too earnestly employ the mind

About that trash, have hearts (I dare uphold)

As barren as the place where men dig gold.

This humour hath no bounds ; 'tis a desire
 (Or disease rather) nothing can expire ;

'Tis hell, for had it all the world, why yet

'Twould long as much as if 't had ne'er a whit;
 And I with pity do lament their pain,
 Who have this never-quenched thirst of gain;
 This ever-gaping whirlpool, that receives
 Still, yet the-self same room still empty leaves.

He's mad that food to such a vulture gives,
 That's never full; and e'en as good fill sieves,
 Or vessels bottomless, as still endeavour
 To gorge a monster that will hunger ever.
 All that men can perform will be in vain,
 And longing will for evermore remain,
 Like those foul issues, that must have vent,
 'Til strength of nature and the life be spent.
 It makes men tire themselves, like he that drinks
 Brine or salt-water, and still thereby thinks
 To slake his thirst, although he feel it more
 Augmented at each draught than 'twas before.
 Yea, wealth does as much lessen this desire,
 Of avarice in men, as flames of fire
 Allay the heat. Besides, though they have store,
 This makes them to themselves exceeding poor;
 And howsoe'er they may seem, yet such
 Until their dying day are never rich.
 They very seldom have respect or care
 To promise or religion; they'll not spare
 To wrong their neighbour, friend, or God him-
 self,
 Thereby to add unto their cursed pelf.

They neither reverence the right of laws,
 Nor are they touched with the poor man's cause.
 They could be well content to shed their bloods,
 Lose soul and Heaven, but to save their goods.
 To talk to them of better things, 'twere vain,
 For they are only capable of gain.
 They never live in true society,
 Nor know they friendship, love, or piety ;
 And in a word, those that are thereby led,
 Never do good 'til they be sick or dead ;
 And therefore with those vermin we may place
 them,

That serve us to no use 'til we uncase them.
 And I've observ'd that such men's children be
 Born many times to greatest misery ;
 For they have neither means nor education
 According to their kindred, state, or nation ;
 Whereby we see that they do often run
 Into vile actions, and are quite undone :
 And then, perhaps, the parent grieves at this,
 But ne'er considers that his fault it is.

'Tis greediness that makes a man a slave
 To that which for his servant he should have ;
 And teaches him oft to esteem of more
 The vicious rich man, than the honest poor.

How many in the world now could I name
 Injurious villains, that but to defame

Or spite their neighbour, would their God for-
swear

As if they thought that no damnation were !
(Provided when they thus their conscience strain
It be out of a hatred, or for gain.)

Yea, there be idle, thieving drones a many,
That have no virtue (nor will ne'er have any)
That for their wealth shall highly be respected,
When honest men (their betters) are neglected;
And then we also see that most men do
Impose such worthy titles on them too,
That such base scums shall oft intreated be,
With " Good, your Worship," and with cap and
knee.

But sure the world is now become a gull;
To think such scoundrels can be worshipful;
For in these days, if men have gotten riches,
Though they be hangmen, usurers, or witches,
Devils incarnate, such as have no shame
To act the thing that I should blush to name;
Doth that disgrace them any whit? Fie! no;
The world ne'er meant to use her minions so.
There is no shame for rich men in these times,
For wealth will serve to cover any crimes.
Wert thou a crook-back'd dwarf, deform'd in
shape,
Thyrsites-like, condition'd like an ape;
Did'st never do a deed a good man ought,

Nor spake true word, nor hadst an honest thought;
If thou be rich, and hap to disagree
With one that's poor, although indeed he be
In every part a man, and hath a spirit
That's truly noble, worthy well to merit
E'en praise of envy; yet if thou wilt seem
A man far worthier, and of more esteem,
Although thou canst invent no means to blame
him,

Yet I can tell a trick how thou shalt name him,
And that's but this,—*report that he is poor,*
And there is no way to disgrace him more;
For so this passion doth men's judgment blind,
That him in whom they most perfection find,
If so he be not rich they count him base,
And oft he's fain to give a villain place.

Moreover, the desire to gain this pelf,
Makes many a brave man to forget himself.
Some I have known, that for their worthy parts,
Their virtue and their skill in many arts,
Deserved honor ; and (if any can
Judge by the outward look the inward man),
They to command men (you would think) were
born,
And seem'd a slavish servitude to scorn ;
Yet I have seen when such as these (alas !)
In hope of gain have crouch'd unto an ass ;

Observ'd a dolt, and much debas'd their merits
To men of vulgar and ignoble spirits.

How many of our finest wits have spent
Their times and studies in mere compliment;
Greasing with praises many a fat-fed boar,
Of whom the world had thought too well before!
How many now that fellow'd Mars his troop,
Whom force of death could never make to stoop!
How many also of our great divines,
That should seek treasure not in earthly mines,
Descend to baseness, and "against the hair
(As goes the common proverb) can speak fair,"
Flatter for gain and humour such base groomis,
As are not worthy of their horse-boy's rooms!
They wrong themselves; but those are counted
wise,

That now-a-days know how to temporize.
Yet I abhor'd it ever, and I vow,
Ere I to any golden calf will bow,
Flatter against my conscience, or else smother
What were to be reveal'd, to please another;
Ere I for gain would fawn upon a clown,
Or feed great fools with tales of the renown
Of their reputed fathers, when (God mend them!)
Themselves have nothing why we should com-
mend them;
Or e'er I'd coin a lie, be't ne'er so small,
For e'er a bragging Thraso of them all

In hope of profit, I'd give up my play,
 Begin to labour for a groat a day;
 In no more cloathing than a mantle go;
 And feed on sham-roots, as the Irish do.
 For what contentment can in riches be,
 Unless the body and the mind be free?

But tush! what's freedom, look, where gold
 bears sway?
 It takes all care of what is fit away;
 Corrupts the judgment, and can make the laws
 Oft-times to favor an ungodly cause.

Moreover, worldly men do so affect
 Where wealth abounds, and bear so much respect
 To those that have it, that their vice they deem
 To be a virtue, and so make it seem.
 For say they use extortion, no men more
 Undo their country, hurt and wrong the poor;
 Be such damn'd usurers, they keep a house
 That yields not crumbs enough to feed a mouse;
 Yet they'll not say they're covetous; O no,
 But thrifty and good wary men, or so.

Another, though in pride he doth excell,
 Be more ambitious than the prince of hell;
 If his apparel be in part like us,
 Italian, Spanish, French, and barbarous;
 Although it be of twenty several fashions,

All borrowed from as many several nations;
 Yet he's not vain nor proud. What is he then?
 Marry a proper, fine, neat gentleman.

Or if there be a ruffian that can swagger,
 Make strange bravadoes, wear an ale-house dagger,
 Instead of valour, quarrelling profess,
 Turn hospitality to lewd excess;
 Quaff soul-sick healths until his eyes do stare,
 Sing bawdy songs and rounds, and curse and swear;
 Though he use gaming, as the cards and dice,
 So out of measure that he make't a vice;
 Convert his house into a loathsome stews,
 Keep whores and knaves and bawds (and that's
 no news)
 Yet if he be a rich man, what is he?
 A rude, rank ruffian, if he ask of me.
 A ruffian! Gup jack sauce-box with a wannion,
 Nay, he's a merry and a boon companion.
 This is the world's mild censure. Yet beside,
 Another quality I have espied,
 For that disease in which they shun the poor,
 They do abhor a rich man ne'er the more.

Him have I known, that hath disdain'd to sup
 Water or beer out of a poor man's cup,
 For fear of poisoning, or some thing as bad,

Although he knew no malady he had ;
 Yet have I often seen that curious ass
 Pledging a rich man in the self-same glass,
 When he hath known the party sweating lie
 Of the abhorred French foul malady.
 Which proves this proverb true,—“ Birds of a
 “ feather
 “ Will fearless use to flock and feed together.”

But I oft wonder and do yet admire,
 Men hunt for riches with such strange desire ;
 For being once possess'd thereof, it fills
 The owners of it with a thousand ills
 More than they can conceive. For first we find
 It chokes and mars the virtue of the mind.
 Then, by much business, it brings annoys
 Unto the mind, and hinders truer joys
 From seating there ; and though some storms it
 clear,
 It drives men into floods of greater fear :
 That oft the rich are more in sorrow tost
 Than those that have no riches to be lost.

But further, over and above all this,
 Hence a much greater disadvantage is ;
 It makes us to grow arrogant, unjust,
 Draws unto pleasure, and provokes to lust ;
 More powerful in a deed of villany,
 Than helpful in a work of honesty.

It ne'er contents the owners that enjoy it,
 And those that have it many times employ it
 To corrupt justice, or else to allure
 Matrons and virgins to an act impure.
 It hireth murtherers, makes men seditious,
 Full of suspect and envy, or ambitious;
 It breedeth claw-backs, pick-thanks, flattery,
 Makes many thieves, and causeth perjury.
 It hinders knowledge, for most that have lands
 Live neither by their wisdom nor their hands,
 But following sloth and pleasure, hate the
 schools,

To leave much wealth unto a race of fools.
 This is the fruit of riches, which alone
 Is now the fair reward that every one
 Endeavors for; and that which to attain
 (Or keep, once gotten) none refuseth pain,
 Labour, nor danger; nay, all men express
 In the pursuit thereof, more earnestness,
 As if that only did indeed appear
 The special end, that they were plac'd for here.

Oh, gold! what mortal god is so divine?
 What beauty is there so ador'd as thine?
 The fairest creature never so much mov'd,
 As that it was of every one belov'd.
 The little infant in his cradle lying,
 One promise of a penny stays his crying;
 Those that in youth for nothing seem to care,

To keep thee still their friend, respective are.
 Old dotards, almost dropp'd into the grave,
 That neither sense of sight nor hearing have,
 Are by their touching thee preserv'd alive,
 And will maintain thou art restorative.
 Fools, that know nothing, know the use of thee,
 And for thy sake will oft persuaded be.
 The wise men of the world, that disapprove
 Young men's affections, and make scoffs at love ;
 He, who out of his judgment calls him ass,
 That dotes upon the beauty of a face,
 Can play the idiot twice as much himself,
 By doting on a heap of dirty pelf.

Nay further, to their conscience I appeal,
 That seem nought else almost but faith and zeal,
 Whether with all their show of sanctity,
 They do not oft commit idolatry,
 And this great mammon secretly adore ?
 I fear they do, and more his help implore
 Than their Creator's. For this cursed riches
 So much the soul of every man bewitches,
 That very oft-times they forgetful be
 Of what beseems profession and degree.

What he, on earth, so great or mighty is,
 Or who so proud, that will not bow to this ?
 Where's he, though noble, that will now disdain
 To be a suiter, for his private gain ?

See we not those that seem to look more high,
Turn all their worship to this deity !

It is apparent, great men that were wont
For honor only, in times past, to hunt,
Both pawn and forfeit it for riches sake ;
And they whose glory 'twas to undertake
Such things as might their country benefit,
Seek rather now how they may beggar it.

What monopolies, what new tricks can they
Find to increase their profit every day ?
What rascal poling suits do they devise
To add new sums unto their treasuries !
Which had their noble predecessors sought,
Such means of gain for ever had been thought
Dishonor, and a stain of infamy
Enough to taint their whole posterity.
And then, beside their ever-shameless craving,
They oft-times also are as basely saving ;
And so much doth their avarice abate
Of that becoming and commended state
Which their forefathers kept, they would not
know them
(If they were living) or for shame not own them.

Those that have much on ancient gentry stood,
And will to this day glory in their blood,
Do not disdain (if there be wealth) to grace
With their dear'st issue, some rank peasant's race ;

Or take himself (if there be wealth to wed)
 An old mechanic widow to his bed.
 The child for this, the parent will undo;
 And parents sell the child's contentment too.
 It is of power sufficient to prefer
 The untaught son of a rude scavenger
 To some lord's daughter, and in twelve months
 can

Make a known peasant deem'd a gentleman;
 Bear arms confirm'd, and shew a pedigree
 Shall from before the Norman conquest be;
 And in his pride, some one for gentry brave,
 Unto whose father he was sworn a slave.

Nay, so much sway the love of gold doth bear,
 He that but son unto the hangman were,
 A noted villain, of as false a heart
 As ever rode to Tyburn in a cart,
 One whom that place had long time groaned for,
 And all men as earth's scum did most abhor;
 Yet if this rake-hell could but thrive so much
 By any villany, as to be rich,
 One year or two would not alone again
 Get him more credit than three honest men;
 But great ones would salute and speak him fair,
 Labour how they might be inscrib'd his heir,
 And still observe him so obsequiously,
 As if the world within his gift did lie.

Or which is more, he that once scorn'd to see
 Himself attended by such grooms as he,
 Will yield this beast his only child should wed,
 And force her, peradventure, to his bed;
 Where, spite of virtue, this damn'd ruffian shall
 Unworthily enjoy a bliss, which all
 The most deserving of the land would woo;
 And when he hath her once, despise her too.
 But doubtless, if he can but at his death
 When he is forc'd to leave the world, bequeath
 A petty legacy unto the poor;
 Somewhat to stay the railing of his whore;
 And leave rich heirs behind; why then the ass
 On a fair pile of marble, jet and brass,
 Shall have a table fair engrav'd, to shew
 A catalogue of virtues he ne'er knew.

Thus much can gold perform, and such you see
 The goodly fruits of this foul passion be;
 That were there not a greater Power, which still
 A secret judgment heaped on this ill,
 It were enough to make all men despise
 The love of virtue, and nought else devise,
 Save to be rich; which way they soon may find
 That thereto only do apply the mind.

But as herein men often do amiss,
 So err they in the opposite to this;
 The prodigal runs out as far astray

From this absurdity another way ;
 And e'en as greedy men are set on fire
 With an unquenched and a foul desire
 Of hoarding riches, (God in Heav'n amend 'em !)
 So doth he strive and hie as fast to spend them.
 And as the first in elder folks is stronger,
 This reigns most violently in the younger ;
 Their humours divers. Some vain-glorious asses,
 Consum't in gaudy clothes and looking-glasses ;
 Others blown up e'en with the self-same bellows,
 Seek to obtain the love of all good fellows ;
 These at the ale-house have their daily pots,
 Though they be there or no, and look what shots
 Are in their presence spent, though ne'er so many,
 He doth them wrong that thinks to pay a penny.
 These feast at taverns their supposed friends,
 That pay with, " Thanks, we ne'er shall make
 amends."

Yea, and in more things they have lavish been ;
 But those are paths I've no experience in.
 Yet such, no doubt, ere many years be past,
 Will wish that they had held their purses fast,
 When for their kindness and their former cheer,
 They hardly shall procure a cup of beer.
 But there must needs be some men born thereto,
 Or how the devil shall our sharkers do ?
 Yet can I not say rightly that these be
 From avarice and greediness quite free ;
 For though they do consume it knavishly,

And spend it on vain pleasures lavishly,
 They gladly would their evil course maintain,
 And therefore over-slip no means of gain.

Some have been forc'd to (thro' this indiscretion)
 Secret and open robberies, oppression,
 And divers tricks ; which shew the spending vice
 May have a reference to avarice.

Others there are (but few) who having store
 Neglect their wealth, and rather would be poor ;
 And why ? It stops the way to Heaven, they say.
 Sure, being misemployed, so it may ;
 And therefore rather than they should abuse it,
 'Twere good they had it that knew how to use it.
 For such are lightly weak in resolution,
 And men but of a simple constitution ;
 Or else by some seducing villain taught,
 That their goods rather than their good have
 sought.

Now, I suppose the man that well obtains
 His wealth, and in an honest calling gains,
 More wisdom shews in using it aright,
 Than such a cynic that contemns it quite.
 Men will be in extremes, but sure the less
 Is to neglect wealth ; for much greediness
 Makes not the body only lean and foul,
 But also spreads infection to his soul,

And clogs her so with things of no account,
 That she is overpois'd too much to mount.
 But those men that do go astray, are loth,
 Must use endeavors to avoid them both.

Of *AMBITION*.

SATIRE IX.

HERE next to be arraign'd a monster stands,
Worse than the giant with the hundred hands.
Stay, you that seek or love the peace of man,
And I'll describe his nature if I can.
This is the same that we do call *Ambition*,
The principalest stirrer of sedition;
'Tis a proud humour, which doth ever search
The stout high-minded, and attempts to perch
In men of spirit. It doth far surmount
The force of love, and makes but small account
Of nature or religion. 'Tis not law
Nor conscience that can keep this fiend in awe.

It is supposed that it hath no bound,
For never was there limit in it found;
And such are those in whom it over-sways,
No strength of reason their aspiring stays;
'Til like the fire whose fuel quite is spent,
They flash and die for want of nourishment.
There's no estate contents them, peace and strife
Are both alike to them; yea, death and life,

Wives, children, friends ; no, none but such as
may

Be unto their *ambitious* plots a stay,
Shall be respected ; and so they may reap
What they desire, they will not stick to heap
Murther on murthers. Yea, and think't no sin,
Be it of strangers, or their nearest kin ;
They have such flinty breasts they can out-beard
Danger itself, and be no whit afraid.

Yet (maugre all their daring) just confusion,
Of such proud spirits proves the sad conclusion ;
And he that first was ruin'd by this evil,
Was he that first was guilty of't—the devil ;
Who did aspire so high, that higher powers
Wrought his just fall, and now he seeketh ours ;
Ev'n he first shed this ill into our breasts,
Thereby to hinder and disturb our rests.

This most unreasonable, strong desire,
And too excessive longing to aspire
To honour and promotion (which indeed
Doth from a sottish ignorance proceed)
Is both a wild and a disordered passion,
And a great enemy to contentation :
For whatsoever state man hath attain'd,
'Tis e'en as if that he had nothing gain'd ;
Since he thereby hath still a farther scope,
And never reaches to the end of's hope.

That which he doth possess he nought respecteth,
 But altogether things unknown affecteth ;
 And counts them best ; which whatsoe'er they
 seem'd,
 Being once gotten too, are not esteem'd.

Now, what's the reason that they do abhor
 The things possess'd, that they have labour'd for ?
 What may the cause be, that they do contemn
 (Or cannot use things) having gained them ?
 Sure hence it is, they do not truly know
 What the things are, that they do long for so ;
 And they obtain them oft, ere they have might
 Or knowledge how to govern them aright.

Had many of our reaching yeomanry,
 That have grown wealthy through good husbandry
 (And some of our proud gentry that have sought
 Titles, and undeserved honours bought)
 But known before-hand what disgraceful shame
 And beggary would follow on the same,
 In knowing not, to what they did aspire,
 Those dignities had yet been to desire :
 And so indeed they might have walk'd the street,
 And not have fear'd the counters, nor the fleet ;
 Or might with "good man" have contented been,
 Where now there's scarce a good man of the kin.

Ambitious men will ever envious be,
 Regarding neither love nor amity ;
 And though that they may make a goodly show,
 With reason it can never stand I know ;
 They should be faithful, or with justice deal,
 Either for prince, or friend, or common weal.
 For why ? this humour makes them to attend,
 Yea, all their labours, and best counsels spend
 In their own plots ; and, so they have no loss,
 They care not whose proceedings they do cross.

Virtuous endeavors this doth also let ;
 Yea, makes men many a good thing to forget,
 And though I'm loth to speak it, I protest
 I think it reigns not in the clergy least ;
 For you at first great humbleness shall see ;
 While their estates and fortunes meaner be,
 They are industrious, and take pains to teach,
 And twice a week shall be the least they'll preach ;
 Or in their poverty they will not stick
 For catechising, visiting the sick,
 With such-like sacred works of piety
 As do belong to that fraternity.
 But if they once atchieve a vicarage,
 Or be inducted to some parsonage,
 Men must content themselves, and think it well
 If once a month they hear the sermon-bell ;
 And if to any higher place they reach,
 Once in a twelve-month is enough to preach.

Alas ! we must consider that devotion
 Is but a busy thing that lets promotion,
 And if that they should give their minds to't all,
 Who should have greater places when they fall?
 No, no,—'twere fitter they their ease did take,
 And see what friends and patrons they can make,
 For the next bishoprick ; or study how
 To humour and to please the great-ones now ;
 And if they can in that adventure speed,
 They'll be more painful ;—yes, 'tis like indeed,
 If in their climbing they so high can wex
 To gain the title of a pontifex,
 'Tis very like, perhaps, that we shall hear
 They use the pulpit once or twice a year.
 Nay, it is well if it be done so oft,
 For this *ambition* bears men so aloft,
 They from performance of their duties slide.
 But of all others, this same clergy pride
 I hold not only to be odious
 To God and men, but most pernicious
 To prince, to church, and to the common good.
 Witness the Beast of Rome, and his foul brood
 Of climbing cardinals ; who from base states
 Are gotten to be kings and princes' mates ;
 Yea, their superiors too ;—and all by this,
 A painted show of humble holiness.
 E'en this is it of which the devil makes
 That cruel engine, wherewithal he shakes

Religion's soundness, and rends it in chinks
 Which he daubs up again, with what he thinks
 Shall ruin all in time. And is't not hence
 He had his means to mar the innocence
 Of Rome's first bishops? Godliness grew strong,
 And flourish'd while it was suppress'd with wrong;
 But when the worthy emperors embrac'd
 The sacred truth, and with their favors grac'd
 Their good proceedings, they soon 'gan to leave
 Their humble nature off, and closely weave
 Under religious shews (not a bare mitre,
 It fits not the successors of Saint Peter)
 A triple diadem, and such a state
 As never any earthly potentate
 Enjoy'd a greater (all with humble preaching)
 A long degree I take't, beyond the reaching
 Of temporal ambition. Heaven, I pray,
 Ere the first beast his time be done away,
 There rise not up another monster here
 'Mongst our ambitious churchmen. I should fear
 A second anti-christ, but that I hope
 They either shall be kept within their scope,
 Or the last judgement, whose nigh time unknown,
 Shall cut him off ere he be wholly grown.

Thus much some reason makes me bold to
 speak,
 And there is no man's sight, I think, so weak,
 But sees the same. Which though (I know full
 well)

'Twould better others fit than me to tell ;
 Sith all neglect it, I have thus begun
 To satyryze, and o'er their follies run.

Yet, by my former words let none suppose
 That I th' opinion do maintain of those
 That do our bishops disallow ;
 Let them that can, for sure I know not how.
 Nor would I have the world to understand
 That I tax all the clergy in the land,
 Or the whole hierarchy : think not so ;
 For why ? This present age doth yield, I know,
 Men that are truly worthy ; and so many,
 That I believe few times (since CHRIST) had any
 More knowing or more painful than some few.
 And whatsoe'er men think, yet here to shew
 Though I satyrically carp at those
 That follow vice, and are true virtue's foes,
 I have not such a spiteful canker'd spirit
 As to conceal or smother worth and merit.
 For I'll in Canterbury's praise be bold,
 This on my own experience to uphold,
 The see was never governed as yet
 By any one more rev'rend or more fit.
 For over and above his country's cares,
 Wherein he neither time nor counsel spares ;
 Besides church-business, whereto he applies
 His mind to further it, what in him lies,

Besides all this, his public care at large,
 Few ministers have in their private charge
 Took greater pain. That now the truth I tell,
 London and Lambeth both can witness well.
 And thou unhappy wert, O London, then,
 When thou didst lose this rare one amongst men.
 Yet thou wert blest again, thy fate did bring
 In place of such a father, such a king,
 So vigilant a watchman in his place
 That were it not my purpose here to trace
 The world's mad humours, I from these had
 matter
 To make a panegyric of a satire.
 Yet is my muse so constant in her frown,
 She shall not sooth a king for half his crown;
 Nor would she thus much here have sung their
 praise,
 Had she not thought them to be what she says.

But, peradventure, some will now condemn
 This my particular commending them.
 As if my setting of their virtues forth
 Would be detraction from another's worth.
 Which cannot be. For as this adds no more
 Unto that real worth these had before;
 So neither can I lessen, blot nor smother
 The good that is apparent in another.
 Nor do I wish it should; for might I here
 Stand to make bead-rolls of who worthy were;

I could add divers that may claim this day
As much to be extoll'd by me as they.

Here I could name some other of their place,
That cannot basely fawn to win them grace ;
Nor pick a thank by seeking to condemn
Those that are not in place to answer them.
I know there's some who seek the churches good,
And never at their prince's elbow stood,
With their loud whisperings to stop his ear,
Lest he should what did more concern him hear :
I know there's such, and they will praised be,
Though never known, nor mentioned by me.

But let this pass, whilst I so busy am
About the clergy, some are much to blame ;
The court is factious grown through the desire
That every one hath gotton to aspire.
None do esteem their own, but by compare ;
All would be somewhat more than others are ;
Yet he that's great'st, 'mong those that greatest
seem,

Is only great in other men's esteem.
And therefore sure he's vain, who for such wind
Can feed a restless humour in his mind,
That's so unprofitable, as at best
It makes him only in appearance blest ;
But when I weigh it, then I wonder much,
Man's love unto this passion should be such,

As without understanding, to let lie
A real good for an uncertainty.

Those I have seen, that have had riches store,
Great offices and favours, no men more ;
Honour and credit, yea, and wisdom too,
But (lo! what an ambitious head will do)
Climing too high, they got so low a fall,
They forfeited their honours, lives, and all :
Me thinks ere they in such an act should stir,
'Twere not amiss to think on Æsop's cur ;
Who catching but to get a shadow more,
Did lose the substance that he had before.

I might awhile upon examples stand
Of former times, but that within this land,
The present age which I will only view,
Can yield enough to prove my sayings true.
And here of many in this kingdom shown,
I at this present will remember one,
And that shall be the late ambitious plot,
The like whereof the world sure yieldeth not ;
I mean the powder treason, an invention
Brought (had not God assisted) past prevention.
And yet, ere they could clime to their desire,
Ev'n when they were to mount but one step
higher ;
(Let God be honour'd for't) down tumbled all,
And gave these monsters a deserved fall.

Which blest deliverance, if no happier song
 Tune in our too-forgetful ears e'er long
 (If Heaven assist my purpose, and the times
 Be but auspicious to my homely rhymes)
 I mean to sing thereof, that after days
 Seeing God's love to us, may tell his praise ;
 And in such colours paint that hellish plot,
 It shall not for some ages be forgot ;
 But unto men unborn a treason show
 More vile than ever any age did know,
 And let them see that ruin and perdition
 Are the last periods to conclude ambition.
 But to that purpose I may labour spend,
 And peradventure all to little end :
 Men will not think thereon, but still we see
 So lofty minded in their actions be,
 And with such thirst of titles have they sought
 them,
 As at dear rates they many times have bought
 them.

Some have ambitious heads, but cannot rise,
 Because the want of means and friends denies
 What they aspire unto ; whereat they vex,
 And their unquiet souls oft-times perplex
 Beyond all reason. Oh, strange-humour'd men !
 Leave off this folly and grow wise again ;
 Be with your states content, for who doth know
 If his desire be for his good or no.

Yes, sure, one thinks, if I could but attain
 Such offices, or so much wealth to gain
 As this or that man hath, my wish were ended,
 And such and such a fault should be amended.
 With that thou hast not yet, how dost thou know
 Whether thou canst be well content or no?
 I tell thee this, though thou may'st think it strange,
 With the estate the mind doth also change;
 And when in one thing thou hast thy desire,
 Thou wilt not stay there, but mount somewhat
 higher,
 And higher still, until thou dost attain
 Unto the top, or tumble down again.

Be wary, then, you that ambitious are,
 And to restrain this madness have a care;
 Else at the last 'twill certainly deceive you;
 But you must have your wills,—to which I leave
 you.

Of FEAR.

SATIRE X.

SEE you this passion here, that follows next,
That shakes and looks as with a fever vex?
This is the pale and trembling caitiff, *Fear*,
Whose dastard humours I will make appear.
Note him and know him : this is he that mars
All our delights on earth ; 'tis he that bars
Man the right use of pleasure, and 'tis he
That was at first ordain'd our plague to be.
Come not too near him, you that look for rest,
Lest he insinuate into your breast ;
For entered once, it doth the body numb,
Makes it distemper'd or deform'd become,
And sometimes with allusions grim and foul,
Doth startle and affright the very soul.
The cause of it (if I may trust my skill)
Is but a false opinion of some ill,
That's present or to come. It inly stings ;
And for companions ever with it brings
Both *pain* and *shame* ; and divers have I seen
That with this passion much abus'd have been.

Some men there are, whose fear so foolish
proves,

It many unto game and laughter moves.
One came in lately almost out of breath,
As if he hardly had escaped death;—
What was his fear? Alas, I tell you, he
Took a white post some walking sprite to be;
Which strong surmise doth such impression take,
That though he since has seen 'twas but a stake,
If on occasion he be there benighted,
He's yet with presence of the place affrighted.

Another once I knew, half staring mad,
And he had seen the devil, that he had,
In an old house, sit cowering on a block.
When all at last prov'd but a turkey-cock.

Thus men oft fear, when cause of fear is none,
Making themselves a jest for every one;
Yea, fear hath made a number so afraid,
That they have oft their dearest friends betray'd;
For which cause only, I do ne'er intend
To choose a coward to become my friend.

And if that women will advised be,
To make in this a counsellor of me,
Let them admit no coward in their love,
Lest their conclusions do as hopeless prove,
As that poor lass's unto whom befell

This sad adventure which I mean to tell.
 Not far from hence there dwelt not long ago,
 As blythe a girl as any one I know,
 A gentlewoman of so good a rank,
 Her favor seem'd t' have well deserved thank;
 And 'cause in face and dowry few did match her,
 Many a gallant try'd his wits to catch her.
 While being kept but narrowly at home,
 She car'd not, so she might be gone, with whom.
 And so blind fortune, (that will seldom part
 Her favors unto men of more desert)
 Brings to the house a fellow that in show
 Seem'd worthy of the prize, but was not so ;
 Yet having opportunity, he tries,
 Gets her good will, and with his purchase flies.
 But ere 'twas long, the parents miss'd the daughter,
 Rais'd all the town, and following closely after,
 Were by mere chance unto an old house led,
 Where this young couple were new gone to bed.
 You that have ever in such taking been,
 Judge what a case these naked folks were in.
 But what was done? The gallant left his prey,
 And like a fearful coward slunk away.

Out on such asses ! how could he for shame
 So leave a woman to bear all the blame ?
 And for the grief she suffers with her friends,
 How can the villain make the whore amends ?

I know not ; but for playing such a part,
 'Tis certain he hath lost the wench's heart ;
 And she for climbing to a coward's bed,
 Hath lost her credit with her maidenhead.

Here's one effect of fear. And yet from hence
 Springs also cruelty, impatience,
 Breach of our promises, with much envying ;
 That hurtful and abhorred vice of lying,
 Murders and treasons ; nay, there's nought so
 base,

So full of villany, shame or disgrace,
 The fearful would not act with all his heart,
 To free himself from fear of death or smart.
 Yea, some would be contented very well
 So they might 'scape death, to go quick to hell.
 Such is the nature of it, that I've seen
Fear cause those evils that had else not been.
 To some it sickness brings, and some beside
 E'en with the very fear of death have died ;
 And many of them have so careful been
 To rid themselves from fears that they were in,
 That as the ship which doth Charybdis shun,
 They ran on Scylla, and were quite undone.
 The reason is, they so amazed be
 With apprehending dangers which they see
 Pursuing them, as they think not on
 The other mischiefs they may run upon.
 And evermore it is the coward's error
 To think the present danger full'st of terror.

The fear of evil more tormenteth some,
Than do the thing they fear'd, when once 'tis
come.

Men dread what is, what will be, and alas!
Many a thing that ne'er shall come to pass;
For if they only fear'd apparent things
(That likelihood of some affrighting brings)
As troops of enemies, or thieves, or treason,
Pirates or storms at sea, there were some reason
Or colour for it then, but they will quake
At fictions; at meer nothings, their hearts ache
At their own fancy's superstitions,
At tales of fairies or of visions:
Yea, I have seen one melancholy sad
Upon some foolish dream that he hath had.

Oh! what means man, that having mischiefs,
store,

Must in his own conceit needs make them more?
Thinks he those will not grim enough appear,
Unless he apprehend them first by fear?
Sure 'tis a plague the devil did invent,
To work in man a lasting discontent,
And taught it Adam; whereupon he said,
"I saw my nakedness, and was afraid."
It is our weakness, yet I cannot see
A reason why we should so fearful be.

May we not joy, and be as merry still

With hope of good, as sad with fear of ill ?
 Sure I think yes; and will on hope so feed,
 No ill shall fear me 'til 'tis come indeed;
 For that which seemeth likeliest to betide me,
 God in his mercy yet may put beside me.
 And though much proof hath bred within my
 breast,
 That resolution, yet of all the rest
 This last confirm'd it most : for the other day,
 When the hard frost had stopp'd the sculler's way,
 And left fair Thames with ice so strongly arch'd;
 That on the melting pavement people march'd;
 Amongst the rest, one bolder than was fit,
 All heedless of his way fell out of it,
 Upon a piece of ice, which with a crack,
 Rent from the main, and stopp'd his going back;
 This icy fragment from the rest did swim,
 And to the bridge a prisoner carried him;
 Where the spectators signs of pity gave,
 And had a will but not a power to save.
 Which in his passion then conceiving well,
 Down on his knees in that poor ark he fell,
 And lifting up his hands did him implore,
 That sav'd old Jonas without sail or oar.
 And see God's mercy !—When he drew so near,
 No hope of safe-guard seemed to appear;
 When he had there just three times wheeled been,
 And that the arch was like to suck him in;
 Then quite beyond all hope, e'en in a trice,

There thrust between a greater piece of ice,
 Which coming down as if it scorn'd to stay,
 Beat by the lesser piece to give it way ;
 A while that staid it; yet he had been fain
 When that was gone, to take his turn again:
 But that, next GOD, the people stood his friend,
 And sav'd him by a rope,—that's some men's end.

Whereby I gather, we may sometime now
 Escape a mischief, though we see not how.
 And in my mind this argument is clear,
 That we have as much cause to hope as fear.

More trembling humours I might here unfold,
 Which some will be unwilling should be told,
 And therefore pass them; but I do protest
 This hurtful monster I so much detest,
 That I am much unwilling to omit
 The least occasion of disgracing it.
 Yet do I not allow their resolution,
 Who merely of an hellish constitution,
 Have hearts obdurate, and so hard in evil,
 They neither seem afraid of GOD nor devil.
 Such I have noted too, but truly they
 Are in as bad, though in another way.
 They prate and swear as if they could affright,
 Or make hobgoblin run away by night;
 When questionless, as bold as they appear,
 They are perplexed with an inward fear.

Yea, I have known a trifle or a blast,
Hath made such champions oftentimes aghast.

There is an honest fear, that hinders sin,
Which hath of all good men allowed been;
And there's a fear that keeps a kingdom's state
From ruin, if it be not ta'en too late.
It is not servile fear, that slavish crime;
But rather 'tis a providence betime,
That makes men very heedful to fore-think,
Danger to come, and (not as we do) wink
At our own nakedness; as without care
Who spied it, so ourselves we see not bare.

This fear it is, that makes men to provide.
Against a storm, they may the better bide
The fury of it; this 'tis keeps off wrong,
And makes a city or a kingdom strong.
And I much doubt, the wanting of these fears
Will make us smart for't yet, ere many years.
For since we are become a pretty number,
Although we can but one another cumber,
Or serve to make a hubbub; we suppose
There are no nations dare to be our foes.
We think a wond'rous policy we shew,
If once in four years we do take a view
Or count the number of our able men,
Flattering ourselves therewith, as if that then
(Having so great and huge a multitude

Though we were ne'er so inexpert and rude)
 There were no cause of fear. But a realm's might
 Consists not in the number that must fight,
 As in their skill, and of good soldiers, ten
 Will foil an hundred unexperienc'd men,
 Such as are we. For 'tis a shame to speak,
 How wonderful unfitly and how weak
 This ignorance makes most of us; except
 Whom brave *Southampton's* government hath
 kept

In warlike order: I do mean indeed,
 Our Hampshire islanders, of whom for need
 A hundred boys, that ne'er had hair on' chin,
 Shall from five hundred of uplandish, win
 Both field and town. Whereby it may appear,
 Good government, with profitable fear,
 Within a few short years so well will thrive,
 One shall become to have the odds of five.

Those therefore, that are wise enough to tell
 When they do any thing amiss or well,
 Still in this passion do observe a mean,
 And not to *fear*, or to *presumption* lean.

Of *DESPAIR*.

SATIRE XI.

NO more of fear,—for, lo, his impious brat
Looks now to be admitted. This is that
We call *Despair*; with ghastly look he stands,
And poisons, ropes, or poignards fill his hands,
Still ready to do hurt; one step, no more,
Reaches from hence unto damnation's door.
This is that passion giveth man instruction
To wrest the scripture, to his own destruction;
And makes him think, while he on earth doth dwell
He feels the tortures and the plagues of hell.

It makes men rave like furies, screech and howl
With execrations horrible and foul,
More monster-like than men. Only damnation
Is in their mouths;—no mercy, no salvation
Can they have hope of, but possess a fear,
Whence monstrous shapes and visions do appear
To their imaginations; and the pain
That they in soul and conscience do sustain,
All earthly tortures doth so much exceed,
As if they had within them hell indeed.
This is that last worst instrument of fear,

Which our grand foe, and hell's great engineer,
 Raiseth against the fortress of the heart;
 But many times GOD frustrates quite his art.
 For when he doth assail the same (with trust
 He from their fortress faith and hope shall thrust)
 It makes them unto CHRIST, their captain, fly,
 Leave to be too secure and fortify.

GOD also makes this passion now and then
 His scourge, to lash the proud presumptuous man,
 And tame the reprobate, who by this rod
 Is made sometimes to feel there is a God.

By this strange wonders brought to pass I've seen,
 Those humbled that have once the proudest been;
 Yea, some I've known whose hearts have been so
 hard,

They with no fear of judgment could be scar'd;
 Yet after this hath seiz'd them, it hath made
 These daring spirits tremble at their shade;
 Shake at mere apparitions; nay, at nought
 But what hath being only in their thought.

And in respect of what they were, no change
 That ever I observed, seems so strange.

Those friends and pleasures that once seem'd most
 dear,

Most odious to them, in such fits, appear;
 And greatest comfort they do find in them
 Whose ways and persons they did most con-
 demn.

Oh, what repentant lives some vow to live,
 If God would but once more vouchsafe to give
 Them health and hope again ! Then they would
 spend

Their lives and goods unto no other end
 Save wholly for his glory ; yet there's now
 Some living, that have quite forgot that vow.
 God give them grace to look into their error,
 Or they will one day feel a double terror.
 But many in this agony hath nought
 More than the way unto their ruin sought ;
 And still our busy enemy, the devil,
 Author and chief procurer of this evil
 (Unless God's mercy his black plots prevents)
 Is ready to provide him instruments ;
 But I e'en quake to think what humours be
 Attending on this hellish malady.
 Which I had rather labour to eschew,
 Than to be over-curious here to shew.

Now, some do think, this passion being taken
 Can very hardly be again forsaken ;
 For (far above all mischiefs raging) *this*
 The cursed traitor to our safety is ;
 And will not means permit us to apply
 Ought that may bring us ease or remedy.
 But there are courses to prevent this sin ;
 And, though it be insinuated in,
 God, that doth ever pity our distress,

Will not forsake us in our heaviness.
 Nor can we say, that he hath left us void
 Of help, for aught wherewith we are annoy'd
 Through Satan's guile. He pitieth our case,
 And daily makes us offers of his grace,
 If we'll lay hold on't; for how truly dear
 We to the Father of all Mercies are,
 He shew'd in giving for a sacrifice
 His Son, to pay for our iniquities.
 In whom (if unbelieving make not blind)
 For every grief of body and of mind
 There is a salve. And every Christian knows
 (Or should at least) a sacred spring, whence flows
 A precious liquor, whose rare virtue can
 Cure every grief of mind that tortures man.
 But we must be advis'd how to apply
 This med'cine rightly to our malady;
 For some that have presumed on their skill,
 Out of things good have drawn effects as ill,
 And so the Sacred Truth is now and then,
 So wrested by the false conceits of men,
 As thence they gather means to sooth their pas-
 sion,
 And make more obstinate their desperation;
 Which from your souls, pray Heav'n to keep as
 far,
 As is earth's centre from the highest star.

But there's a two-fold desperation reigns;

One sort is that, which a distrust constrains
 In things, that do concern the soul's salvation,
 The horriblest and fearful'st desperation.
 But th'other is alone of earthly things,
 And nothing so much disadvantage brings;
 Yet like enough in little time to grow
 Virtue's main let, or utter overthrow.
 For where it entrance gets, it makes men loth
 To undertake great matters, 'cause thro' sloth
 They do despair to reach them. Yea, it breeds
 A carelesness in man, and thence proceeds
 Not a few treasons; for one breach of law
 Brings many times offenders in such awe,
 That in despair of pardon for their ill,
 They not alone hold out their error still,
 But being guilty of one crime before,
 To 'scape the lash for that, add twenty more;
 And 'cause at first they thought themselves un-
 done,
 At last to desperate rebellion run.

Besides, there's some despairing of their cause,
 Who being brought to trial by the laws
 For their offence, are obstinately mute;
 And unto these, forsooth, some do impute
 A manly resolution; 'cause thereby
 They careful seem of their posterity.
 But sure there is no wise man will commend
 Him, that so desperately seeks his end,

Or thorough wilfulness undoes himself,
 (Body and soul, perhaps) to save his self
 To some survivors; whereas, if he bide
 On hope, and stand contented to be try'd
 According to the laws, he may be clear'd,
 And quitted of the dangers he so fear'd,
 As some have been. Besides, when we endure
 Any small pain, if we despair of cure,
 Ease, or amends, 'twill make it seem to be
 Almost insufferable. But if we
 Have any hope, the rest we look to win
 Will mitigate the torture we are in.
 His winter toil, what plough-man could sustain,
 If he despaired of his harvest-gain?
 And the strong'st army needs must faint and fly,
 If it distrust before of victory.

But to conclude, be it understood
Despair's a thing that doth so little good,
 As to this day I cannot yet observe
 That purpose whereto man might make it serve,
 Unless to help a troop of cowards fight;
 For could a man lead them past hope of flight,
 Where they should see there were no remedy
 But they must die, or get the victory;
 Despair in that case might give them the day,
 Who would have lost it to have ran away.

Of HOPE.

SATIRE XII.



THRICE welcome, *Hope*!—the devil keep
home the other,
Despair and fear are fitting for no other.
This is the passion, that of all the rest,
We have most reason to esteem of best.
For if it be with good advice apply'd,
A salve it is God did himself provide
To ease not only every outward grief,
But when the soul wants comfort or relief,
It will redress her pain ; although it were
The shaking off that hideous monster, fear.

This is a balm so precious, had we power
To take it to ourselves at such an hour
When black despair doth pinch us ; this indeed
Would so expel it, as we should not need
The drugs of Rome. But what, alas ! can we
Rightly apply, and not instructed be ?
Unless some Power assist us, it is true,
Our nature so unapt is to pursue
The way it should, that we do follow still
The crooked'st paths, and lose ourselves in ill.

Hope is a blessing, but we so abuse it,
 As to our hurt more than our good we use it.
 Yea this, that was of all the passions best,
 We have as much corrupted as the rest;
 E'en that, on which our chiefest good depends,
 And to our highest of contentment tends.
 For we must note well, that this passion's double,
 One *hope* is certain, th' other full of trouble,
 And most uncertain. Now the first attends
 Things mere immortal, and alone depends
 On th' expectation of the certain'st things,
 With that perfection of true joy, which brings
 No trouble with it. 'This, through *faith* we gain,
 And 'tis sufficient to make any pain
 Seem short and easy. 'Tis the life of man,
 And such a comfort, as no mortal can
 Live if he want it. And yet sometime this
 Each way as idle as the other is.
 For oftentimes we see the same is found
 To be erected on no other ground
 But ignorance, or mere security;
 Which ruin all who do on them rely.
 Some praise their own deserts, and on that sand
 Would fain have the divinest *hope* to stand;
 Which no contentment doubtless can assure,
 Nor without wav'ring, to the end endure.
 And if it do not, to small end will be
 That idle trust and confidence which we
 Can have elsewhere; since every other kind

Of *hope*, which I amongst us men do find
 Is of uncertain earthly things ; and such
 As neither long endure, nor please us much.

Then the best likelihoods that may be shown,
 And the strong'st human reasons that are known,
 Are nothing worth to ground a hope upon ;
 But in the turning of a hand, all's gone.
 Were all the men on earth procured to
 Some thing, that lay in one man's power to do,
 And all were well resolv'd to see it done ;
 (Yea, wer't but one day's work, and that begun)
 Well might we hope, that they would bring to pass
 So small a thing as that ; but yet, alas !
 None can assure so much, because none know
 A warrant from above it shall be so.
 And therefore, though I wish that every man
 Should take upon him the best hope he can
 In all his outward actions ; yet should he
 Take care on honest grounds, it builded be.
 And therewith be so well prepared still,
 That if his doubtful hope do fall out ill,
 He ne'er repine, but tak't as if the same
 Had been expected long before it came.
 And sith that fickle trust did nought avail him,
 Depend on't the *true hope* shall never fail him.
 For what is plac'd on human wit or strength
 Is vain, and most uncertain ; 'cause at length
 Howe'er it may seem sure, it may deceive him,

And when he hath most need of comfort leave
him.

This *hope* is now become the patroness
And chief maintainer of man's wickedness ;
'There's not a villany man doth intend,
Unless that he have this to be his friend.
Hope eggs him on, and with a thousand wiles
His much abused confidence beguiles.
Hope tells the thief, if he may rob, he may
Have twenty means to hide himself away ;
Hope doth entice the prodigal to spend,
And will not let him think upon his end ;
But doth persuade him some good booty shall
Hap at the last to make amends for all.
And never ceaseth thus to bear him fair,
'Til she undoes and leaves him in despair.
She soothes the gamester in his trifles vain,
And draws the pirate on with hope of gain ;
She makes the courtier into treason run ;
Our great men's followers serve 'til they're undone.
And for the present (having nought to give)
Upon reversions all her servants live.

Now every man unto this *hope* is led
By sundry other passions in him bred,
As *love*, *ambition*, *avarice* or such ;
And true it is, in these our *hope* is much.

But oftentimes we into errors run
 So blindly on, that we are quite undone.
 Because indeed we hopefully expect
 Many such things as we can ne'er effect;
 And give to our desires a larger scope
 Than will admit of any likely hope.
 So we ourselves abuse, and are disgrac'd
 Oft-times by that, which, wer't with reason
 plac'd

Upon an honest and a certain ground,
 Would seldom be so vainly frustrate found.
 But lover's hopes, and such as are so bold
 On every paltry trifle to lay hold,
 Neither last long, nor for the time indeed
 Can they one jot of true contentment breed.

Ambitious men, whate'er they do intend,
 Have still new hopes to bring their plots to end.
 But they are also built on such weak props,
 That e'er they be possessed of their hopes,
 All overthrown we in a moment spy,
 And they with their inventions ruin'd lie.
 Into which mischief he yet never fell,
 That knew but how to use this passion well.

Of COMPASSION.

SATIRE XIII.

BUT as the former passion was abus'd,
So this that follows is but hardly us'd ;
Yet it is known a kind and tender passion
In its own nature, worthy commendation ;
And if discretion guide it, well may be
Of near alliance unto charity.
If not, it with the rest from virtue swerves,
And so with them alike reproof deserves ;
Which some will wonder at, such as suppose
A man through pity cannot err : yet those
If they have any judgment of their own,
Shall say, *Compassion* may amiss be shown.

Or if you put no confidence in me,
Come to our courts of justice, and there see
How she's abus'd ; there mark, and you shall find
It makes the jury many times so blind,
They see, but stumbling by do tread
Beside the way their evidences lead ;
There you may spy the reverend judge, compell'd
Through an effeminate tenderness, to yield
Unto this melting passion. Sometime by

A personal respect ta'en by the eye;
 Sometime because th' offender (it may be)
 Already hath sustain'd much misery.
 And this, think they, is charity aright,
 (Through ignorance, indeed) forgetting quite
 Whilst they an ill-deserved life prolong,
 Therein they do not only justice wrong,
 But by their indiscreet and fond compassion,
 Unwisely hazard e'en their own discretion.

Some through this pity (when they much im-
 plore)
 Though they unjustly favour him that's poor,
 Deem they do not amiss, and why? they trust,
 Because their meaning's good, their doing's just.

Some there are also, who would fain be deem'd
 Wise men, that have, through weakness, mis-
 esteem'd
 Those orders, which for wand'ring rogues are
 made,
 As though that begging were a lawful trade;
 They pity those that justly punish'd be,
 And often erring in their charity,
 They boldly have accus'd the laws therefore,
 As if their rigour injured the poor.

But he, I fear, whose judgment is so slender,
 Or hath a yielding heart so fondly tender

To stoop unto this passion, neither spares
 The laws of God nor man; but oft times dares
 Pervert them both, supposing his intent
 Shall free him from deserved punishment;
 And though that God himself says "kill," reply,
 With "No, alas! 'tis pity he should die."
 And for their weakness, merit equal check
 With him that spar'd the king of Amaleck.
 For verily, as virtuous as it shows,
 A foolish pity quickly overthrows
 In war an army, and in peace a state;
 And this I'll stand to,—'tis as bad as hate,
 For that and bribes to such a power are grown,
 Justice and conscience are quite overthrown.

Certain it is, and cannot be withstood,
 That pity sometimes hurts the common good.
 Yea, God himself it many ways offends,
 And therefore that man, who indeed intends
 To bear himself uprightly, ought to see
 How far this passion may admitted be.
 For seem how 'twill, all pity is unfit,
 Unless God's laws and man's do warrant it.

But I have seen a tender-hearted ass,
 That's worth the laughing at, and doth surpass
 For foolish pity (but he, he alone
 It hurtful to himself, or else to none)
 To such as he read but some tragedy,

Or any piece of mournful history,
 And if the matter which you do relate
 Be sorrowful or something passionate,
 Though it were done a thousand years ago,
 And in a country he did never know,
 Yet will he weep, kind heart! as if those men
 Were of his friends, and the mischance but then
 Before their eyes in action; nay, unfold
 Some new-made tale, that never yet was told,
 So it be doleful, and do represent
 A strange and lamentable accident;
 Although not only (as I said before)
 It be a matter merely feign'd, but more,
 Although he know it so, he cannot keep
 His melting eyes from tears, but he must weep;
 Which is a weakness whence more mischiefs
 grows,
 Than any at first thinking would suppose.

I might touch parents also in the city,
 That mar their children by their cockring pity,
 If other passions call'd me not away;
 And yet before I leave, thus much I'll say,—
 Want of rebuke elsewhere, and rods in schools
 Hath almost fill'd the land with knaves and fools.

Then you that think we need no pity shun,
 Forsake the error whereinto you run,
 With those divines that admonitions spare,

Or in reproving over easy are ;
With many more of different degrec,
But unto these I'll not o'er bitter be.
And you that are, or you that would, at least,
Be counted men, and bear within your breast
That virtue which befitting manhood is,
Shun such base humour as fond pity is.
For why should you be therewith over-borne,
When 'tis a passion that now women scorn ?

On in response to a cry:
 With many more of different kind
 I think to see I'll not be hindered
 And you that are of good heart and true
 He counted on, and fear which he had
 That virtue would be wanting number
 Shit such base humor as found him
 For why should you be there with him
 When it is better that new women should

Of CRUELTY.

SATIRE XIV.

BUT here's another, bears us further wide,
(If we embrace it) on the other side;
And therefore, whilst we seek how to beware
Of foolish *pity*, we must have a care
Lest this do over-run us. 'Tis a thing
Whose very name doth seem enough to bring
All men in their opinion to confess
'Tis an inhuman, hellish wickedness;
A monstrous passion, so unfit to rest
Or harbour in a reasonable breast,
That beasts, in whom it rather should remain,
Do, for the greatest part, the same refrain.

And yet as odious as it doth appear,
Unless men look to their affections near,
'Twill steal upon them, and they shall begin
Not only to be quickly snar'd therein;
But, though at first they do abhor it much,
The nature of this passion still is such,
It will become delightfuller, and make
So deep impression in the heart, and take
So sure a root, 'twill hardly be displac'd
Whilst that the body by the soul is grac'd.

Though many do suppose it may with ease
 Be left or taken, as each man shall please ;
 Such men are wide ; and they are over-bold
 And too much trusting to themselves that hold
 We need not this same passion discommend ;
 Since nature of herself doth reprehend
 So vile a fault. For thus, say they,
 Our reason never can so much decay
 To make us our humanity defile
 With any passion that it knows so vile.

Indeed, it is a monstrous villany,
 And most I think, can rail at *cruelty*.
 Yet let none be secure, for this is true,
 Those odious vices we do most eschew
 Grow pleasing by degrees. When Hazael
 Was told what he should do to Israel,
 Full little thought he then his gentle heart
 Should ever give consent to act a part
 Of such a tragic scene ; and yet we find
 He became after of another mind ;
 For man's intents and best affections be
 Exceeding subject to uncertainty ;
 What least we think to do (unless each hour
 We have remembrances) such state is our,
 We often mind not. For which cause, the sire
 Of that bold Grecian king, who did aspire
 To be the world's third monarch ; knowing well
 Himself to be a man, mistrusted still

To what he might through human frailty fall,
 And therefore still appointed one to call
 Thus at his window, ere the day began,
 "Philip, remember that thou art a man."

And sure as hateful as this passion is,
 To have some caveat is not much amiss;
 For though no such things in ourselves we spy,
 In secret oftentimes 'twill lurking lie:
 And when it breaks forth into any act,
 With colour of some virtue hides the fact,
 As justice, or the like; and then it will
 So harden by degrees the heart in ill,
 As that we shall not think we do amiss,
 When as our *cruelty* extremest is.
 He deems himself no such, that without shame
 Doth rob another of his honest name
 By raising false reports; nor that hard lord
 Who to his tenant grudges to afford
 What law and conscience gives; nor he that takes
 The common profit to himself, and makes
 His own good of it, when he knows thereby
 Many a poor man's brought to beggary;
 These think with cruelty they do not deal,
 What wrongs soe'er they do the common weal;
 This vice so hardens them. The damn'd usurers,
 And cut-throat brokers, Mammon's treasurers,
 (Who by the small use they of riches make,
 Do for another seem their care to take)

Though not content with statute usury,
 A thousand other polling tricks they try,
 Increasing their lewd gains by bribes and gifts,
 And many viler or more lawless shifts;
 Though they do make no conscience what they do
 So they may act it, and 'scape justice too.
 Pinching poor debtors, 'til their greedy hands
 Have got possession both of goods and lands,
 Would not be cruel thought, although that this
 Be as true *cruelty* as any is.

And what are lawyers, that can brook to see
 Christians like beasts that still at variance be,
 And when it lieth in their power to part them,
 Do for their own gain, unto discord heart them;
 Or nourish still the strife by adding fuel
 To discord's flame? Trust me, I think them cruel,
 Whate'er they deem themselves; and not alone
 The merciless offender, but each one
 Who, when he doth perceive that there is need,
 Is slack to do a charitable deed.
 What may be thought of them, whose chiefest
 care
 Is pampering the flesh with curious fare;
 Largely providing for the body's good,
 Whilst the poor soul is hunger-starv'd for food?
 Are not they *cruel*? Is it like that such
 Who can neglect their dearest souls so much,
 Are merciful to others? You will say

Murder is cruelty. Then what are they,
 That by false doctrine, fraught with errors foul,
 Do murder or do worse than kill the soul?
 Them to be guilty none can well deny.
 But you will say, 'tis not that cruelty
 You understood; as if you did suppose
 None through this passion did offend, but those
 That seek for blood. Indeed, that is the worst,
 And of all cruelty the most accurst,
 Which for no other purpos'd end is us'd
 But a mere longing to see things abus'd.
 Then 'tis at highest, when men use to see
 Or act some deed that's full of cruelty,
 Only for that 'tis so; or 'cause their will
 Finds devilish contentments in their ill.

Such was his humour, who, out of desire
 To see how Troy burnt when it was on fire,
 Caus'd Rome in many a place at once to flame;
 And longing to behold from whence he came
 Ripp'd up his mother's womb. So in the height
 Was also his, that took so much delight
 In seeing men extremely tortured,
 That he out of his bounty promised
 A large reward to him that could invent
 The cruel'st and unusual'st punishment;
 Which Phalaris demanding, was therefore
 The first that made his brazen bull to roar.

Such is their's, also, whose unmanly natures
 Can be the needless death of any creatures,
 Or torture, or behold them pleasingly,
 Whilst they abused and tormented die.
 Trust me, be't but a dog, nature denies
 And God forbids that we should tyrannize.
 Much more on man; yet there is many an one
 That to this hellish passion is so prone,
 With boasts he glories in his mischiefs too,
 And uncompell'd, would make no more ado
 To murder 'til a country were unmann'd,
 Than doth a school-boy with a walking wand
 To lop down thistle. But all such men be
 Extremely cruel in the high'st degree.

And though the first rehearsed be not so,
 Yet thereto they may very quickly grow,
 (Unless they have oft warning to beware)
 Since they already half-way enter'd are.
 Especially the greedy, hungry elf,
 That would for profit gladly damn himself.
 For avarice doth harden so the heart,
 In any mischief he may bear a part;
 No cruelty the covetous refrains,
 Murder nor treason, so he may have gains.

More I could say against this passion yet,
 But would men of themselves well ponder it,

A little meditation of their own
Might profit more than all that I have shown.
And therefore I will here conclude with this:
As he is blessed that meek-hearted is,
So on the *cruel* lightly doth attend
A heavy curse, and a most fearful end.

A little meditation of their own
 might profit more than all that I have shown.
 And therefore I will here conclude with this:
 As he is blessed that meek-hearted is,
 So on the cross lightly doth attend
 A heavy curse, and a most fearful end.

Of JOY.

SATIRE XV.

OF all the passions handled hitherto,
With this that follows I had least to do.
By some small trials though, that I have had,
I find 'tis better far than being sad ;
And that no greater good on earth might be,
If it would last, and were from cumbrance free.
But that can never be, our state is such,
And destiny moreover seems to grutch
Aught should be perfect in mortality,
Lest we should leave to seek eternity.
Never could any yet that joy obtain
On which there follow'd neither shame nor pain ;
For he, no question, that's allowed most,
Doth dearly pay for what is quickly lost.

But sure the reason why man's *Joy* so soon
Is chang'd to sorrow, is because there's none,
Or very few, that do their gladness found
Upon a solid, firm, substantial ground ;
But on such subjects, as no marvel though,
It doth receive so quick an overthrow,
And brings so sharp a farewell ; for one joys

In dogs, apes, monkees, or some such-like toys;
 And when they fail (as how can they last long?)
 Their mirth is finish'd, they must change their
 song.

Some in their honor all their joy do place,
 And then if but a frown or some disgrace
 Add the least motion unto fortune's wheel,
 Sorrow takes place, and little joy they feel.

Take but away his substance, you destroy
 The miserable rich man's only joy;
 And soon by sickness that delight's defac'd,
 Which man in beauty or in strength hath plac'd.
 Yea, the best joy in transitory things,
 They being lost, at last a sorrow brings.
 All men should therefore make a careful choice
 Of that wherein their meaning's to rejoice,
 And not affect things so extremely vain,
 As make them to repent their joy again.
 Yet many do so settle their delight
 On things unworthy, that they are e'en quite
 Bereft of understanding, when they see
 They must of them again deprived be.

One fool hath lost his hawk to-day, and he
 Can neither eat, nor drink, nor merry be;
 There was his only joy, and now 'tis gone,
 Without all doubt the gentleman's undone.

Young mistress vanity is also sad,
 Because the parrot's dead she lately had;
 Alas! and blame her not if that she howl,
 The parrot was, I warrant, half her soul.

But weigh this, you that have your better parts
 Of an immortal fame, awake your hearts,
 And from delight in dross and clay remove
 Your *joys*, to place them on the things above;
 So shall you still have reason to rejoice,
 And not with sorrow thus repent your choice.
 This that you so much doat on, is a toy
 So far from meriting the name of *joy*,
 That either 'tis not thoroughly obtained,
 Or if it be in such a measure gained
 As you would wish it, then you are no less
 Endanger'd by an over-joyfulness;
 For had you seen men that were calm'd at sea,
 And forc'd the leisure of the winds to stay,
 Half starv'd for food, brought to some happy
 shore,
 Where is of victualling, with all things store,
 And there through hunger greedily begin
 To glut their stomachs that have fasting been,
 With the long wish'd-for cates; lo, while they
 eat,
 They grow extremely faint with wholesome meat;
 And thorough weakness by disuse of food,
 That which was for their comfort and their good,

Turns to their bane. Right so it fares in this ;
 For he that long time in some sorrow is,
 And tost upon the boist'rous seas of care,
 If for his comfort he be landed there
 Where *joy* abounds, his heart (where none hath
 been

Full many a day before) receives it in
 So out of measure, that it even makes
 The soul unquiet ; and thereby he takes
 A surfeit, whose strong violence is such
 The body faints or is endanger'd much.

Some of mine own acquaintance I have seen
 That with this passion have o'ercharged been,
 And at relating of some news that's good,
 Have almost senseless and amazed stood ;
 Yea, been so ravish'd with the joy they took,
 That they have for a time their lives forsook.

But neither can nor will I e'er commend
 Such joy as this ; for when we apprehend
 That we delight in with too deep content,
 God lays that on us for a punishment,
 To shew what danger and uncertainty
 Is in the best of earth's felicity ;
 And that no joy can sweet or lasting prove,
 Which from his special favor doth not move.

Somewhat still follows every other joy,
 That doth with bitterness the sweet destroy;
 And sure this may some reason of it be,
 Men in their mirth are careless to foresee
 What ill may follow, and, beyond all measure,
 Give way unto their false-conceived pleasure.
 Which hurtful liberty they must restrain,
 If they will any true contentment gain.
 And I am of this mind, if every man
 Would curb rebellious thoughts but what he can,
 Arms of resistance he might better wield,
 And not so basely to this passion yield.
 Neither befits it man, that ought to be
 At all times fenc'd with magnanimity,
 To suffer any mischief to annoy
 His mind, through either too much *care* or *joy*;
 But so the one should of the other borrow,
 He might be sad with mirth, or glad with sorrow.
 Thus I advise, and here my pen shall stay;
 The reason is, I have no more to say;—
 But when with *joy* I am acquainted better,
 I'll tell you more, or else remain your debtor.

Of SORROW.

SATIRE XVI.

OF this sad passion I may knowledge take,
And well say something for acquaintance sake.
'Tis a disease that doth possess so many,
It neither doth forbear nor favor any.
Come when it will an ill report it gains,
And every one of his hard usage plains.
Then 'tis besides so troublesome a guest,
None that do harbour it have any rest;
And which is worse, though he his host diseases,
'Tis thought he cannot rid him when he pleases.

And yet, methinks, if man would use his might,
He may assuage, if not out-wear it quite;
It is at least his duty, for should he,
That must on earth th' Almighty's viceroy be;—
Should he, to whom the Sovereign Lord hath
given

A countenance that should behold the Heaven,
With *Sorrow's* visage hide his manly grace,
And grovelling turn to earth his blubber'd face?
Is't not a shame to see the man who saith
That he a Christian is, and seems t' have faith,

Should for misfortune without remedy,
 Be passionate in such extremity,
 That childish tears not only stain his face
 (Which may be borne withal in many a case)
 But also raves, grows furious, and extends
 His grief past reason's limits? Who commends
 A man for that? Say, is it any less
 Than to deny by deed what words profess?
 For who would think, which sees how he bewails
 The loss of breath, that in a moment fails,
 That he believes, but rather thinks 'tis vain
 To hope or trust the flesh shall rise again?
 Or that there were, as holy scripture saith,
 Any "reward for them that die in faith"?
 It's a plain token of a disbelief,
 When Christians so o'erwhelm themselves in grief;
 And therefore, though I do not discommend
 The moderate bewailing of a friend,
 I wish the extreme hereof men might despise,
 Lest their profession they do scandalize.

Beside (though as I seem'd to say before)
 Unless't be common, 'tis no common sore,
 Because it hurts but those that entertain it.
 Yet good it were if all men could refrain it;
 For it not only makes man's visage be
 Wried, deform'd and wrinkled as we see;
 Himself exiling from the common eye,
 To vex and grieve alone, he knows not why;

But also brings diseases, with his death,
 By the untimely stopping of his breath.
 It makes his friends to loath his company,
 And greatly hinders his commodity ;
 For who to deal in his affairs is fit,
 Unless with good will he attendeth it ?
 And howsoe'er it seems, yet surely this
 As far from virtue as bad pleasure is ;
 For as through th' one we to much evil run,
 So many good things th' other leaves undone.

I wonder that this passion should touch
 The hearts of men, to make them grieve so much
 As many do, for present miseries !
 Have they no feeling of felicities
 That are to come ? If that they be in pain
 Let hope give ease ; it will not always rain.
 Calms do the roughest storms that are, attend,
 And the long'st night that is, will have an end.

But 'tis still bad, thou sayest ; tak't patiently,
 An age is nothing to eternity.
 Thy time's not here ; envy not, though that some
 Seem to thee happy ; their bad day's to come ;
 And if thou knew'st the grief they must sustain,
 Thou would'st not think so hardly of thy pain.

I must confess, 'twas once a fault of mine,
 At every misadventure to repine ;

I sought preferment, and it fled me still,
 Whereat I griev'd, and thought my fortune ill.
 I vex'd to see some in prosperity,
 Deride and scoff at my adversity.
 But since advis'd, and weighing in my mind
 The course of things, I soon began to find
 The vainness of them. Those I saw of late
 In bliss (as I thought) scorning my estate,
 I see now ebbing, and the once full tide
 That overflow'd the lofty banks of pride,
 Hath left them like the sand-shore, bare and dry,
 And almost in as poor a case as I.
 Besides, I view'd my days now gone and past,
 And how my fortunes, from the first to th' last,
 Were link'd together; I observ'd, I say,
 Each chance and deed of mine, from day to day,
 That memory could keep; yet found I none,
 Not one thing in my life that was alone,
 But still it either did depend on some
 That was already passed or to come.
 Yea, the most childish, idle, trifling thing,
 That seemed no necessity to bring,
 In that, hath the beginnings oft been hid,
 Of some the weightiest things that ere I did.
 But chiefly to abate the excessive joying
 In worldly things, and to prevent th' annoying
 Of any sorrow, this I noted thence,
 (And ever since have made it a defence
 For both these passions) I have truly seen,

That those things wherewith I have joyed been,
 Highly delighted, and the dearest lov'd ;
 E'en those same very things have often prov'd
 My chiefest care. And I have found again,
 That which I deem'd my greatest loss or pain,
 And wherewithal I have been most annoy'd,
 And should have deem'd a blessing to avoid,
 That which my heart hath ask'd for ; and wherein
 I thought me most unhappy, that hath been
 The ground of my best joys. For which cause, I
 Advise all men that are in misery
 To stand unmov'd. For why? They do not
 know

Whether it be to them for good or no.
 They ought not for to murmur or to pine
 At any thing, shall please the Power Divine
 To lay upon them ; for my mind is this,
 Each sorrow is an entrance into bliss,
 And that the greatest pleasure we attain
 Is but a sign of some ensuing pain.
 But to be plainer,—this our life's a toy,
 That hath nought in it worth our grief or joy.

But there are some base-minded dunghill elves,
 That sorrow not for any but themselves ;
 Or if they do, 'tis only for the loss
 Of some old crest-fall'n jade ; but that's a cross
 Past bearing ; be it but a rotten sheep,
 Or two stale eggs, they will such yelling keep

As if thereby had perished a brood,
In which consisted half the kingdom's good.

But I intreat them, since cares must befall,
They would be patient. Who can do withal?
And also let them of much grief beware,
For they have heard what dangers therein are ;
And every one almost can tell them, that
'Tis an old saying, " Care will kill a cat."
Then let them take heart ; chiefly since they see,
None live but sometime they must losers be ;
Which is an ease, for I have heard them tell,
" With mates they care not if they go to hell."

But in good earnest, now let us not run
Willingly hereinto as we have done ;
Avoid it rather as a hurtful foe,
That can effect nought but our overthrow.
And for the same receive into our breast
An honest mirth, which is a better guest.
And whatsoe'er our former grief hath been,
Let us ne'er sorrow more but for our sin.
So with this passion end the rest will I,
Because it ends not 'til our end is nigh.

THE CONCLUSION.

THUS have I labour'd some effects to show,
That do from men's abused passions flow ;
Which with examples of old ages past,
And wise men's sayings, I might more have grac'd,
But that I am resolv'd to tie my rhimes
As much as may be to the present times.

I also might amongst these here have told
The body's passions, as *hunger, cold,*
Heat, thirst, and such-like ; but their force is
seen,
And most men have sufficient careful been
How to prevent them. They last not so long,
Nor are by much so violent and strong,
Or dangerous as these. But if men knew,
Or with the eye of reason would o'erview
The soul-bred maladies (as sure they ought)
They would with greater diligence have sought
The cure of them, before the worst disease
That doth the body and no more displease.
But now the reason men disturbed are,
For the most part, with such preposterous care,
Is this ; through their corrupted judgment, they

Do only on things seen depend and stay ;
 Which being most apparent to the sense,
 So muffles up the weak intelligence,
 And blinds her, that she hath no power to see
 The better things that more subsisting be.
 When if they could conceive but half so well,
 The soul's estate, they'd labour to expell
 All those corruptions that may cause her woe,
 And those fell passions that molest her so.
 But some men have in this opinion stood,
 " That every passion's natural and good."
 Indeed, philosophers the same do call,
 " A motion of the soul that's natural."
 And in some sort, we may not be afraid
 To hold for truth as much as they have said ;
 But we must make a difference of it then,
 And grant that two-fold passions are in men :
 One sort unto the noblest things aspiring,
 And such as what is merely good desiring,
 Therein rejoiceth ; moderate and weak
 In operation ; and the truth to speak,
 We have it rather by God's inspiration,
 Than bred within us at our generation.

The other (as the effects thereof doth show)
 Doth by our own corrupted nature grow ;
 For it is head-strong, rash, insatiate,
 Wond'rous disorder'd and immoderate.
 Of which kind these are; whereof I have spoken,

And they are oft the cause men's sleeps are broken.
 'Tis that which makes them rave or grieve, or joy.
 So out of measure, for a trifling toy ;
 Yea, that 'tis only makes them oft so teasy,
 Their friends seem troublesome, their beds uneasy.
 And lastly, these are the occasions still,
 Of all misfortunes and of every ill.
 Th' effects they do produce we also see,
 Contrary to our expectations be ;
 For he that hopes or looks for to attain
 Great joy and pleasure, haps on grief and pain.

But by what means may men these passions kill ?
 Sure not by the procuring of their will,
 As some imagine. For first it may be
 A thing that's not in possibility
 For them to reach unto ; but say it were,
 Will the ambitious-minded man forbear
 To be ambitious, if he once fulfill
 His longing thoughts ?—No, he will rather still
 Increase that passion which at first he had,
 Or fall into some other that's as bad ;
 For altering the condition or estate,
 The soul's vexation doth no more abate
 Than changing rooms or beds doth ease his pains
 That hath a fever : since the cause remains
 Still in himself. But how and which way, then,
 May these diseases be re-cur'd in men ?
 Why, by philosophy, counsel and reason ;

These being well apply'd in their due season,
May do much good. Else seek the cause whence
rise

These hurtful and pernicious maladies.
Let them consider that, and so they may
Cut off th' effect by taking it away.
But if they cannot the occasion find,
I'll tell them,—'tis a baseness of the mind;
Or else a false opinion that's in some,
Of good or evil, present or to come.

Respecting good things, thus:—they do desire
And are too vehemently set on fire
With coveting what seems so; or annoying
Themselves with an excessive over-joying,
In the obtaining.—In regard of ill,
They are oppressed with some sorrow still.
So that we see, if men would go about
To change their minds, and drive that baseness
out,

Through magnanimity (and note well this,
That passion but some false opinion is,
Fram'd by the will and drawn by the direction
Of judgment that's corrupted by affection)
Methinks they might by reason's help confound
The former terrors, that have ta'en such ground
In their weak hearts, and learn for to esteem
That which doth neither good nor evil seem;
(And in their souls such perturbation wrought)

As things nor good nor ill; and that which ought
 (Being unworthy) neither to molest,
 Nor breed no passions in their careful breast.

By these, and other such-like means as these,
 The wise philosophers in elder days
 Kept out those furies ; and 'twere now a shame
 If that we, Christians, could not do the same ;
 Having besides these helps, whereon they staid,
 A certain promise of a better aid,
 If we'll but ask it. Let's demand it, then,
 To rid these evils from our souls again.
 If that we feel them yet not stirring in us,
 Let us prevent them, ere by force they win us.
 For 'tis more easy (every one doth know)
 To keep him out than to expell a foe.

If any think I from my purpose swerve,
 'Cause my intent was chiefly to observe,
 And not to teach ; let them not blame me tho' ;
 For who can see his friends lie sick, and know
 Which way to cure them? But you'll say, my
 skill

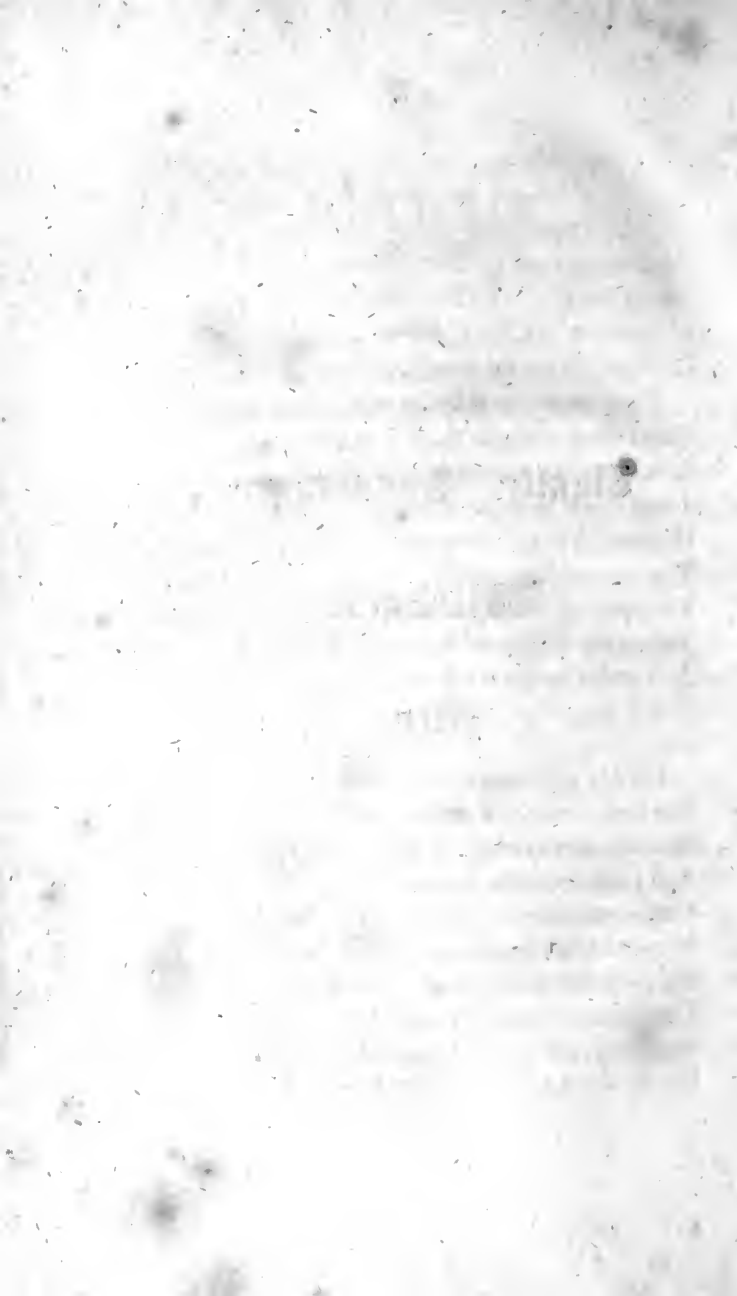
Cannot instruct you ; yet may my good will
 Be worth accepting ; and that howsoever,
 Is not to be rejected altogether.
 For I have seen, when in a known disease,
 Doctors, with all their art, could give no ease
 To their weak patient ; a poor country dame

Hath, with a home-made med'cine, cur'd the
same.

And why not I in this? Yes, I'll abide it,
Being well us'd, it helps, for I have try'd it.

Thus much for that; but still there do remain
Some other observations to explain :
I have not done, for I am further task'd,
And there's more humours yet to be unmask'd ;
Wherein, because I will not step astray,
Nor swerve from truth a jot beside the way,
I'll say no more (lest men should seem belied)
Than what my own experience hath espied ;
And then if any frown (as sure they dare not)
So I speak truth, let them frown still, I care not.
But if my muse you should so saucy find,
Sometime to leave her notes, and speak her mind,
(As oft she will, when she perchance doth see
How vain or weak or fickle most men be)
Yet blame me not, 'tis out of much good will
I bear to you, and hatred unto ill.
Which when I see, my purpos'd course I break,
Because indeed, I am compell'd to speak.
Yet think not, though I somewhere bitter be,
I count myself from all those vices free ;
Rather imagine, 'tis to me well known,
That here with others' faults I tell mine own.

OF THE
Vanity, Inconstancy,
AND
Weakness
OF
Men.



PRECATIO.

THOU that created'st all things in a week,
Great GOD ! whose favor I do only seek,
E'en thou, by whose desired inspirations,
I undertook to make these observations,
O grant, I pray, since thou hast deign'd to show
Thy servant that which thousands do not know,
That this my noting of man's humourous passion,
May work within me some good alteration,
And make me so for mine own follies sorry,
That I may lead a life unto thy glory.

Let not ambition nor a foul desire,
Nor hate, nor envy set my heart on fire ;
Revenge nor choler, no nor jealousy ;
And keep me from despair and cruelty.
Fond hope expell, and I beseech thee bless
My soul from fear and too much heaviness.
But give me special grace, to shun the vice
That is so common, beastly avarice ;
And grant me power I not only know,
But fly those evils that from passion flow.

Moreover, now inspire my soul with art,
And grant me thy assistance to impart
The rest of men's ill customs yet remaining,
And their vain humours; that by my explaining
They may perceive how odious I can make them,
Blush at the reading, and at last forsake them.
Yea, let my muse in this, and things to come,
Sing to thy glory, LORD, or else be dumb.

Of VANITY.

SATIRE I.

MY muse, that now hath done the best she can
To blaze corrupted passion bred in man,
Goes farther here, and meaneth to undo
Another knot of ills he's prone unto.
From which, as out of the main root, there grows
All whatsoever evil mankind knows,
With thousands of bad humours; of which some
(Such as to mind by observation come,
As also such as are the proper crimes
Of these ungodly and disorder'd times)
She means to treat of. The chief heads be these,
(Consider of them, reader, if thou please)
First, wanton and light-headed *Vanity*,
Next that, Cameleon-like *Inconstancy*;
Then, miserable *Weakness*; lastly, this,
Damned *Presumption*, that so daring is.

But ere I do begin this work, that I
May speak to purpose, with sincerity,
LORD, I beseech thee help me to explain,
And teach me to condemn the thing that's vain.
I have begun in thee this my endeavour,

And constancy vouchsafe me to persever;
 My knowledge I confess to be but weak,
 Yet, through thy strength and truth, I hope to
 break

These mires of sin, from which mankind (kept
 under)

Must be let loose, like beds of eels by thunder.

Then, that I may man's pride the better see,
 From all presumption, LORD deliver me.
 Likewise disperse those foggy mists of sin
 That to my purpose have an hind'rance been,
 And th' evil by thy wisdom I perceive,
 LORD, let thy mercy give me grace to leave;
 That being free myself, I may not coldly
 Tax others' faults, but reprehend them boldly.

So having for this good assistance pray'd,
 My muse goes forward, trusting to thine aid
 To guide me through the wilderness of sin,
Great Vanity's survey: for being in,
 I see now 'tis an intricate meander,
 In which, I fear, I shall confus'dly wander.
 It is a labyrinth so full of ways,
 As seems so endless if my pen once strays,
 As doth the fisherman amazed stand,
 That knoweth not which way to row to land,
 When all alone, in some close misty day,
 Far from the haven, he hath lost his way;

Knowing he may as well strike up the main,
 As turn unto the wished shore again ;—
 So I do fear, lest this may carry me
 Unto an ocean where no sea-marks be.
 Because what way soe'er my course I bend,
 There *vanity* I see without all end ;
 Which hath not under her subjection gain'd
 Such things alone as are on earth contain'd,
 Or underneath the orbs of air and fire,
 But reaches further and encroaches higher ;
 According to his meaning, who said plain,
 “ *That all things underneath the sun were vain.*”

But now, I think, it may a question be,
 Whether the sun, the moon and stars be free ;
 For sometimes false predictions they impart,
 Or are belied by abused art.
 But of man only, here my muse must tell's,
 Who is by much more vain than all things else ;
 For *vanity* his reason overways,
 Not only on some certain months or days,
 But is at all times in him resident,
 As if it were his proper accident.
 Neither doth age in which he groweth on,
 Any thing lessen the proportion
 Of *vanity* he had ; but in the stead
 Of some rejected follies, there succeed
 Others as bad : for we perceive, when boys
 Begin to man, asham'd of childish toys,

They then leave off their former idle chat
 And foolish games. But what's the cause of that ;
 For being ill ? No, rather they contemn
 Those bad things as not bad enough for them.

And as one poor, plays first for points & pins ;
 One waxing rich, leaves that game, and begins
 To venture crowns, and so from day to day
 Grows more and more asham'd of slender play
 As he grows abler ;—so young men forsake
 The rope-ripe tricks, that their first age did take
 Chief pleasure in ; not 'cause they wicked deem
 them,

But being men, they think 'twill not beseem them.
 Then hounds and hawks, and whores, are their
 delight,

Quarrels and brawls do fit their humours right,
 Disorder'd meetings, drunken revellings,
 Consuming dice, and lavish banquettings,
 Proud costly robes. This is the young man's vein,
 Which he that elder is dislikes again.

Not since ill neither, but because his years
 Him unto other *vanities* endears ;
 As self-conceit, much care for worldly pelf,
 Heaping up what he ne'er enjoys himself.
 Prone to contentions, much desiring still,
 Be it weal or woe, to have his will.
 Extremely loving lies, and given to prate,
 Yet making shew, as if he both did hate.

Yea, old men boast of what they did in youth,
 Which none disproving, we must take for truth;
 And thousands more (or else they are beli'd)
 Each age is pester'd with; and yet beside
Vanities proper unto each degree,
 Millions of thousands I suppose there be.

Princes have these; they very basely can
 Suffer themselves, that have the rule of man,
 To be o'er-borne by villains: so instead
 Of kings they stand, when they are slaves indeed.
 By blood and wrong a heavenly crown they'll
 danger,

T' assure their state here (often to a stranger)
 They quickly yield unto the batteries
 Of sly, insinuating flatteries;
 Most bountiful to fools, too full of fear,
 And far too credulous of what they hear;
 So given to pleasure, as if in that thing
 Consisted all the office of a king.

But if herein my harmless, halting rhimes
 Were only tied unto this place and times,
 And should of none but of my sovereign tell,
 Spite of her heart she could not speak but well;
 For I suppose (the truth I must confess)
 That *vanity* no prince e'er harbour'd less
 Than he hath done, unless corrupted stories
 Rob former ages of deserved glories.

If any say, to sooth I now devise,
 His heart, I know, will tell his tongue he lies;
 And did not I think true what here I sing,
 Justice I would not wrong to please the king.

Great men are vain too, in much seeking fames;
 With Nimrod and his mates they raise their
 names

By building Babels. Yea, and they suppose
 Honor consists in titles and in shows.
 They Thraso-like, in parasites delight,
 That do in presence claw, in absence bite;
 They use their pleasures not as pleasures now,
 Or recreations as 'twere fit; but how?
 'Tis all their care, their chief and only joy;
 In satisfying which they do employ
 Both wealth and wit, and all. If they would take
 Something in hand for recreation's sake,
 They are with pleasures so o'er-cloy'd we see,
 It must be that which their affairs should be.
 A wond'rous vanity! And all their care
 Is for rich raiment and the curious fare;
 Pamp'ring their flesh, when all is but in vain,
"For dust it was, and shall to dust again."
 Then since their evils we seem not to see,
 (In vain) they think that they well thought of be.
 Tush! men do spare their lewdness to repeat;
 Why, 'cause they're faultless? No, because
 they're great.

But for their vices, though now none dare show
 them,

Unless they mend, another age shall know them ;
 And therefore, if they count their honors dear,
 Let them be good as well as great men here.

Let them leave *vanity*, and not suppose
 The world will ever blinded be with shows ;
 For that great mighty peer, that died lately,
 E'erwhile was mighty, powerful and stately,
 He was much crouch'd unto, and much implor'd,
 Yea, almost like a demi-god, ador'd ;

He only (as myself have heard some prate)
 Was the upholder of the British state,
 And all the wit this kingdom did contain,
 Some thought was harbour'd in his little brain.

And had he liv'd (if all be true men say)
 He might have well been *pater patriæ*.

But now, alas ! he's gone, and all his fame
 You see not able to preserve his name
 From foul reproach ; but each one breaks his
 mind ;

Which shews, that though they wink'd, they were
 not blind.

In spite of all his greatness, 'tis well known
 That store of rhimes and libels now are sown
 In his disgrace. But I hear divers say,
 That they are slanders. (Then the more knaves
 they

That were the authors) but if so it be

He were from those vile imputations free ;
 If that his virtue's paid with such a curse,
 What shall they look for, that are ten times
 worse ?

Well, nobles, I'll the court ere long survey,
 And if I find among you such as stray
 Through vanity or pride (unless they be
 Offences flowing from infirmity)
 If there be no man that dare tax you for't,
 My muse shall do it, e'en to make me sport.
 For though she keep but a plain hobbling form,
 She shall have wit enough to make you storm.
 I will not spare you thus, 'til death doth fet ye,
 But rub you whilst you are alive, to fret ye.
 Yet do not think I mean to blaze your shame
 In scatter'd libels, that shall want a name ;
 No, I hate that ; I'll tell the ills you do,
 And put my name for witness thereunto.
 Then 'tis but fetching me *ad magistratum*,
 And laying to me *scandalum magnatum* ;
 Which though you prove not, rather yet than fail,
 You were best hang or clap me into jail,
 To stay my tongue : so much you may do to me,
 And that's the worst, I know, that you can do me.

But whither runs my over-saucy pen ?
 There's *vanity* besides in noblemen.
 The gentleman for some repute, but vain,

Beyond his power oftentimes doth strain.
 Our yeomen too, that never arms have borne,
 To gentilize it, make themselves a scorn.
 But their gain's envy, with a greater charge;
 Yet of these fools the catalogue is large.

Then e'er that lesson be half taken forth,
 They must add knighthood, or 'tis nothing worth.
 Money may get it, therefore many sue it,
 Although with shame and beggery they rue it.
 And credit they expect in vain thereby,
 For it runs rather to their infamy,
 Because it is bestow'd without deserts.
 And yet in truth our knights have done their parts,
 For most have well deserv'd it; but as how?
 Bravely in field,—e'en in a field at plough.

By why look we in mere humanity
 For that which favors not of vanity,
 Since divine matters cannot quite be free,
 But with the same must oft corrupted be?
 Divines strive not so much how to impart
 The truest doctrines, as to shew their art.
 They grace their speech, more with vain words
 for sound,
 Than with grave sayings, needful and profound.
 But 'tis a vain thing, wond'rous full of shame,
 And in my judgment highly merits blame,
 To paint o'er that, whose beauty's never fuller
 Than when it shines forth in its proper colour.

Again, on *accidents* they arguing sit,
 And do meanwhile the substance oft omit
 Of most essential matters; and so they stand
 (With many wrangling spirits in the land)
 Upon such idle questions, as they know
 'Tis no great matter on which side they go;
 And such as best (in my conceit) befits
 None but unquiet and seditious wits.

Here's my opinion; be they not the chief
 Grounds of religion, or the same belief
 Salvation comes by, that men go about
 By their new-fangledness, to bring in doubt.
 So't be not, that they touch (as sure they dare not)
 Let all the rest go which way 'twill, I care not.

Have not our lawyers many vain delays,
 Unnecessary writs and idle stays,
 To lengthen out men's suits, when they might foil
 The party faulty e'en with half that quoyle?
 They'll for their fee relate some pretty tale,
 Like the wise story of old Jack-i'-th'-vale,
 Which (if they have once thoroughly begun)
 Undoes them quite that tarry til't be done.
 Jack Doe, Dick Roe, with whom y'ad ne'er to do
 They'll bring to help your cause, and God knows
 who.

And for your benefit they can afford
 Many a foolish, senseless, idle word;

Which they I know will not account as vain,
 Since that 'tis, with a vengeance, brings them
 gain.

Besides, as I suppose, their laws are penn'd
 In their old Pedler's French, unto this end,
 The vulgar should no farther knowledge reach
 Than what shall please their masterships to teach;
 Or else they have the self-same policy
 That mov'd those patrons of the Papacy,
 Who sacred writ in foreign tongues conceal'd,
 Lest that their knavish tricks should be reveal'd.
 But can they not in our own language find
 Words of sufficient force t'express their mind?
 That cannot be denied, but 'tis a trouble
 So easily to counterfeit and double
 In a known tongue; when th' other but a few
 Can understand, but that obstreperous crew.

These make the laws almost to none effect,
 Their courses are so wond'rous indirect.
 To them they favor, they delays can grant,
 Though justice her due expedition want.
 Sometimes upon one matter we may see,
 That sundry judgments shall pronounced be;
 Now there's a motion granted, next day crost,
 So fee and labours, to no purpose, lost;
 And still the client shall be so deluded,
 That when he hopes all's done, there's nought
 concluded.

Nay, though we hear the utmost sentence past,
 Which by all course of law should be the last,
 Why then, I say, though all seem wholly ended,
 Yet may the execution be suspended,
 And for some trifle, to the poor man's terror,
 Be call'd in question by a "writ of error."
 So that the right oft yields unto the stronger,
 When poor men's purses can hold out no longer.

Oh, miserable state! What should we say?
 May not the country think themselves a prey
 These ravens live on? May we not suppose
 By their delays, and some such tricks as those,
 They practise only how to cheat and gull,
 And on our ruins fill their gorges full?
 Yes, questionless, for they themselves do raise
 Unto this height on other men's decays,
 Not their own virtues. Oh! though 't be too late,
 Yet let me wish that we had kept the state
 And simple innocence we once retain'd!
 For then we had not of this ill complain'd;
 Nor yet those movers of sedition known
 (Now to a many-headed monster grown)
 But since that time is past, we may complain,
 Yet must ne'er look to see those days again.

We have good laws, but they, too, seem in
 vain,
 Since they, according to each lawyer's brain,

May now be wrested to and fro, to make
 The matter good that he doth undertake.
 I'll say it plainly, and yet not belie them,
 There's few but *rich* men can have *justice* by them.
 And pray you judge, if that law be not vain,
 Which when it is enacted (to restrain
 Some privilege or custom that hath stood
 As a great hind'rance to the public good)
 Should of its virtue be so slightly gull'd,
 As by a licence to be disannull'd.

Moreover, there be some too much to blame,
 Or penal laws are only made in vain ;
 Made in *terrorem tantum*, to affright,
 And not for execution of the right.
 And I may liken them unto those logs
 That Jupiter threw down to rule the frogs ;
 At first they come forth with such thund'ring
 terror,
 That we do tremble to commit an error ;
 But in a day or two they are so still,
 For aught I see, we may do what we will,
 Unless that we be poor, or some despise us ;
 Then, peradventure, they'll go near to fright us
 A twelve-month after. If so long they last,
 Twenty to one then all the fury's past.

Did you but note it, yon would much admire
 To see how strictly justices enquire,

On days of sitting, what abuses reign ;
 How those they threat that slackly do complain ;
 How they will rail, and fume, and chafe, and
 storm ;

As if all evils they will quite reform
 Within a moment. But things violent
 Cannot, you know, be long time permanent.
 Nor is their zeal, for surely (God amend it !)
 One twice-twelve hours will both begin and end it.

But why are they so earnest then ? O, know,
 That the small springs within the dales below
 Glide gently on, until a land-flood fills
 Their empty channels from the higher hills,
 And then they'll swell until they can discharge
 Their burthens in some plain, to run at large.
 So these low magistrates would gladly sleep,
 And their own easy, crooked channels keep ;
 But when that any stream of justice showers,
 And comes down to them from the higher powers,
 Then, peradventure, they'll grow big a day,
 And justice shall have course the nearest way ;
 Then in a little space she must be fain
 To run within her winding banks again.

Some falsely have affirmed justice blind,
 Yet I am sure she knoweth where to find
 (If that she be disposed there to look)
 Who gives her day-works by her counting-book.

Nay, she knows capon, turkey, goose and swan,
 And thee, I warrant, from another man,
 Whate'er thou be ; but whilst she sees so plain,
 It is no wonder we have laws in vain.

Also when officers do undertake
 Their charge at first, Lord, what a quoil they
 make !

A drunkard cannot, with his cap'ring feet,
 Cut out indentures as he walks the street,
 But he's straight stock'd for it ; or for his offence,
 By fining to the poor he must dispense.

Then those, perhaps, that slackly do frequent
 God's divine service, somewhat shall be shent ;
 And many other goodly deeds they'll do,
 But these grow quickly weary of them too.

Again, sometimes comes out a proclamation,
 Which threatens, on the pain of confiscation,
 That no *rescued* do presume to stay
 Within ten miles o'th' court, from such a day.
 Yet sure 'tis, notwithstanding, meant that some
 Should daily to the presence-chamber come ;
 And shrowd within a furlong on't or two.
 Some great ones may ; and so I hope they do.
 And by their own authority, no doubt,
 May keep the rest from danger thereabout.
 Pish ! they at such a matter will but scoff,

'Cause they know surely how to put it off.
 Yet I'll not say it is in vain, for why?
 The people's heads are set on work thereby;
 And 'tis moreover for our satisfaction,
 Who else might think the state were out of action.

But O you noble English senators,
 Our kingdom's guard, and prince's counsellors,
 How can you see your labours so misus'd,
 Or brook to have your sov'reign so abus'd?
 Do you suppose that it deserves no blame,
 To make a scar-crow of the regal name,
 And to erect it on some common stall,
 There to be gaz'd on to no end at all?
 Respect it more, and use it not for course
 Or fashion's sake, but shew it hath some force.
 Pluck out those vipers, that for fear of harm,
 Their chilled spirits in your bosoms warm.
 Perceive you not their stings? No danger fear
 ye?

Oh! 'tis apparent, let them not shroud near ye;
 For if they do, 'tis doubtless the conclusion,
 If God prevent not, will be your confusion.
 Yet all (for aught I see) should still remain,
 Were there not some, who (out of zeal to gain
 More than religion or their country's weal)
 Their scurvy base conditions to reveal,
 In begging and in rifling of some few.
 But they their own corruptions rather shew

Than redress any. More I here could utter,
 But I, methinks, already hear some mutter,
 As if I should be sure of Rome's great curse;
 But then I'm sure I shall be ne'er the worse.
 Yea, let them go to Rome, curse, ban and spare
 not,
 I'll sit at home and laugh, because I care not.

But why do I of laws alone complain,
 Since all man deals in, is in some sort vain?
 Religion is with ceremonies stuff'd,
 And with vain-glory and presumption puff'd.
 Now our alms-deeds, and gifts of charity,
 Are done for shew, and with hypocrisy.

Yea, all's made vain; for if you would but view
 Our universities (indeed 'tis true)
 There you may see, how that heretofore,
 In better days, have been erected store
 Of palaces (which curious built are still
 A fair remembrance of the workmen's skill)
 Which, lest that knowledge in the land should
 fade,
 Were by the patrons of good learning made,
 That there the muses (shelter'd from the rages
 Of former, present, and succeeding ages)
 Might safely live, and not beholding be
 To Pyren for his hospitality.
 'Tis also true, there wants not to sustain

Their proper needs, nor yet to entertain
 Such as desire knowledge. There's enough ;
 The worthy founders have provided so.
 But of these profits why now make they stay ?
 Best sell't, or let some courtier begg't away.
 For public gifts are turn'd to private uses,
 Fair colleges are full of foul abuses ;
 And their revenues I account as vain,
 Because they lazy dunces do maintain,
 Who to themselves do claim the profits, by
 Nothing but witless seniority ;
 Such as have beard, (with rev'rence be it spoken)
 Of profound learning have nor mark nor token.

Good founders, dreaming not of these abuses,
 Gave them at first to charitable uses ;
 But we find now all alter'd, and the due
 Which should, by right, upon desert ensue,
 Like offices in court, is bought and sold ;
 And places may be had, but how ? for gold.
 There, as elsewhere, they now are grown so bad,
 Without *quid dabis* nothing can be had.

'Tis strange to see what avarice can do.
 But are the muses taken with it too ?
 On, no : for they esteem such gain a loss,
 And their high spirits scorn such earthly dross.
 How then ? There are some cormorants crept in,
 Who in their youth pretended to have been

Addicted unto knowledge ; when, alas !
 'Tis well seen since, that all their purpose was
 To snort in ease ; augmenting still their store,
 'Til they grew wealthy and their houses poor.
 Foul drones ! whose voices must be hir'd with
 money,
 Starving the bees while they devour the honey.

But O, you birds of Athens, clear your halls,
 And drive those lazy hornets from your stalls ;
 Through them it is men think you covetous,
 They make your groves and walks grow scandalous.

But how will you discern them ? Marry, thus,
 Since they have made themselves notorious,
 I'll point them out ; and though their heads they
 shrowd,
 As Venus did Æneas in a cloud,
 I'll so unmask them, if their ears they show,
 You shall be able to say,—there they go.

First note them ; there are some, by bribes and
 fees,
 Can soon pass thorough two or three degrees ;
 And if they sue for aught, are not deny'd it,
 When better students must be put beside it.

Then there be others, who their nests to feather,
 Can keep an office nineteen years together ;

Enforcing many unto penury,
To have therewith to feed their luxury.

Note you not some at fifty winters study,
That have their wits so thin and brains so muddy,
They must procure of other men to do
Those exercises they were call'd unto?
And sit there not of dunces pretty store,
From sun to sun, at every tradesman's door,
Huge fat curmudgeons? Tell me (I think no)
Do commons of three-halfpence feed them so?
Or can such puffs, so humberkin-like set,
Into a pulpit once in seven years get?
Sure if they do, their memory's so weak,
When they come there, they know not what to
speak.

Nor are they half so fit, if't came to proof,
To serve for pastors, as to hang at roof.

It is no marvel, then, that blockish rout
Retain their places, and keep better out;
For no good patron that doth conscience make,
Will unto them the charge of souls betake;
Because, if such the flock of CHRIST should keep,
No question they would make but carrion sheep.
Then they must stay; yet in their stay they'll be
A plague unto the university;
For over and above the mischiefs nam'd,
The vice for which the younger sort is blam'd

They are most guilty of. For forc'd to tarry
 Through want, and by the laws forbid to marry,
 Thence springs it that the townsmen are reputed,
 Thus by a common voice to be cornuted;
 For I have known that such have daily been
 Where younger scholars never durst be seen.
 And all (unless that they have eyes like moles)
 May see those foxes use the badger's holes.

Nor hath their lewdness in that action staid,
 But on the place a fouler blemish laid,
 Which here indeed I do forbear to name,
 Lest it be to the place I love, a shame;
 And for because I fear some spiteful mate.
 May tax them with it who such dealing hate,
 Brought in by them; for who is so impure,
 But he that liveth like an epicure?

O muses! seek in time to root these weeds,
 That mar your gardens and corrupt your seeds.
 And you that are appointed visitors,
 Who ought to have been strict inquisitors
 To search the foul abuses of these times,
 And see them punish'd; O let these my rhimes
 Move you to help reform this villany,
 Or let the hate of damned perjury
 Stir up your zeal these evils to restrain,
 If not for love of good, for fear of pain.
 Which else (though you set light as at your heel)
 As sure as God is just your souls shall feel.

Do you not see now, all the wond'rous cost
 Of worthy benefactors vainly lost?
 The lands, revenues, customs, charters, rents,
 Which they have left for divers good intents,
 Vainly employ'd? See the student poor,
 For whom it was ordain'd, stands at the door
 And may not enter; whilst the golden ass
 Is quietly admitted in to pass,
 And shroud himself within those sacred gates,
 Which were't not for commodity, he hates.

You sacred genii, that did once attend
 Those well-devoted patrons to their end,
 Although your bodies be entomb'd in clay,
 Since you survive (because you live, for aye)
 Look down on your abused gifts, and see
 What odds 'twixt th' use and your good mean-
 ings be!

Come and behold how the laborious sits
 Sharing some hungry commons, scarce two bits;
 (And that but when a double gaudy haps,
 Full glad, alas! at other times with scraps)
 While that the lazy dunce on dainties feeds.
 O come, I say, if you respect your deeds,
 And fright them with some ghastly visions thence,
 They may have more remorse for their offence!

If I could take on me some hideous form,
 I'd either make them their bad lives reform,

Or fear them quick to hell. But I am vain
 To call for your assistance or complain,
 Because I doubt this fault will ne'er be mended
 Until all evil with the world be ended.

Learning is vain too, or so made at least ;
 Consider it, I speak it not in jest ;
 Do we not see that those, who have consum'd
 Half a man's age in schools, and have assum'd
 Degrees of art, and hourly overlook
 Many a leaf, many a wise man's book,
 Still studying to know ; fellows that can,
 As they themselves think, put down any man
 That dares of prædicables to dispute ;
 Yea, such as can too, if need be, refute
 Known truths, and that in metaphysical,
 Much more, I think, in matters natural
 Seem greatly read ; do we not see, I say ?
 That these from study being ta'en away,
 For some employments in the public weal,
 Are such as it might shame them to reveal
 Their simple carriage ; sooner they'll speak treason
 Than any thing that shall be law or reason.
 Ask their opinion but of this or that,
 They'll tell a tale they scarcely know of what ;
 And at the last you must be well apaid
 With " This the poet," or " This Tully said."
 So other men's opinions shall be shown,
 But very seldom any of their own.

What is't to heap up a great multitude
 Of words and sayings, like a chaos rude;
 To say a Latin distich out of Cato,
 Cite Aristotle or some piece of Plato,
 And divers more; yet like a blockish elf,
 Be able to say nought at all himself?
 As if it were all well, and he had pay'd it,
 If he can once say, "Such a man hath said it."

Then by their actions who gather can,
 They have more knowledge than another man,
 Since they do worse absurdities commit
 Than those that seem their juniors in wit?
 As if they thought it were enough to know,
 And not with knowledge unto practice go.
 Those may be learned, and of learning prate;
 But for affairs of country or of state,
 In my conceit, they are as far unfit
 As fools and madmen that have lost their wit.
 And notwithstanding all their studious pain,
 I count their learning and their knowledge vain.

But think not that I knowledge fruitless deem,
 Or count those men, who in the academe
 Do spend their times, unfitting men to deal
 About employments of the common weal.
 No, for I ever this account did make,
 That there are those know best to undertake
 Great offices, and surely such as have

Both knowledge and desert ; yet shall they save
 But their own credits. Th'other, who are known
 To have no gifts of nature of their own,
 For all their knowledge gotten in the schools,
 Are worse by much odds than unlearned fools.

Now thou, that would'st know rightly these
 men's state,
 Go but awhile and talk with Coriate,
 And thou wilt soon be able to maintain
 And say with me, that learning's somewhere vain.

Then if there were ordain'd no other place,
 Where now despised virtue should have grace,
 She were vain too ; and those that lov'd her best,
 Were to be counted vain above the rest ;
 For they be sure of all these worldly crosses,
 That whosoever gain, their's must be the losses,
 Justice is wanting so ; for if that men
 Commit an ill, the law gives smart ; but when
 They do perform a virtuous deed ('tis hard !)
 There's no law here that gives them a reward.

Nay, if a man by wrong suspicion be
 Brought into any woeful misery,
 If he be rack'd and tortur'd so, that death
 May pleasure him by stopping of his breath ;
 And if at last by proofs it doth appear,
 That he of the suspected crime is clear,

Only he may his life by that means save,
 But shall no other satisfaction have :
 Yea, and he must be glad and well content
 He hath his life for being innocent ;
 Wheroof he would full glad have ridden been,
 To 'scape the torments they had plung'd him in.
 'Tis mere injustice ; and I say again,
 In this age to be good it were in vain ;
 But that it one day shall rewarded be
 By Heaven's Chief Justice, with eternity.
 I will not here endeavor to reveal
 The vain trades crept into our common weal ;
 Only I say (and so I think will any)
 Would less there were, for such there be too
 many.

But I must needs declare their vanity,
 Who build their treasure and felicity
 On things mere frivolous, as honor, strength,
 Pleasure, and wealth, and beauty ; which at length,
 Yea, in short time must fade. High titles plac'd
 Without desert, are not alone disgrac'd
 And lose that reputation of their own,
 But shame them too, on whom they are bestown.

What's *nobleness* of birth but merely *vain*,
 Unless that in the lineage there remain
 Some noble qualities, which in them bred,
 They have deriv'd from predecessors dead ?

What's *honour*, but e'en *smoke* and idle fame?
 A thing consisting only in a *name*!
 Which if you take away, then you take all.
 For Alexander's glory was not small,
 Yet were he nameless, what would then remain
 His honorable titles to retain,
 Since that his best part from the earth is fled,
 And th' other, though remaining here, now dead?

Then if that *honour* no advantage bring
 To soul nor body, but doth wholly cling
 Unto the name; who care or pains would take,
 (If he be wise) a trophy vain to make
 Unto the same, which may enjoyed be
 By many thousand other men, whilst he
 Rots; and which three men's virtues (I'll main-
 tain)

Grace not so much as one man's *vice* shall stain?

Were't only for a name that men did well,
 And strove in virtues others to excell,
 What good had Simon the apostle gain'd
 More than the wicked sorcerer obtain'd?
 And how should we give each of them his fame,
 Who living, being two, had but one name?
 Were outward honor all that virtue got,
 He were a wise man that esteem'd it not.
 But she's the body's comfort 'til it die,
 And soul's companion to eternity.

Vulgar repute, what is thereby acquir'd?
 Why is't so glorious, and so much desir'd?
 But I do chiefly marvel what they meant,
 That have preferr'd it before their content.

I hold it *vain* and wond'rous frivolous,
 Extremely foolish and ridiculous,
 That any man should stand in greater fear
 What he doth unto other men appear,
 Than to himself; or strive so much (poor elves!)
 To seem to others, gods; when to themselves
 They're worse than devils. Why, I say, should
 they
 With vain repute be so much borne away?
 And why boast men of strength, that lasts no
 longer;
 And seeing the brute creatures are far stronger?
 A woman may bind Sampson with her charms,
 And little David slay a man at arms;
 For God doth make, as holy scriptures speak,
 “*Strong things to be confounded by the weak.*”

Then some are *vain* in pleasures, like to him
 Who for because he in delights would swim,
 (In these our days) to please his bestial senses,
 Made twenty hundred crowns one night's ex-
 pences;
 I only do forbear to tell his name,
 Lest he should hap to vaunt upon the same.

But why in *beauty* should men glory so,
 As well we may perceive there's many do;
 Since 'tis no better than a fading flower,
 That flourishes and withers in an hour?
 It would not save the good king David's son
 From being justly by his foes undone;
 Nay, there's scarce any that enjoy the same,
 Can keep unto themselves an honest name.

We see, moreover, men vain-glorious grow
 In *building* and *apparel*; all's for show;
 And yet the prince that's gorgeous't in array,
 Must lie as naked as his groom, in clay.
 And though that men to build so curious be,
 How worthy of contempt it is we see,
 Since the Arch King of Heaven, earth and all,
 Was very well contented with a stall!
 What mind are they in, who suppose to raise
 By such a *vanity* an endless praise,
 When as they daily see by observation,
 Time utterly decays the strong'st foundation?

Where are those wond'rous high pyramides
 That were admir'd at in former days?
 And of those huge colossi, what remains?
 (Which to erect now were an endless pains)
 Nothing almost; not scarce his name, that spent
 The pain and cost of such a monument.
 If that be so, how much more *vanity*

Is it to hope for fame's eternity,
 By such slight trifles, whose ground-work needs
 mending,
 Before the roof be brought unto an ending !

Again, some think howe'er their lives they
 spend,
 Yet if they can attain to in the end
 A glorious *funeral*, and be interr'd
 With idle pomp and show, or be prefer'd
 In a bald *sermon*, for some one good deed
 They did the commonwealth, for their own need ;
 Or by their own or friends procurement, have
 On their unworthy, scarce-deserved grave
 A goodly epitaph, they think all's well.
 Alas ! poor silly men ! What, can they tell
 How long 'twill stand before't be razed down ?
 But say it bide awhile ; what fair renown
 Can in a piece of carved marble be ?
 What can a gilded tomb then profit thee ?
 Preserve thy fame, I know it cannot pass
 The wond'rous heap that once erected was,
 And yet e'en at this present doth remain,
 Not far from Sarum, on the western plain ;
 Yet who can say directly (or what story
 Doth absolutely mention) for whose glory
 That first was founded—or by whom—or why ?
 And if a deed of such great wonder die,
 Dost thou suppose, by a few carved stones,

(Scarcely enough to cover o'er thy bones)
 To be immortal? If thou long to live
 After thy death, let noble virtue give
 And add that living glory to thy name.
 Let her sound forth the trumpet of thy fame,
 And it shall last; for she knows how to place it,
 Where time nor envy shall have power to rase it.
 I say, endeavor to be virtuous here,
 So shall thy sacred memory be dear
 To those that live; and whilst thy body lies
 Entomb'd on earth, thy soul shall mount the skies.

But if in pleasure thou hast lived long,
 And took delight in seeking blood and wrong,
 When that the evil day shall come to end thee,
 The curse of the oppressed shall attend thee;
 Thy soul shall pay for't, and the self-same grave
 Thou for thy *honor* didst suppose to have,
 Shall be thy shame; for those that travel by it,
 Shall often curse it, yea, deride, defy it;
 And to each other say, "There doth he lie
 "That acted such or such a villany."

Then why should gay clothes be delighted in,
 Since they're but a badge of our first sin?
 And yet 'tis strange to know how many fashions
 We borrow now-a-days from other nations.

Some we have seen in Irish trouzes go,

And they must make it with a cod-piece too ;
 Some (as the fashion they best like) have chose
 The spruce diminutive neat Frenchman's hose.

Another lik'd it once, but now he chops
 That fashion for the drunken Switzer's slops.
 And 'cause sometimes the fashions we disdain
 Of Italy, France, Netherland and Spain,
 We'll fetch them farther off; for by your leaves,
 We have Morisco gowns, Barbarian sleeves,
 Polonian shoes, with divers far-fetch'd trifles,
 Such as the wand'ring English gallant rifles
 Strange countries for. Besides, our taylors know
 How best to set apparel out for show;
 It either shall be gather'd, stich'd or lac'd,
 Else plaited, printed, jagg'd, or cut and rac'd,
 Or any way according to your will,
 For we have now-a-days learn'd much vain skill.

But note you, when these gew-gaws once be
 made,
 And that this cunning master of his trade
 Must bring it home ; for, there lies all the jest,
 To see, when the poor slave hath done his best
 To mend what faults he can (for by his trade,
 He can set right what nature crooked made)
 When he hath fitted to his power, and trick'd
 Whom he would please, when he hath brush'd
 and pick'd

E'en 'til he sweat again ; yet, though he spies
 Scarce any fault, " You rogue," the gallant cries,
 " A plague confound thee ; look here, how this
 " sits ;

" Zounds ! 'tis a mile too wide ;—where were thy
 " wits ?

" See, this is half too long, that half too short ;
 " 'Sblood ! I could find in heart to knock thee
 " for't."

Then for the faults behind he looks in glass,
 Strait raves again, and calls his taylor ass,
 Villain, and all the court-like names he can.

" Why I'll be judg'd," says he, " here by my
 " man,

" If my left shoulder seem yet, in his sight,
 " For all this bombast, half so big's the right."

How is he serv'd ? This day he should have
 went

With such a lord or lady into Kent ;
 To Hampton Court, to-morrow, comes the queen,
 And there should he with certain friends have
 been.

" Villain !" he cries, " go instantly and mend it,
 " And see with all the speed you can, you send it ;
 " Or by his sword the gallant swears, he will
 " Make thee to wait twice-twelve months with
 " thy bill,

" If e'er he pay thee." Then the other takes it,

Carries it home again, turns, rubs and shakes it,
 Lets it lie still an hour or so, and then
 As if 'twere alter'd, bears it back again;
 Then 'tis so fit, our gallant cannot tell
 That e'er he had apparel made so well.
 "E'erwhile," saith he, "faith I was anger'd sore,
 "Why could'st thou not have done it thus
 "afore?"

With many gentle speeches in amends;
 And so these two, vain fools! grow quickly
 friends.

What shall I say of our superfluous fare,
 Our beastly *vain*, and too excessive care
 To please the belly? We, that once did feed
 On homely roots and herbs, do now exceed
 The Persian kings for dainties. In those cotes,
 A man would think they liv'd on hay and oats.
 The diet they are grown unto of late,
 Excels the feasts that men of high estate
 Had in times past; for there's both flesh and fish,
 With many a dainty new-devised dish;
 For bread they can compare with lord and knight,
 They have both ravel'd, manchet, brown and white
 Of finest wheat; their drinks are good and stale,
 Of perry, cyder, mead, metheglin, ale
 Or beer, they have abundantly. But then
 This must not serve the richer sort of men;
 They with all sorts of foreign wine are sped,

Their cellars are oft fraught with white and red;
 Be't French, Italian, Spanish, if they crave it,
 Nay, Grecian or Canarian, they may have it;
 Cate, Pument, Vervage (if they do desire)
 Or Romney, Bastard, Capricke, Osey, Tire,
 Muscadell, Malmsey, Clarey; what they will,
 Both head and belly each may have their fill.

Then if their stomachs do disdain to eat
 Beef, mutton, lamb, or such-like butcher's meat;
 If that they cannot feed of capon, swan,
 Duck, goose, or common household poultry;
 then

Their store-house will not very often fail
 To yield them partridge, pheasant, plover, quail,
 Or any dainty fowl that may delight
 Their gluttonous and beastly appetite.
 So they are pamper'd whilst the poor man starves!
 Yet there's not all; for custards, tarts, conserves,
 Must follow too, and yet they are no let
 For suckets, march-panes, nor for marmalet,
 Fruit, florentines, sweet sugar-meats, and spices,
 (With many other idle fond devices)
 Such as I cannot name, nor care to know.
 And then besides the taste, 'tis made for show;
 For they must have it colour'd, gilded, printed,
 With shapes of beasts and fowls, cut, pinch'd,
 indented
 So idly, that in my conceit 'tis plain,

They are both foolish and exceeding vain.
 And howsoe'er they of religion boast,
 Their "*belly is the god*" they honor most.

But see whereto this daintiness hath brought us.
 The time hath been that if a famine caught us,
 And left us neither sheep, nor ox, nor corn,
 Yet unto such a diet were we born
 (Were we not in our towns kept in by th' foe)
 The woods and fields had yielded us enough
 To content nature; and then in our needs
 Had we found either leaves, or grass, or weeds,
 We could have liv'd, as now there doth and can
 With good contentment, many an Irishman.
 But in this age, if only wheat doth rise
 To any extraordinary price;
 Or if we have but cheese or butter scant
 (Though almost nothing else that is we want)
 LORD, how we murmur, grumble, fret and pine,
 As if we would upbraid the Powers Divine!
 Yea, daily to provoke God, as the Jews
 Did in the wilderness, is now no news.

But you are so like to starve in plenties,
 Because you are a little barr'd your dainties.
 Leave off your luxury, let me intreat,
 Or there will come a famine shall be great,
 When soul nor body neither shall have food,
 Or any thing to comfort them that's good.

We talk of scarcity, yet here there came
 No want these twenty ages worth the name
 Of famine, but our gentle God hath been
 Exceeding merciful unto our sin.
 Wheat at ten shillings makes no dearth of bread
 Like their's, where once (we read) an ass's head
 Cost fourscore silver pieces, dove's dung
 Was highly priz'd, and mothers ate their young.
 There famine reign'd. Pray in the like we fall not.
 If we can fast, with Nineve, we shall not.
 But truly much I fear the same, unless
 We do leave off our gluttonous excess;
 For though we quaff and swill much time away,
 Yet three set meals will scarce suffice a day
 To satisfy our lust; whereas but one
 Suffic'd our predecessors, sometime none.
 It were a work too tedious here to quote
 The sundry *vanities* that we may note
 Sprung from this greediness; as our long sitting,
 A custom rather, in my mind, befitting
 Pagans and epicures, than honest men.
 But 'tis a use now common grown; and then,
 This foolery we have: we nothing deem
 That merits our desiring or esteem,
 Save that which we have either dearly bought,
 Or far away from foreign kingdoms brought;
 Yea, notwithstanding here in this our land,
 Those things be better, and more near at hand,
 Yet we, out of an idle humour, are

So much more pleased with all foreign ware,
 Than with our own, that we the same detest;
 And this our vainness doth not only rest
 In meats and in apparel, but 'tis shown
 In many things we least affect our own.

Our home-made cloth is now too coarse a ware,
 For China and for Indian stuffs we are;
 For Turkey grow-grains, chamblets, silken rash,
 And such-like new-devised foreign trash:
 Yea, though our native countrymen excell
 In any trade, we like them not so well
 As we do strangers; and (in very deed)
 I think for vain inventions they exceed.

And then, moreover, when we do not want
 Any good wholesome herb, or fruit, or plant,
 That may be necessary, fit or good,
 Either to serve for physic or for food,
 Yet those we slight, as if we did abhor them,
 And send to seek in other kingdoms for them.
 So, while we only make our use of them,
 Our better home-bred simples we contemn.
 Oh, *Vanity!* our country yields enough;
 What need we Grecian or Arabian stuff?
 Why send we for them to those countries thus?
 'Twas planted there for them, and not for us.
 What though it help them of diseases there;
 The climate, yea and our complexions are

So different (for aught that I can gather)
 Here't may not help our griefs, but poison rather.
 That opium which a Turk in safety will
 Devour at once, two Englishmen would kill ;
 And as I've heard experienc'd men to say,
 That which will salve their wounds within a day
 Who of the farthest eastern countries be,
 Will not re-cure an Englishman in three.
 Then sure if we should use that med'cine here,
 It would not help nor cure us in a year.
 Trust me, I think 'tis over-much respecting
 Of foreign drugs, and foolishly neglecting
 Our native simples, is the cause that we
 So little better for our physic be.

Some in their writings praise tobacco much ;
 Perhaps the virtue of it may be such
 As they have said, where first the simple grew ;
 But if it be re-planted here anew,
 From its own soil where nature's hand did place it,
 I dare not with those properties to grace it
 Which there it had ; nor can the virtue bide
 When 'tis transported to our region dried.
 Yet 'tis almost a wonder to behold
 How generally now, both young and old
 Suck on that foreign weed ; for so they use it,
 Or rather, to speak right, so they abuse it
 In too oft taking, that a man would think
 It were more needful than their meat or drink :

But what's their reason? Do not ask them why,
 For neither can they tell you that, nor I,
 Unless't be this,—so they have seen some do,
 And therefore they, forsooth, must use it too.

Nay, wonder not; the sun lights not a nation
 That more affecteth apish imitation,
 Than do we English. Should we some man see
 To wear his doublet where his hose should be,
 Pluck gloves on's feet, & put his hands in's shoes,
 Or wear his rings or jewels on his toes;
 And come so 'tir'd to our English court,
 Attended in some strange prepost'rous sort;
 Some of our courtiers would make much ado,
 But they would get into that fashion too.

For they so idle are, that if they see
 Those that with rhume a little troubled be,
 Wear on their faces a round mastick patch,
 Their fondness I perceive is apt to catch
 That for a fashion; nay, we cannot name
 That thing so full of barbarism and shame
 That they'll not imitate; witness this smoak,
 Which though at first it was enough to choak
 Or stifle up the sense; though 'twere displeasing
 In taste and savour; oftentimes diseasing
 The takers' bodies; yet, like men half mad,
 (Not knowing neither what effect it had)
 Only because a rude and savage nation

Took't for some unknown need, they'll make't a
fashion.

Alas ! what profit, England, at thy need,
Hast thou attain'd to by this Indian weed ?
What ! hath it lengthen'd life, or maintain'd
health,

Or hath it brought thee more increase of wealth ?

It dries superfluous moisture, doth't ? indeed,

Ta'en with discretion it may stand in need ;

And surely it deserves to be excus'd,

Being with honest moderation us'd.

But I greatly wonder what they meant,

That first did take't by way of compliment ;

For now it is as common at each meeting,

As " How'd ye," or " God save ye," for a greeting.

He's no good fellow that's without the pox,

Burnt pipes, tobacco, and his tinder-box.

And therefore, there be some, who scarce abide it,

Yet always will for company provide it ;

With whom (though they alone the same eschew)

They'll take it 'til they spet, and cough, and spue.

Methinks they may as well, since this they'll do,

At all their meetings take purgations too.

There's not a tinker, cobbler, shepherd now,
Or rascal ragamuffin, that knows how
In a blind ale-house to carouse a pot,
Or swagger kindly, if he have it not.

You shall have some among them will not stick
 To swear that they are for tobacco sick ;
 When by their ragged out-sides, you would gather
 It were for want of bread and victuals rather.
 And so I tak't. But now, if you deny
 Th' affecting foreign drugs, a *vanity*,
 Yet you I hope will grant (because 'tis plain)
 The using of *tobacco* thus, is vain :
 I mean in those that daily sit and smoak
 Ale-house and tavern, 'til the windows roake.
 And you must yield, that we now justly may
 E'en as the old verse says, *flos, fœnum, fumus*.

Some vainly much *acquaintance* seek to get,
 And often in a stranger's cause will sweat ;
 Yet these, where their best services are due,
 So much their charity will scarcely shew.

The love of men some labour to attain,
 And they have just the travel for their pain ;
 For what's the favor or the love of men ?
 " A thing long getting, and soon lost again."
 Him I have known, whose company hath seem'd
 In the appearance, to be so esteem'd
 By many, that in show he hath appear'd
 To be more nearly to their souls endear'd
 Than their own blood ; and surely for the time
 He hath been so ; for when he hath departed,
 As if his absence inwardly had smarted,

Out of their eyes, full oft against their will,
 I have seen sorrow look and tears to trill.
 And yet again, hath my experience seen,
 The self-same man that hath so made of been,
 Even of those men hath been so respected,
 After some absence, either much neglected,
 Wholly forgotten, or they so estranged,
 As if their love and good conceit were changed;
 Which having found, I weighed well the end,
 And thought them vain that on the like depend.

Also, methinks, it makes me pretty sport,
 To note the *vainness* of the greater sort;
 How full of congees, courtesies and greetings,
 Embracements, and kind words, they are at
 meetings;
 And oft what memorandums pass between,
 Of great good turns, that ne'er perhaps have been;
 What commendations and joys there be,
 For one another's good prosperity;
 When howsoever they their malice smother,
 They care not what becomes of one another.
 "To see me well, he's glad at heart," one cries,
 When 'tis well known that in his heart he lies.
 Another bids me welcome, to my face,
 When he would leave my presence for my place.
 Yea, and to swear it too, he will not tremble,
 Although he knows I know he doth dissemble.
 Which in my judgment is a vanity

Too full of shameless gross absurdity ;
 And I much wonder men delight to spend
 Time that's so precious, to so little end,
 As to consum't in idle compliment,
 And not so much as to a good intent ;
 Crouching and kneeling, when each peasant
 knows,
 " Much courtesy, much craft," the proverb goes.
 A quality beseeeming men, I deem't,
 Aye, to be courteous, and I much esteem't ;
 Yet sure, without good meaning 'tis unfit,
 And extreme vain, when men are cloy'd with it.

When some man's table's furnished with store
 Of dainties, that a prince can have no more,
 He'll bid you welcome, though that by your cheer
 It doth not (as he'll say himself) appear ;
 And yet he sees and knows well that his board
 Hath what the water, earth and air afford.
 With " Pray ye eat," " I drink t'ye," nay, " Be
 " merry,"
 And such-like words ; I oft have been as weary ;
 To thank, to pledge, and say " I do not spare,"
 As e'er was Sommers of his trotting mare.

I often have observed in our feasts
 A vanity which each free mind detests,
 And this it is ; when any one intends
 For merriment to entertain his friends,

And for them all things needful doth prepare,
 That they may perceive they welcome are;
 He mars the bounty of his loving feast,
 By his ill chusing some untasteful guest;
 For so it often haps he doth invite
 Some lofty statesman, or proud neighbouring
 knight,

Who mars their freedom by his expectation
 Of more than necessary observation :
 And he must be a slave unto that guest,
 Contenting him, though he displease the rest.

This folly is ; were I as he, my board
 Should never entertain the knight or lord,
 In way of feasting, that allow'd not me
 To be as merry and as blith as he ;
 Or that through his disdain would think amiss
 To bear some jests of mine, as I bear his :
 For who but fools would, while their guest is
 baiting,
 Stand with bare heads, like ale-house keepers
 waiting,

(As if they were some strangers, wanted cheering)
 In their own houses, while they, domineering,
 Say what they list? Be therefore rul'd by me ;
 Bid none but equals if you'll merry be,
 At least let them be such as can abide
 To lay superiority aside.

Moreover (if they have the providence

To bid their friends and keep their mar-feasts
thence)

They are too lavish and do much devise
How they the appetite may best suffice ;
But 'tis a sign their understanding's small,
That can afford them no discourse at all ;
It shews a shallow pate and muddy brain
When men have nothing else to entertain
Their friends withal, but whiffs of smoke or
drink,

Or curious fare ; as if that they did think,
They could not show their honest love unless
They did abound in gluttonous excess.

But there be many greedy-guts indeed,
That will find fault unless their cates exceed.
Such Socrates shews how to answer best ;
Who having for his friends prepar'd a feast,
And hearing one to discommend his store,
Told him directly, " Friend, there needs no more ;
" For be they virtuous, here's enough for such ;
" If otherwise (quoth he) there is too much."

A fitter answer we can never find
For such nice gluttons, differing in mind
From certain dear and learned friends of mine ;
Whom, when I late requested had to dine
Or sup with me one night, would not agree,
Unless I dress'd what they appointed me.

"I will," said I, "and not a bit beside."

"Why then," quoth they, "we charge thee to
"provide

"One dish, no more; we love not him that crams;

"And let our second course be epigrams."

So much they found, with more good mirth and
laughing

Than those that had their dainties and their
quaffing.

Who can declare what *vanity* man shews

In hearing and reporting *idle news*?

The foolish tales, and lies that he doth fain,

Are more than any numbers can contain.

And now I think on that same lying evil

(A mischief first invented by the devil)

I cannot chuse but greatly wonder why

Men should delight so in that vanity.

It is not only vicious and base,

But also doth their credits quite deface;

And truth out of their mouths is misesteem'd

Because, oft lying, they are liars deem'd.

I mean not any falsehoods to maintain,

No, though they be officious, or for gain;

Yet worse do like them, who their wits do bend

To coin new tales, unto no other end

But to provide the company some talk,

And 'cause they love to hear their own tongues
walk.

Some I have known (judge of their *vanity*)
 That have told tales to their own infamy,
 And yet untrue ; 'tis like they have small care
 Of others' credits, when they will not spare
 To wrong themselves. Another crew beside
 Among these liars, I have also spied,
 Who, as it may appear, did like so well
 Strange news and matters past belief to tell,
 That notwithstanding they do surely know
 It makes not only modest ears to glow,
 But that 'tis known they lie, yet still they dare
 'Gainst truth, their own and all men's knowledge
 swear ;

Yea, when they may as well, and speak as right,
 Swear that each man is blind and all crows white ;
 Which is a daring and a lewd offence,
 Sprung from a brazen, hellish impudence.

Then there's a number too, that do suppose
 All that beyond their little reason grows
 Is surely false ; and vainly do uphold,
 That all reports which travellers unfold
 Of foreign lands, are lies ; because they see
 No such strange things in their own parish be.
 If that I may not term such fellows *vain*,
 I'll say they're dull, and of a shallow brain ;
 And him I count no wise man that imparts
 To men of such base, misconceiving hearts,
 Any rare matter ; for their brutish wit

Will very quickly wrong both him and it.
 For thus the saying goes, and I hold so,
 "Ignorance only is true wisdom's foe."

Then thou art *vain*, that wilt vouchsafe to spend
 Thy breath with witless people to contend
 In weighty matters, when it is well known
 They'll like of no opinions but their own;
 Ever disabling what thou didst recite,
 Yea, notwithstanding it be ne'er so right;
 And be their own case false, and all amiss,
 They'll prove it true. How? "Because it is."
 So if there be no more wise men in place,
 Thou bear'st the shame, and they'll have all the
 grace.

And yet the mischief hath not there an end;
 For tell me, you that ever did contend
 With such, is not their wayward disputation
 A mere confusion and a strong vexation?
 I know 'tis so, for I myself have try'd it,
 And since that time could never yet abide it.
 But let those follow *vanity*, together
 With pur-blind ignorance, and I'll send thither
 To keep them company, those that take pleasure
 In tedious discourse; they be at leisure:
 And those that love to hear their own tongues
 walk,
 Still seeking opportunity of talk,

Shall not stay from them. Yet I have beheld
 More *vanities*, which must not be conceal'd,—
 As *foolish wishes*. Many a silly ass
 Covets those things that cannot come to pass.
 Another, that in wishing is as heedless,
 Desires some trifling baubles which are needless.
 Nay, I have heard, without regard or shame
 Such beastly wishes, as I blush to name.
 What damn'd infernal curses can each brother,
 In every angry fit, wish one another !
 When such as these, their jesting words, they'll
 make ye,
 “A pox—a pestilence—and a murraine take ye.”
 Which if the LORD should, in his justice, send
 them,
 Their own *vain wishes* would, ere long time, end
 them.

Some free-born men, I have observed too,
 Who are thought wise, yet very vainly do.
 These, as if they lack'd troubles of their own,
 For other men are slaves and drudges grown.
 I tax not such as honestly have stood
 In the maintaining a poor neighbour's good ;
 But rather those who are so out of measure
 Innur'd to be for other men at leisure,
 That they can find almost no time to be
 Employ'd about their own commodity.
 Others there are more knavish, and as vain,

Who seeming careful of another's gain,
 Intrude themselves into their actions ; when
 'Tis not for any good they wish the men,
 But for this cause, and sure for nothing more,
 In each man's boat they love to have an oar.
 'Tis good to look to their affairs, but yet
 I hold it for a *vain* thing, and unfit
 We should be vexed with such extreme care
 In following them, as many times we are ;
 For unto me it seems, the greatest part
 Take business not in hand now, but in heart.
 What mean our wealthy usurers to hoard
 More up for others can they can afford
 Unto themselves ; whereas they do not know
 Whether it shall be for a friend or foe ?
 Sure such, methinks, should be deservedly
 Recorded for their sottish *vanity*.
 Now, as the most of wealth too well do deem,
 So others make thereof too small esteem,
 As of a thing whose use were of no weight ;
 But both are led away with vain conceit.

Then some man's care is, that when this life
 ends,
 He dying, may be buried with his friends ;
 As if he fear'd his foes had not forgotten
 To do him mischief, tho' their bones were rotten.

Others extremely are distempered,

To think what men will do when they are dead ;
 And vainly sit (more wit God one day send !)
 Lamenting what they know not how to mend.

For worthless matters some are wond'rous sad,
 Whom if I call not *vain*, I must term mad ;
 If that their noses bleed some certain drops,
 And then again upon the sudden stops ;
 Or if the babbling fowl we call a jay,
 A squirrel, or a hare but cross the way ;
 Or if the salt fall towards them at table,
 Or any such-like superstitious babble,
 Their mirth is spoil'd, because they hold it true
 That some mischance must thereupon ensue.
 But I do know no little numbers be
 Seduced with this foolish vanity ;
 And questionless, although I discommend it,
 There want not some that stoutly will defend it ;
 But all their proof is only this, I know,
 By daily trial they do find it so :
 Indeed 'tis true, God often by permission,
 To see if they will trust to superstition
 More than to him, doth willingly supply
 What they so look'd for by their augury.

Then some, to be esteemed men of state,
 Of nothing but the *court* affairs do prate ;
 If they but come amongst us countrymen,
 Lord, what magnificoes they will be then !

Yea, though they blow but the king's organ-
bellows,

We must suppose them earls and barons' fellows,
Or else we wrong them. 'Twas my chance to light
In a friend's house, where one of these that night
Took up his lodging ; at the first I deem'd him
A man of some great place, and so esteem'd him ;
And he took me for some soft country gull,
Thinking my wit (as 'tis indeed) but dull ;
But I perceiv'd his pride, I must confess,
And seem'd as if I had a great deal less ;
I made him more fine congees by a score
Than ere he had at court in's life before ;
The "worship" and the "honour" too I gave him,
But from the charge of either I dare save him.
Yet my high terms so pleas'd the courtier's vein,
That up he rips the news of France and Spain,
Of Germany, of Denmark, and of Swede ;
And he had French store, therefore I took heed.
The next he tells me all their life at court,
Relates St. George's shows and Christmas sport,
With such-like talk, which I in shew desir'd,
And (as I ne'er had seen't before) admir'd ;
Which he perceiving, falleth to devise
More strange reports, and tells me sundry lies,
Which still I wonder'd at ; and in his talk
I noted, though his tongue did ever walk,
He never spake of others than the best ;
For earls, and lords, and ladies were the least

I heard him mentioning. When sure the fool
Is but some servant to the groom 'o th' stool.
But howsoever, for this once he passes,
To shew the nature of his fellow asses.

I am afraid 'twill be to little end,
If I should words and precious leisure spend
To tell our gallants what *vain*, frivolous
Discourse they have, and how ridiculous
They are at meetings; I have been for laughter
Often beholding to them a week after;
And trust me, I'll not give a cue so soon
To see an ape, a monkey, or baboon
Play his forc'd tricks, as I would give a tester
To come and view them and their apish gesture,
When they are either frolic in their cans,
Or courting of the light-heel'd courtezans.

They think themselves fine men (I know they
do)
What will they give me, and I'll think so too?
And yet I shall not, sure, do what I can,
They have so little in them that is man;
For my few years have noted many fruits
Produced in fine silks and satin suits,
Worth observation; I could now recite
Their brave behaviour in their mistress' sight;
But sure they'll ne'er endur't, they cannot do't;
Yet if I list now, I could force them to't;

But lo, I spare them; they're beholding to me,
And may, perhaps, as great a favor do me.

But faith! I may not, nor I cannot hold,
To keep in all their *vanities* untold;
At least one humourous trick I must not miss,
Which lately I observ'd, and that was this:

Two lads of late, disposed to be merry,
Met at a town not far from Canterbury;
Where, though their business scarce would let
 them stay,
They'd frolic out a night, and then away.
So there they supp'd and slept; where, I let pass,
To tell their mirth, in what good fashion 'twas;
But, as I heard, the parish clock struck one
Before their merry mad-conceits were done;
And then they went to bed, where I dare say
They'd more devotion to go sleep than pray.
Next morn th' one waking, suddenly upstart,
And lightly girt out such a boist'rous ——,
It wak'd his fellow, who surpriz'd with wonder,
Leap'd up amaz'd, and swore he heard it thunder.
Now whether storm or no there were, 'twas said,
The chamber-pot o'erflow'd and drown'd the bed.
But having pray'd a curse or two, th' one rises,
Then of his business with himself advises,
And thereupon doth, like a careful man,
Swear he will thence with all the speed he can.

“Come, prithee,” quoth he, “and let’s be gone.”

“Yes, yes,” quoth th’ other, “I will come anon.

“Zounds! hark, I think the clock strikes eight.”

“Why, when?”

“O soon enough to break my fast by ten.”

“Then chamberlain,” one calls aloud, “dost

“hear?”

“Come, bring us up a double-jug of beer.”

So either having drank a good carouse,

Down come the gallants to discharge the house.

But taking leave, O what d’ye think they miss’d?

Their hostess, pretty woman, must be kiss’d.

Then up she’s call’d, and in her night attire,

Down claps she on a stool before the fire;

Where having bid her welcome from her nest,

“Come, say,” quoth one, “what wine is’t you

“like best.”

“Truly,” quoth she, “I use to drink no wine,

“Yet your best morning’s draught is muscadine.”

With that the drawer’s call’d to fill a quart,

(O ’tis a wholesome liquor next the heart.)

And having drank it whilst their heads were

steady,

They bad the hostler make their horses ready.

“Nay,” quoth the hostess, “what needs all this

“haste?”

“In faith you shall not go ’til dinner’s past.

“I have a dish prepared for the nones,

“A rich potatoe-pie and marrow-bones;

"Yea, and a bit which, gallants, I protest

"I will not part with unto every guest."

With that the punies laid aside their cloaks,

The glasses walk, and the tobacco smokes,

'Til dinner comes; with which when they are
fraught,

To get on horse-back by and by 'tis naught;

As "having supp'd, 'tis good to walk a mile,

"So after dinner men must sit awhile."

But what! will they sit idle? 'twere a shame,

Reach them the table, they must play a game;

Yet set them by again, for now I think

They know not when to leave; they'll rather
drink

A health or two to some especial friend,

And then in faith they mean to make an end.

Then one calls "Drawer," (he calls "what d'ye
"lack?")

"Rogue, bring us up a gallon more of sack."

When that's turn'd up, zounds, one will drink no
more,

But bids his hostler bring his horse to door.

The fellow might perform it without stay;

For why? they had been bridled up all day.

Then like good husbands, without any words,

Again they buckled on their cloaks and swords;

But stepping out of door, their hostess meets them,

And with a full-fill'd bowl demurely greets them;

This was her pint, but they'll give her the other,

Which drew the third down, and the third another,
 Until these gallants felt their heads so addle,
 Their bodies scarce could sit upright i'th' saddle.
 Then more to settle their unsteady brain,
 They fell to their tobacco once again ;
 At which they suck'd so long, they thought no
 more

On the poor jades which they left tied at door,
 'Til that the sun declin'd unto the west.
 Then starting up, the one swore he thought
 'twere best

That they went thence ; and to his fellow said,
 " Come, we shall be benighted, I'm afraid."
 " What if we be ?" quoth th' other, " by this light
 " I know the time when I have rid all night ;
 " By twelve o'clock I'll be at home, I vow,
 " Yet hostess, by this kiss, I'll sup with you."
 And so they did ; but after supper, th' one
 Hastens the other that they may be gone.
 " Nay, be advised," quoth his copesmate, " hark,
 " Let's stay all night, for it grows pest'lence dark."
 " I marry," quoth the host, " persuaded be,
 " There's many murders now, I promise ye ;
 " I'll bid my servants to shut up the gate,
 " No guests shall go out of my house so late."
 " No, surely," quoth their hostess, " by St. Ann,
 " You may be mischief'd ; stay and save a man."

“ Well, they’ll be rul’d for once ; but swear
 “ they’ll go

“ The following morning ere the cocks do crow ;
 “ In truth, at farthest, ere the day gives light.”

Then having kiss’d their hostess over-night,
 To bed again these roystering youngsters went,
 Forgetting whereto they before were bent :

But when the morn her turn again did take,
 And that it grew high time for them to wake ;

Then up they bustled, and began to lay
 The fault from one to th’ other of their stay.

“ Forthis,” the first said, “ we may thank your sloth.”
 (But I think therein they were guilty both ;)

“ Nay,” quoth the other) “ might you have your
 “ will,

“ You’d drink tobacco, and be quaffing still.”

“ Who, I ?” quoth he, “ I weigh it not two chips,
 “ I could not get you from mine hostess’ lips.”

“ You do me wrong,” saith th’ other, “ for I swear,
 “ I seldom touch’d them ; but you still hung there.”

To bear the burthen he grew discontent,
 And swore he would not drink before he went ;
 But call’d, “ Our horses, ostler, and our wands,
 “ And sirrah ! tapster ! water for our hands.”
 “ Yet,” quoth the other, “ thou’ll be rul’d I think,
 “ Prithee let me intreat thee now to drink
 “ Before thou wash ; our fathers, that were wise,
 “ Were wont to say ’twas wholesome for the eyes.”

" Well, if he drink, a draught shall be the most,
 " That must be spiced with a nut-brown toast."
 And then 'twere good they had a bit beside,
 For they consider'd they had far to ride.
 So he that would not drink a-late for haste,
 Is now content to stay and break his fast :
 Which ere 'twere ended, up their host was got,
 And then the drunkard needs must have his pot,
 And so he had ; but I commend my cozen,
 The cuckolds one can, cost the fools a dozen.

But then perceiving they began to stay,
 Quoth CUTS, " My bullies, hark ye, what d'ye say,
 " Can you this morning on a rasher feed ?"
 " O yes," say they, " that's kingly meat indeed."
 They ask'd it, and they had it ; but this cheer
 Quickly drew down a dozen more of beer ;
 Which being drank, they had got out of town,
 But that their hostess newly was come down ;
 With whom they spent, ere they could get away,
 In kissing and in quaffing half that day.
 And five times, as I heard, they took the pain
 To get on horse-back, and come off again ;
 But at the last, just as the clock struck two,
 They were the sixth time hors'd with much ado.

But then, as 'tis the drunkards use, they sat
 Tippling some hour and a half at gate ;
 So that the night drew on apace, and then

Thither came riding other gentlemen,
And meant to lodge there: they had friendship
shown,

Th'other were stale guests, and their money flown;
Their honest host for all their large expence,
And former kindness, quickly got him thence:
Yea, their sweet hostess that so worthy deem'd
them,

Slunk out of sight, as if she nought esteem'd them.

And as most will that meet with such a crew,
Left them old gulls, to enter league with new;
Who at their parting purpos'd to have kiss'd her,
But were so drunken that they never mist her.
For there they quaff so long, they did not know
Which way, nor whither, nor yet when to go;
That some suppose, yea, and they think so still,
Their horses brought them thence against their
will;

For, if so be their beasts had wanted wit
To come themselves, the fools had been there yet.

If you 'twas made by, read with discontent,
You are to blame; none knows by whom 'twas
meant.

There is no cause you should dislike my rhime,
That learns you wit against another time.
When others are thus vain, could you forbear it,
And note the follies in't, you would forswear it;

And so that those who thus you entertain,
Will flout and use the next as well for gain.

Now, what do you unto these gallants say?
Were they not pretty witty ones, I pray?
It may be they will frown at this to see't,
And I am very sorry for't; but yet
One humour more which I have noted vain,
Here to be told of, they must not disdain.
It may annoy them if they do not mend it,
Yea, notwithstanding they so much defend it.
'Tis this; they too much of their valour vaunt,
And so extremely for vain-glory haunt,
That to procure themselves a valiant name,
Or peradventure one half-hour's fame,
They'll hazard life and limb, yea, soul and all,
Rather than in their bravery they'll let fall
A *vain repute*. O silly, senseless men!
What will the breath of fame avail you, when
You lie in dust, and moulded up in clay?
Perhaps you shall be spoken of a day
In some poor village, where your bodies lie;
To all the earth besides your fame shall die.
And it may be, whereas you look'd for glory,
You shall but serve to make more long the story
Of hair-brain'd fools; and such (howe'er some
deem you,)
Men that have understanding will esteem you.

But yet there is a crew that much annoys
 The common-weal, some call them *roaring boys*;
 London doth harbour many at this time,
 And now I think their order's in the prime
 And flourishing estate. Divers are proud
 To be of that base brotherhood allow'd;
 And reason too; for why? they are indeed
 No common fellows; for they all exceed
 They do so, but in what things are they think ye?
 In *villany*, for these be they will drink ye,
 From morn 'til night, from night 'til morn again,
 Emptying themselves like conduits, and remain
 Ready for more still. Earth drinks not the showers
 Faster than their infernal throat devours
 Wine and strong liquors. These be they will
 swear,
 As if they would the veil of Heaven tear,
 And compel GOD to hear their blasphemy.
 These are the patrons of all villany;
 Whore's champions: deceit and treachery,
 With the most loathsome vice of lechery,
 Is all their practice. Thunder, when it roars,
 Join'd with the raging waves that beat the shores,
 Together with the wind's most rude intrusion,
 Make not a noise more full of mad confusion
 Than do these hell-hounds, where they use to
 house,
 And make their most uncivil rendezvous;
 For a more godless crew there cannot well

Be pick'd out of the boundless pit of hell.
 Yet these base slaves, (whose lewdness I confess
 I cannot find words able to express)
 Are great men's darlings (as some understand)
 The absolutest gallants in this land,
 And only men of spirit of our time ;
 But this opinion's but a vulgar crime ;
 For they which understanding have, see plain,
 That these and all their favorites are *vain*.
 And sure 'twere good if such were forc'd to give
 A strict account by whom, and how they live.

Thus have I brought to light as well's I can,
 Some of the *vanities* I find in man ;
 But I do fear in taking so much pain,
 I have but shown myself to be most vain ;
 Because I have spent time and reprehended
 That which will ne'er the sooner be amended ;
 But yet there's hope it may, and therefore I
 Say thus much more, that this foul *Vanity*
 Consisteth not alone in *words* and *works* :
 It hath ta'en root within, and also lurks
 About the heart ; and if it there be sought,
 I know it also may be found in *thought*.
 And that is it makes one man sit and plot
 What is by traffic with Virginia got ;
 What it may cost to furnish him a fleet,
 That shall with all the Spanish navy meet ;
 Or how he may by art or practice find

A nearer passage to the Eastern-Inde ;
 When as perhaps, poor fool ! besides his coat,
 He is not worth a Portsmouth passage-boat,
 Nor ever means to travel so much sea,
 As from Hith-ferry to Southampton-key.

Another woodcock is as fondly vain,
 And to no purpose doth molest his brain,
 To study if he were a nobleman,
 What kind of carriage would befit him then ;
 How and in what set words he would complain
 Of the *Abuses* that he now sees reign ;
 Where he would make his place of residence,
 How he would keep his house with providence,
 And yet what plenty daily at his door
 Should be distributed unto the poor.
 What certain sheep and oxen should be slain,
 And what provision weekly to maintain
 His lordly port ; how many serving-men
 He meant to keep ; and peradventure then
 What pleasure he will have, what hawks, what
 hounds,
 What game he will preserve about his grounds.
 Or else he falls to cast what profits clear
 His gifts and bribes will come to in a year ;
 How he'll pull off his hat, 'cause people then
 Shall say he is a courteous nobleman.
 Then upon this again he falls to plot,
 How when that he the people's love hath got,

If that the king and all his kindred die,
 And if none may be found that will supply
 The regal office, the respect they bear him,
 Unto that princely dignity may rear him.
 Then doth his thoughts on that estate so feed,
 That he forgetteth what he is indeed.

And if a man could hit so just a time,
 To come upon him when his thought's in prime,
 And give him unawares a sudden knock,
 Conceit his understanding so would lock,
 That I suppose (because it stands with reason)
 He would go near to start, and call out "treason."
 For oftentimes men's hearts are so annoy'd
 With those vain thoughts whereon they are employ'd,
 That for a time they so forgetful grow,
 As what they are or where they do not know.

But now, since you may see there doth remain
 Nothing in man but in some sort is *vain*;
 And since I must be driven to confess
 His vanities are great and numberless,
 I'll go no farther in this large survey,
 For fear discourse should carry me away;
 And peradventure so I may become
 Less pleasing and more tedious unto some;
 Which to avoid, though I no end espy,
 Yet here I end to treat of *Vanity*.

Of INCONSTANCY.

SATIRE II.

YET there's another property in men,
That means to set my muse to work again ;
Inconstancy ; and that no other is
(Unless I understand the same amiss)
But an unsettled humour of the mind,
Which so unstable is, it cannot find
By any study that opinion,
Which long it dares to be resolved on ;
'Tis mere irresolution, and estranging
From what is purpos'd, by a fickle changing.

But since this vice I threaten to detect,
Women, I know, will earnestly expect
To be sore rail'd on ; but I'll gently use them,
Because I see their consciences accuse them ;
And notwithstanding they deserve much blame,
Yet I'll not speak of aught unto their shame.
So they will think I mean them also, when
I treat of the inconstancy of *men* ;
And though their faults I seem not to upbraid,
'Cause nothing is directly of them said,
Yet they, I hope, will ne'er the more disdain
To be thought fickle, proud, and weak, and vain.

But now for man ; whereas I did complain,
 He both in deed, and word, and thought was
 vain ;

So I in this (I see) the like may do,
 Since he in all these is *inconstant* too.
 It is a wond'rous thing, methinks, to see
 How variable all his actions be ;
 He labours now, and's altogether set
 Upon the world, how he much wealth may get ;
 Upon a sudden (then he thinks to mend it)
 He's in a humour and a course to spend it.

Sometime he is consenting with the devil,
 And ready to do any act that's evil ;
 Which he (perhaps) repenting, some divine
 Or heavenly matter doth his thoughts refine,
 So that he is resolv'd to spend that day
 In reading what God's holy Prophets say,
 Which in his mind, it may be, worketh so,
 He leaves it, and will to a sermon go ;
 But by the way a bill he doth espy,
 Which shews there's acted some new comedy ;
 Then thither he is full and wholly bent,
 There's nothing that shall hinder his intent.
 But ere he to the theatre can come,
 He hears, perhaps, the sounding of a drum ;
 Thereat he leaves both stage-play and devotion,
 And will, forsooth, go see some idle motion.
 E'er he gets in his rowling wand'ring eyes,

Behold some fencer prest to play his prize.
 Faith ! then there is no remedy he'll see't ;
 But ere he can get half way o'er the street,
 Some very near acquaintance doth salute him,
 Who for a miser would, perhaps, repute him,
 Unless he kindly offer to bestow
 The wine, or beer at least, before he go.
 Well then, he will, but while they do devise
 What wine to have, perhaps they hear the cries
 And howling which the eager mastiffs make,
 When they behold a bull or bear at stake ;
 O ! on a sudden then they will be gone,
 They'll see that first, and come and drink anon.

But just as he out of the tavern peeps,
 Some gallant lass along before him sweeps ;
 Whose youthful brow, adorn'd with beauty trim,
 And lovely making, doth so ravish him,
 That as if he were bound her to attend,
 He leaves play, fencer, wine, bull, dogs and friend.
 By which we see his mind is always varying,
 And seldom constant on one object tarrying ;
 But still that thing with most desire is sought,
 Which is presented last unto his thought.

One while he likes best of the country sport ;
 Anon prefers the pleasure of the court ;
 Another his mind's travelling to Spain,
 Then unto France, and hither straight again ;

Now he thinks highly of a single life,
 And hates the marriage-bed, as full of strife ;
 And yet e'en in the turning of a hand,
 He's glad to make a jointure of his land,
 And woo with much entreaty to obtain
 That wife which he did but of late disdain.

One while he zealously professeth **CHRIST**,
 Another while becomes an atheist.
 In Turkey he will Mahomet adore ;
 Among the cursed Pagans can implore
 A carved stone : in Rome, he hath profest
 The worship of the antichristian beast ;
 And yet in England here with us he grants
 No sound religion but the Protestant's.

And not alone according to the place,
 Can these Chamelions alter thus their case ;
 But for a shift, themselves they do apply,
 To answer both the time and company.
 Gallants shall find them formal, young men wild,
 Plain men shall think them simple, old men mild ;
 And for the time, with Edward they will be,
 I'll warrant Protestants as well as he :
 And when his sister Mary comes to reign,
 They can be Papists easily again.
 Nay, I do fear me, though we have had teaching,
 And almost threescore years the Gospel's preach-
 ing,

(Unconstant mankind is so prone to ill,
 And to be changing hath so good a will)
 Too many, both of old men and of youth,
 Might soon be drawn for lies to leave the truth.

Let's note it, and it will be strange to see
 What contradictions in our actions be ;
 Sometime that man we do with trophies raise,
 Whom we did but awhile before dispraise ;
 Nor can we alway in one passion keep,
 But often for one thing rejoyce and weep.

Is't not a sign of human fickleness,
 And a true note of our unsettledness,
 When not alone some one, or two, or few,
 But a great number, a selected crew,
 Pick'd out of all estates, and they the wisest,
 The understanding, yea, and the precisest
 Of a whole empire, that when these, I say,
 Have argued *pro and con* from day to day,
 From week to week, to have (perhaps) enacted
 One law or statute, yet when all's compacted
 And every thing seems clearly done and ended,
 Then to have something in't to be amended ?
 Yea, and when this is done, and the records
 Fram'd in the plain'st and most effectual words,
 T'express their meaning, and they think it plain,
 Yet at the next reading 'tis dislik'd again ?
 This year they make a law, repeal't the next,

Then re-enact it, and then change the text;
 Either by taking from, or adding to,
 And so they have an endless work to do.

But some may tell me that thus stands the case,
 They must have both respect to *time* and *place*,
 And that no law devis'd by human wit
 Can be for every place and season fit.
 All which I yield for truth indeed, but then
 We must confess a misery in men,
 That they, Chamelion like, must have a mind
 With every object unto change inclin'd.

I might speak of the changes which I see
 In men's external fortunes also be;
 For this day he hath friends, to-morrow none,
 Now he hath wealth, and in an hour 'tis gone.
 Some in their youth there be have all things store,
 And yet do often live 'til they are poor.
 Again, there's some in youth at beggar's states,
 Become in age to be great potentates.
 Some are of kings made slaves, and kings again,
 Whilst others with the contrary complain;
 For poor Eumenes, of a potter's son,
 By fickle fortune's help a kingdom won,
 Who for him such a diet did provide,
 That shortly after he of hunger died.

I many such examples might infer,
 But that would waste more time and make me err
 From my intent, who purpose to relate
 The fickleness of man, not his estate.
 Moreover, he's a creature knows not how
 To do an act which he shall long allow,
 Or well himself approve; he cannot tell
 What he would have, nor what he would not, well.
 For peradventure he is now content
 To do what he will in an hour repent.
 He does and undoes what he did before,
 Is discontented, and with no man more
 Than with himself. In word he's fickle too,
 For he will promise what he'll never do.
 If that he tell me he will be in Paul's,
 I'll go look for him in the Temple-halls;
 For soonest to that place resort doth he,
 Whereat he says or swears he will not be.

O had there been in words a constant trust,
 I needed not t'have done as now I must;
 I should have had no cause to have bewail'd,
 That which I once thought would have never
 fail'd;
 But since 'tis thus, at nothing more I grieve,
 Than that *unconstant* words made me believe.

Were promises worth trust, what needed then
 Such written contracts between man and man?

And wherefore should they make so much ado
 To have hands, seals, and witness thereunto,
 Unless it be for proofs to make it plain
 Their words are both *inconstant*, false and vain?

To-morrow he will earnestly gainsay
 What stoutly is affirm'd by him to-day;
 Yea, truly he's so wavering and unjust,
 That scarce a word of his deserveth trust;
 But as a creature of all good forlorn,
 Swears what's deni'd, and straight denies what's
 sworn;

That I suppose himself he doth but mock,
 And is more changing than a weathercock.
 For e'en the thought that's likeliest to remain,
 Another that's unlike puts out again.
 Mere appetite (not reason) guides him still,
 Which makes him so *inconstant* in his *will*.
 Had he a suit at first made but of leather,
 And clothes enough to keep away the weather,
 'Twere all his wish; well, so much let us grant,
 And ten to one he something else will want.
 But swears that he for more would never care,
 Than to be able to have cloth to wear;
 Which if he get, then would he very fain
 Reach to have silks, for cloth he thinks too plain.
 And so his wishes seldom would have stay,
 Until that he hath wish'd for all he may.

But though from this infirmity there's no man
 That I can well except, it is so common ;
 Yet surely I most properly may call't
 Or term't to be the common people's fault.
 Think not I wrong them, for if it may not be
 A fault so to digress, you soon should see
 Their nature and condition ; but I hate it ;
 And here in this place I will now relate it.
 Let therefore none condemn me if I break
 My course awhile ; for I of them will speak.
 Something, I say, my muse of them must tell,
 She cannot bear it any farther well ;
 And yet expect not all, for I'll but shew
 Of many hundred-thousand faults a few.

And to be brief ; the vulgar are a rude,
 A strange, inconstant, hare-brain'd multitude ;
 Borne to and fro with every idle passion,
 And by opinion led beside all fashion.
 For novelty they hunt, and to a song
 Or idle tale they'll listen all day long.
 Good things soon tire them, and they ever try
 To all reports how they may add a lie,
 Like that of Scoggins' Crows ; and with them still
 Custom hath borne most sway, and ever will ;
 Or good or bad, what their forefathers do,
 They are resolv'd to put in practice too.

They are seditious, and so given to range
 In their opinions, that they thirst for change ;
 For if their country be turmoil'd with war,
 They think that peace is more commodious far.
 If they be quiet, they would very fain
 Begin to set the wars abroad again.
 I well remember when an Irish press
 Had made a parish but a man the less,
 Lord what a hurley-burley there was then !
 " These wars," say they, " hath cost us many a
 " man,
 " The country is impoverish'd by't, and we
 " Robb'd of our husbands and our children be."
 With many sad complainings. But now peace
 Hath made Bellona's bloody anger cease,
 Their ever-discontented natures grutch,
 And think this happy peace we have too much ;
 Yea, and their wisdoms bear us now in hand,
 That it is war that doth enrich the land.

But what are these ? Not men of any merit,
 That speak it from a bold and daring spirit,
 But lightly some faint-hearted braving momes,
 That rather had be hang'd at their own homes,
 Than for the welfare of the country stay
 The brunt of one pitch'd battle but a day ;
 Or such as would distraught with fear become,
 To hear the thundering of a martial drum.
 They cannot keep a meane (a naughty crime)

Nor ever are contented with the time ;
 But better like the state they have been in,
 Although the present hath the better been.
 E'en as the Jews, that loathing manna, fain
 Would be in Egypt at their flesh again,
 Though they were there in bondage: So do these
 Wish for the world, as in Queen Mary's days,
 With all the blindness and the trumpery
 That was expell'd the land with Popery.
 Why? things were cheap, and 'twas a goodly
 meny

When we had four and twenty eggs a penny ;
 But sure they ate them stale for want of wit,
 And that hath made them addle-headed yet.

Then this, moreover, I have in them seen,
 They always to the good have envious been ;
 Middle men they reckon fools, and do uphold
 Him to be valiant that is over-bold ;
 When he, with wise men, is and ever was,
 Counted no better than a desperate ass.
 He that doth trust unto their love shall find
 'Tis more unconstant than the wavering wind ;
 Which since my time a man, that many knew,
 Relying on it, at his death found true.

Then they have oft unthankfully withstood
 Those that have labor'd for the common good ;
 And being basely minded, evermore

Seek less the public than their private store.
 Moreover, such a prince as yet was never
 Of whom the people could speak well of ever;
 Nor can a man a governor invent them,
 How good soever, that should long content them.
 Their honesty, as I do plainly find,
 Is not the disposition of their mind;
 But they are forc'd unto the same through fear,
 As in those villains it may well appear,
 Who having found some vile, ungodly cause,
 If there be any means to wrest the laws
 By tricks or shifts, to make the matter go
 As they would have it, all is well enough;
 Although the wrong and injury they proffer
 Be too apparent for a Jew to offer.

They know not justice, and oft causeless hate;
 Or where they should not, are compassionate.
 As at an execution I have seen,
 Where malefactors have rewarded been,
 According to desert, before they know
 If the accused guilty be or no;
 They on report, this hasty censure give,
 He is a villain, and unfit to live.
 But when that he is once arraign'd, and found
 Guilty by law, and worthily led bound
 Unto the scaffold, then they do relent
 And pity his deserved punishment.

Those that will now brave gallant men be
deem'd,

And with the common people be esteem'd,
Let them turn hacksters ; as they walk the street,
Quarrel and fight with every one they meet,
Learn a Welsh song to scoff the British blood,
Or break a jest on Scotchmen, that's as good ;
Or if they would that fools should highly prize
them,

They should be jugglers, if I might advise them.
But if they want such feats to make them glo-
rious,

By making ballads they shall grow notorious.

Yet this is nothing, if they look for fame

And mean to have an everlasting name

Amongst the vulgar, let them seek for gain

With Ward, the pirate, on the boisterous main ;

Or else well mounted, keep themselves on land,

And bid our wealthy travellers to stand

Emptying their full-cramm'd bags ; for they'll
not stick

To speak in honor still of Cutting Dick.

But some may tell me, though that it be such,
It doth not go against their conscience much ;

And though there's boldness shown in such a case,
Yet Tyburn is a scurvy dying-place.

No, 'tis their credit, for the people then

Will say, 'tis pity, they were proper men,

And with a thousand such-like humours, naught
I do perceive the common people fraught.

Then by the opinion of some, it seems,
How much the vulgar sort of men esteems
Of art and learning. Certain neighbouring swains
(That think none wise men but whose wisdom
gains,

Where knowledge, be it moral or divine,
Is valued as an orient pearl with swine)
Meeting me in an evening in my walk,
Being gone past me, thus began to talk :—
First, an old chuff, whose roof I dare be bold,
Hath bacon hangs in't above five years old,
Said, "That's his zonne that's owner of the grounds
That on these pleasant beechy mountaine bounds ;
D'ye marke me, neighbors ? This zame yong
man's vather

(Had a bin my zon, chad a hang'd him rather)
As soone as he perceiv'd the little voole
Could creepe about the house, putten to schoole ;
Whither he went, not now and then a spurt,
As't had been good to keepe him from the durt,
Nor yet at leisure times (that's my zonne's stint)
Vor then indeed there had bin reason in't ;
But for continuance, and beyond all zesse,
A held him too't sixe days a weeke, no lesse ;
That, by St. Anne, it was a great presumption,
It brought him not his end with a consumption.

And then besides, he was not so content
 To putten there, whereas our childers went,
 (To learn the horne-booke and the a-b-c through)
 No, that he thought not learning halfe enough;
 But he must seek the countrey all about,
 Where he might find a better teacher out.
 And then he buyes him (now a pips befall it)
 A vlapping booke, (I know not what they call it)
 'Tis latine all, and thus begins;—in speech,
 (And that's in English) boy, beware your breech.

One day my Dicke a leafe on't with him brought,
 (Which he out of his fellow's booke had raught)
 And to his mother and myselfe did reade it;
 But we indeed did so extremely dread it,
 We gave him charge no more thereon to looke,
 Vor veare it had been of a conjuring booke.
 But if you think I jest, goe aske my wife
 If e'er she heard such gibbrish in her life.

But when he yong had con'd the same by hart,
 And of a meny moe the better part,
 He went to Oxford, where he did remaine
 Some certaine yeers, whence he's return'd again.
 Now who can tell (it in my stomacke stickes)
 And I doe veare he hath some Oxford trickes;
 But if't be zo, would he ne'er come hither,
 Vor we shall still be sure of blustering weather.
 To what end else is all his vather's cost?

Th' one's charges and t'other's labour's lost.
 I warrant he so long a learning went
 That he almost a brother's portion spent;
 And now it nought availes him. By this holly
 I thinke all learning in the world a folly;
 And them I take to be the veriest vooles,
 That all their life-time do frequent the schooles.

Go aske him now, and see if all his wits
 Can tell you when a barley season hits;
 When meddowes must be left to spring, when
 mowne;
 When wheat, or tares, or rye, or pease be sowne:
 He knows it not, nor when 'tis meet to fold,
 How to manure the ground that's wet and cold,
 What lands are fit for pasture, what for corne,
 Or how to hearten what is over-worne.

Nay, he scarce knows a gelding from a mare,
 A barrow from a zow, nor takes the care
 Of such-like things as these. He knowes not
 whether

There be a difference 'twixt the ewe and wether.
 Can he resolve you (no, nor many more)
 If coves do want their upper teeth before?
 Nay, I durst pawne a groat he cannot tell
 How many legs a sheepe hath very well.
 Is't not a wise man, think ye? By the masse,
 Cham glad at heart my zonne's not zuch an asse;

Why he can tell already all this geare,
As well almost as any of us heere.

And neighbours, yet I'll tell you more; my
Dick

Hath very pretty skill in arsemetricke;
Can cast account, write's name, and Dunce's
daughter

Taught him to spell the hardest words i'th' zauter,
And yet this boy, I warrant you, knows how
As well as you or I, to hold the plow.

And this I noted in the urchin ever,
Bid him to take a booke, he had as lether
All day have drawn a harrow; truth is so,
I lik'd it well, although I made no show;
For to my comfort, I did plainly see,
That he hereafter would not bookish be.

Then when that having nought at home to doe,
I sometime forc'd him to the schoole to goe,
You would have griev'd in heart to hear him
whine;

And then how glad he was to keepe the swine,
I yet remember; and what tricks the mome
Would have invented to but stay at home,
You would have wonder'd. But 'tis such another,
A has a wit for all the world like's mother.
Yet once a month, although it greeves him than,
He'll look you in a book do what ye can;

That mother, sister, brother, all we foure
 Can scarce perswade him from't in halfe an houre.
 But oft I think he does it more of spight
 To anger us, than any true delight;
 Vor why? his mother thinks as others doe,
 (And I am half of that opinion too)
 Although a little learning be not bad,
 Those that are bookish are the soonest mad;
 And therefore, sith much wit makes vooles of
 many,
 Chill take an order, mine shall ne'er have any."

" By'r Lady, you're the wiser, (quoth the rest)
 The course you take, in our conceit's the best;
 Your zonne may live in any place i'th' land
 By his industrious and laborious hand;
 Whilst he (but that his parents are his stay)
 Hath not the means to keep himself a day.
 His study to our sight no pleasure gives,
 Nor means, nor profit, and thereby he lives
 So little thing the better, none needs doubt it,
 He might have been a happier man without it;
 For though he now can speak a little better,
 It is not words, you know, will free the debtor."

Thus some, whose speeches shew well what
 they be,
 For want of matter, fell to talk of me;
 Of whom, though something they have said be
 true,

Yet since instead of giving art her due,
 They have disgrac'd it. Notwithstanding, I
 Have not the knowledge that these dolts envy,
 Or can so much without incurring blame,
 As take unto myself a scholar's name;
 Yet now my reputation here to save,
 (Since I must make account of what I have)
 I'll let you know, though they so lightly deem it,
 What gain's in knowledge, and how I esteem it.

As often as I call to mind the bliss
 That in my little knowledge heaped is;
 The many comforts, of all which the least
 More joys my heart than can be well express'd;
 How happy then, think I, are they whose souls
 More wisdom by a thousand part inrouls;
 Whose understanding hearts are so divine,
 They can perceive a million more than mine?
 Such have content indeed. And who that's man,
 And should know reason, is so senseless then
 To spurn at knowledge, art, or learning, when
 That only shews they are the race of men?
 And what may I then of those peasants deem,
 Which do of wisdom make so small esteem;
 But that, indeed, such blockish senseless logs,
 Sprang from those clowns Latona turn'd to frogs?
 Alas! suppose they, nothing can be got
 By precious stones, 'cause swine esteem them not;
 Or do they think, because they cannot use it,
 That those that may have knowledge will refuse it?

Well, if these shallow coxcombs can contain
 A reason when 'tis told them, I'll explain
 How that same little knowledge I have got,
 Much pleasures me, though they perceive it not.
 For first, thereby though none can here attain
 For to renew their first estate again,
 A part revives, although it be but small,
 Of that I lost by my first father's fall ;
 And makes me Man, which was before, at least,
 As hapless, if not more, than is the beast,
 That reason wants ; for his condition still,
 Remains according to his Maker's will.
 They never dream of that ; and then by this,
 I find what godly, and what evil is ;
 That knowing both, I may the best ensue,
 And as I ought, the worser part eschew.
 Then I have learnt to count that dross but vain,
 For which such boors consume themselves with
 pain.

I can endure all discontentments, crosses,
 Be jovial in my want, and smile at losses ;
 Keep under passions, stop those insurrections
 Rais'd in my microcosmus by affections ;
 Be nothing grieved for adversity,
 Nor ne'er the prouder for prosperity.
 How to respect my friends, I partly know,
 And in like manner how to use my foe :
 I can see others lay their souls to pawn,
 Look upon great men, and yet scorn to fawn,

Am still content; and dare, whilst God gives
grace,

E'en look my grimpest fortunes in the face.

I fear men's censures as the charcoal sparks,

Or as I do a toothless dog that barks;

The one frights children, th' other threats to burn,

But sparks will die, and brawling curs return.

Yea, I have learn'd that still my care shall be

A rush for him, that cares a straw for me.

Now what would men have more? Are these no
pleasures,

Or do they not deserve the name of treasures?

Sure yes; and he that hath good learning store,

Shall find these in't, besides a thousand more.

O! but our chuffs think these delights but
coarse,

If we compare them to their hobby-horse;

And they believe not any pleasure can

Make them so merry as Maid-marian.

Nor is the lawyer prouder of his fee,

Than these will of a cuckow lordship be;

Though their sweet ladies make them fatter that,

Some other at their whitsun-ales begat:

But he whose carriage is of so good note

To be thought worthy of their lord's fool's coat,

That's a great credit; for because that he

Is ever thought the wisest man to be.

But as there's virtue where the devil's precisest,
 So there's much knowledge where a fool's the
 wisest.

But what mean I? Let earth content these moles,
 And their high'st pleasure be their summer-poles;
 Round which I leave their masterships to dance,
 And much good do't them with their ignorance:
 So this I hope will well enough declare,
 How rude these vulgar sort of people are.

But hereupon there's some may question make,
 Whether I only for the vulgar take
 Such men as these; to whom I answer, no:
 For let them hereby understand and know,
 I do not mean these meaner sort alone,
 Tradesmen, or labourers; but every one,
 Be he esquire, knight, baron, earl, or more;
 For if he have not learn'd of virtues lore,
 But follows vulgar passions; then e'en he,
 Amongst the vulgar shall for one man be.
 And that poor groom whom he thinks should
 adore him,
 Shall for his virtue be preferr'd before him;
 For though the world doth such men much
 despise,
 They seem most noble in a wise man's eyes.

And notwithstanding some do noblest deem
 Such as are sprung of great and high esteem,
 And those to whom the country doth afford
 The title of a marquis, or a lord;
 Though 'twere atchieved by their father's merits,
 And they themselves men but of dunghill spirits;
 Cowards or fools, and such as ever be
 Prating or boasting of their pedigree,
 When they are nothing but a blot or shame,
 Unto the noble house from whence they came :
 Yet these, I say, unless that they have wit
 To guide the common-wealth, as it is fit
 They should, and as their good fore-fathers did,
 How ere their faults may seem by greatness hid,
 They shall appear ; and that poor yeoman's son,
 Whose proper virtue hath true honour won,
 Preferred be ; for though nobility
 That comes by birth, hath most antiquity ;
 And though the greater sort, befooled, shall
 That new-enobled man an upstart call,
 Yet him most honor I, whose nobleness
 By virtue comes ; yea such men's worthiness
 Most ancient is : for that is just the same,
 By which all great men first obtain'd their fame.
 I therefore hope 'twill not offend the court,
 That I count some there with the vulgar sort,
 And out-set others ; though some think me bold,
 That this opinion I presume to hold.

But shall I care what others think or say ?
 There is a path besides the beaten way ;
 Yea, and a safer—for here's CHRIST's instruction ;
 The broadest way leads soonest to destruction.
 And truly no opinions deceive
 Sooner than those the vulgar sort receive ;
 And therefore, he that would indeed be wise,
 Must learn their rude conditions to despise,
 And shun their presence ; for we have been taught,
 Diseases in a press are quickly caught,

Now, satire, leave them till another time,
 And spare to scourge the vulgar with thy rhyme :
 If any think thou hast digress'd too long,
 They may pass over this, and do no wrong.

But in my former matter to proceed :—
 Who, (being of man's race,) is so much freed
 From fickleness, that he is sure to find
 Himself to-morrow in that very mind
 He's in to-day ; though he not only know
 No reason wherefore he should not be so ;
 But also though he plainly do perceive
 Much cause, he should not that opinion leave.
 If no man find it so, who justly can
 Be forced to rely, or trust in man ;
 Whose thoughts are changing, and so oft amiss,
 That by himself, himself deceived is?

Who is so sottish, as to build salvation
 On such a feeble tottering foundation
 As man ? Who is't that having a respect
 To his soul's safety, will so much neglect
 That precious assurance, as to lay
 His confidence on that false piece of clay ;
 Which being fickle, merits far less trust
 Than letters written in the sand or dust ?
 Do they not see those, they have soundest deem'd,
 And for their constant writers long esteem'd,
 All wavering in assertions ? Yea, but look,
 And you shall find in one and the same book,
 Such contradiction in opinion,
 As shews their thoughts are scarce at union.

Where find you him that dares be absolute,
 Or always in his sayings resolute ?
 There's none ; I by mine own experience speak,
 Who have a feeling that we men are weak :
 Whereon much musing, makes me inly mourn,
 And grieve almost that I a man was born ;
 Yet hereupon I do desire, that no man
 Would gather that I long to be a woman.

Alas ! how often had I good intendments,
 And with my whole heart vow'd and swore amend-
 ments ;
 Yea, purpos'd that, wherein I once thought never
 Unconstancy should let me to persever ?

And yet for all my purpose and my vow,
I am oft alter'd ere myself knows how.

But therefore, since it is not I alone,
Or any certain number, that is known
To be unstable, but e'en all that be ;
Since none, I say, is from this frailty free,
Let us confess it all, and all implore
Our ne'er repenting GOD, that evermore
Remains the same, we may be, as we ought,
More certain both in word, & deed, and thought :
That he will keep us from *inconstancy*,
Yea, from all damned, lewd apostacy ;
And howsoever our affections change,
And we in slight opinions hap to range,
Yet pray his truth in us be so engraved,
That biding to the end, we may be saved.

Of *WEAKNESS*.

SATIRE III.

BUT O look here ! for I have surely found
The main chief root, the very spring and ground
Of our *inconstancy* ; it is not chance
That so disables our perseverance ;
But a base *Weakness*, which to term aright,
Is merely a privation of our might,
Or a detraction from that little power
Which should be in those limbs and minds of our.
We boast of strength, but tell me, can our days
Afford a Milo or an Hercules ?
Can all the world (and that is large enough)
A match for Hector or Achilles show ?
Have we a champion strong enough to wield
His buckler, or Sir Ajax seven-fold shield ?
I think we have not ; but I durst so grant,
There be some living shall with Ajax vaunt.

Nay, now in these days it's doubted much,
Whether that any former age had such
As these fore-nam'd ; but indeed our faith
Binds us to credit, that as scripture saith ;

There was a Sampson, who could fright whole
hosts,

And rend down Gaza's barred gates and posts,
Whose mighty arms, unarm'd, could bring to
pass,

E'en with a rotten jaw bone of an ass,
A thousand's ruin; and yet 'twill be long
E'er he shall thereby prove that man is strong.
For first, the strength he seem'd to have, was
known

To be the Spirit of God, and not his own;
And then his proper weakness did appear,
When after his brave act he had well near
Been dead for thirst; whereas, if he in spite
Of nature, had been able by his might
Out of that little boney rock to wring,
To quench his present thirst, some flowing spring,
As did a stronger One; or if his power
Could have compell'd the melting clouds to
shower

For present need, such plenteous drops of rain,
He might have had no reason to complain,
Or crave more aid. Sure then, we might at length
Suppose, that men had in themselves a strength,
But ne'er 'til then. He's mighty, that can make
The Heavens, earth, and hell, with's breath to
shake;

That in his sphere the sun's swift course can stop,
And Atlas with his burthen under-prop;

He that with ease this massy globe can roll,
 And wrap up Heaven like a parchment scroll;
 He that for no disease nor pain will droop,
 Nor unto any plague infernal stoop;
 He that can meat and drink and sleep refrain,
 Or hath the power to die and rise again:
 HE's strong indeed; but he that can but tear
 Or rend in two a lion or a bear,
 Or do some such-like act, and then go lie,
 Himself o'ercome by some infirmity;
 Howe'er with vaunts he seems his deeds to grace,
 He is both miserable, weak and base.

What creature is there born so weak as man,
 And so unable? Tell me, he that can.
 Or (if that they could number'd be by any)
 Count his diseases, and what hath so many?
 Or else what creature is there, if he be
 In bone and flesh of the same quantity,
 So frail as man; or that can worse sustain
 Hunger or thirst, or cold, or heat, or pain?
 Sure none; and yet in histories we find,
 'Til luxury had weaken'd thus mankind,
 They were much stronger, could endure the heat,
 Travel a long time without drink or meat,
 And their best dainty was no costlier thing
 Than a wild root or water from the spring.
 With what small commons nature was content;
 Yea, in our climate people naked went,

And yet no question, felt as little cold
 As we wrapp'd up in half a dozen fold.
 They had no waistcoats, night-caps for their
 heads,

Nor downy pillows, nor soft feather beds;
 They scorn'd as much to have such things about
 them,

As we in this age scorn to be without them;
 Their heads some stone bare up, their brawny
 sides

With ease the hardness of the earth abides,
 Gluttonous fare, that so the palate pleases,
 Ne'er fill'd their bodies full of foul diseases;
 Nor any pleasing liquors with excess,
 Made them grow weak through beastly drunken-
 ness.

No lust-provoking meats made them unchaste,
 Nor unto carnal copulation haste;
 For I am in the mind they ne'er requir'd it,
 'Til nature, come to her full strength, desir'd it;
 And that is it alone which made them be
 More stout, more strong, and braver men than we.
 It was a noble care in them indeed; but how
 Are we become such dwarfs and pigmies now;
 How are our limbs so weak and feeble grown?
 I think I need not tell it, 'tis well known;
 Nice tender breeding, which we well might spare,
 Much drunkenness, and our luxurious fare;
 Which adds not strength, as some do vainly say,

But rather takes both strength and health away?
 Yet chiefly this same imbecility
 Comes by too soon and frequent venery.

A beardless boy now cannot keep his bed,
 Unless that he be of his night-geer sped;
 And many giglets I have married seen,
 E'er they, forsooth, could reach *eleventeen*.
 Nay, 'tis no wonder we are grown so weak,
 For now they're matching brats ere they can
 speak;

And though we yet say that the men are stronger,
 Yet he, I think, that lives but so much longer,
 The revolution of an age to see,
 Will say that men the weaker vessels be.
 But now our strength of body, which indeed,
 Deserves no more respect than doth a reed,
 Is not the strength of which I meant to speak,
 For we are yet another way too weak.
 Our minds have lost their magnanimity,
 And are so feeble through infirmity,
 That either to be resolute we care not,
 Or else because of some base fear we dare not.

Where can we almost find a man so hardy,
 Who through his weakness is not sometime tardy
 To speak the truth, or to declare his mind,
 Though he do many just occasions find?
 He'll wink at's friend's offence, & pass it blindly,

Lest, peradventure, he should take't unkindly.
 And if it be a great man that offends,
 Shew me but him that boldly reprehends,
 And I'll admire him. Nay, we'll rather now
 Bend our endeavor, and our study how
 To sooth and fawn; or to their lewdness tell
 That all they do (be't ne'er so bad) is well.
 Their very looks and presence we so fear,
 As if that they some monstrous Cyclops were;
 Which makes them worse. But howsoe'er they
 trust

Unto their might, I'll tell them (for I must)
 Although they threaten and can slanders make
 Of just reproofs, my heart shall never quake
 T'inform their honors, thus 'tis censur'd by men,
 If they be great ones, *tanto majus crimen*.

One knows the truth, but dares not to defend it,
 Because he hears another discommend it;
 Yea, divers follow virtue's ways but coldly,
 Because they dare not do a good thing boldly.
 And do we not perceive that many a man,
 Fearing to be entitled Puritan,
 Simply neglects the means of his salvation,
 Much hazarding thereby his soul's damnation?

Some cannot well endure this or that;
 Others, distemper'd with I know not what,
 Shew an exceeding frailty; few can brook

With any patience, that men should look
 Into their actions, and though they should love
 them,
 They rather hate them for't, than do reprove
 them.

Is there a man so strong that he forbears
 Choler or envy, when by chance he hears
 Himself revil'd, reproached and disgrac'd?
 If there be such an one, he shall be plac'd
 Amongst the worthies, with the foremost three,
 For in my judgment none more worthy be
 To have renown for strength, than those that can
 On their rebellious passions play the man.

This *weakness* I do also find in men,
 They know not their own happiness till then
 When they have lost it; and they do esteem
 Men for their wealth, and do them blessed deem
 That are most rich, supposing no man more
 Accursed or unhappy than the poor.

Some basely do condemn each strange report
 To be untrue, because it doth not sort
 With their weak reasons. Some again will be
 Astonished at every novelty;
 But too much wondering doth discover plain,
 Where ignorance and frailty doth remain.

Is it not *weakness*, when some petty losses,
 Some hinderance in preferment, or such crosses,
 Shall make men grieve? Is it not *weakness*, when
 Adversity shall so disquiet men,
 That they should not with patience sustain,
 Or undergo a little cross and pain?
 Yes questionless it is; for were they strong,
 They would so arm themselves 'gainst grief and
 wrong,
 That no disastrous or ill hap should fright them,
 Though fortune did the worst she could to slight
 them :
 Nor would they those, as the unworthiest deem,
 To whom dame fortune doth most froward seem ;
 But rather such as all their life-time be
 In quiet state, and from disturbance free ;
 For she oft gives what their base longing craves,
 Because she scorns to vex dejected slaves.

I have known brave men, brave at least in show
 And in this age now that is brave enough ;
 That in appearance for brave champions past,
 And yet have basely yielded at the last.

Besides, there's many who thought scorn to
 droop
 By fortunes power, have been made to stoop,
 And with discredit shamefully left undone
 What they with honour at the first begun ;

And their weak hearts (which frailty I much hate)
Dejected, have grown base with their estate ;
Whereas, methinks, the mind should never be
Subject to fortunes frowns nor tyranny.

But here, through *weakness*, some offence may
take,

That I of fortune should recital make ;
For they by fortune say there's nothing done,
But all things are both ended and begun
By God's appointment. I confess indeed
That he knows all, and all hath fore-decreed ;
In the respect of whom, I cannot say
Aught comes by chance ; respecting us, I may.

So they are answer'd ; but how can men be
So over-borne with this infirmity,
As those who are in every matter led
By parasites and apes ; where is their head ?
I mean their will, their reason, and their sense ;
What is become of their intelligence ?
How is't that they have such a partial care,
They can judge nothing true, but what they hear
Come from the tongue of some sly sycophant,
But for because they strength of judgment want ?

Those that themselves to flatteries enure,
I have perceived basely to endure
Too plainly to be soothed, mock'd, and flouted,

Made coxcombs to their faces ; yet not doubted
That they were highly reverenc'd, respected,
And by those fawning parasites affected.
And why forsooth, they often hear them prate
In commendation of their happy state ;
Yes, and they tell them that they virtuous be,
Wise, courteous, strong, and beautiful to see ;
When if the eye of reason were not lock'd,
They plainly might perceive that they were
mock'd ;
For what is't else, when they are prais'd for many
Goodly conditions, that had never any ?

This frailty also merits to be blam'd,
When fearful of reproach we are asham'd
Our ignorance in those things to explain,
Wherein 'twere fit more knowledge to attain.
'Tis *weakness* also, when a bargain's bought,
Then to dispraise the pennyworth, as nought;
And tell what might have been, or fondly prate
Of counsel, when he sees it is too late.

Nor is it any less, to seek to stay
Him that we know doth hasten on his way ;
Or be importunate for that which will
Be nothing for our good, yet others ill. .
Also to be afraid for to gain-say
What men do know untrue, or to delay
The right of any matter to declare,

Because they fear they unbeliev'd are;
 For notwithstanding truth doth oft bring blame,
 It may be freely spoken without shame.

Divers more ways, of which I needs must
 speak,

There's many men do shew themselves but weak.
 In some but lately I observed this,
 And must needs say their nature evil is;
 If friends to them have any kindness shewn,
 Or entertainments willingly bestown,
 That they confess they are indebted for it;
 Yet such is their condition (I abhor it)
 If then those friends do hap to take the pain,
 To come sometime and visit them again
 In mere good will, because these great ones see
 They cannot then so well provided be
 To bid them welcome as their loves require,
 (Though more than love their loves did ne'er de-
 sire)

A foolish name so blinds them, that they shall
 (For giving them too much) have nought at all;
 Yea, for because they want excessive fare,
 Or some such things, for which their friends ne'er
 care,

(Though by their will it otherwise had been)
 They neither will be known at home, nor seen;
 Which doth not only shew impiety,
 But hindereth love, and bars society.

Yet now the greatest weakness that I find
 To be in man, is ignorance of mind ;
 It makes a poor man he's scarce good for aught,
 If rich men have it they are worse than nought ;
 For having riches store, and wanting might
 Or strength of mind to use the same aright ;
 'Tis arrogance's and ambition's fuel ;
 It makes them covetous, inconstant, cruel,
 Intemperate, unjust, and wond'rous heady ;
 Yea, in their actions rude, and so unsteady,
 They cannot follow any sound direction,
 But are still carried with a wild affection :
 This is their nature (it is quickly noted)
 If they to honor be by hap promoted,
 Then they grow insolent beyond all reason,
 Apt for ambition, quarrels, murders, treason,
 Or any villany that follows those
 Who do the sum of happiness repose
 In worldly glory : but if fortune frown,
 And from her fickle wheel once cast them down,
 Then their dejected hearts again grow base,
 They are impatient of their present case,
 Rave or run mad, and can do nought, poor elves !
 Unless it be go hang or drown themselves.

Moreover, the same weakness that proceeds
 From ignorance, this mischief also breeds ;
 It makes men well conceited of their will,
 Which they will follow be it ne'er so ill ;

And they think all things must needs fall out bad
 Wherein their wise advice must not be had.
 But here's the hell ; to them all counsel's vain,
 'Cause they all others wisdom do disdain,
 And wholly on their own devices rest,
 As men persuaded that their own are best.

But as all such are weak, e'en so I say
 Is every one that rashly doth repay
 Vengeance in anger ; or that's male-content
 Oft, or oft moved and impatient ;
 Or those that judge of counsels by th'event ;
 Or that persuade themselves, if their intent
 Be good and honest, that it doth not skill
 Although the matter of itself be ill ;
 Which were it true, then David might complain,
 That Uzzah for his good intent was slain.

Others again, think superstitious rites
 To be the service wherein God delights ;
 But since I'm forc'd my mind of them to speak,
 I must needs say their judgments are but weak.
 The like I must of them who disesteem
 All former customs, and do only deem
 Their own praiseworthy ; as also such as do
 Think those things best they cannot reach unto.
 Yet in the vulgar this weak humour's bred,
 They'll sooner be with idle customs led,
 Or fond opinions (such as they have store)
 Than learn of reason or of virtue's lore.

We think that we are strong ; but what, alas,
 Is there that our great might can bring to pass,
 Since though we thereto bend e'en all our will,
 We neither can do good nor wholly ill?
 God gives us needful blessings for to use them,
 Which wanting power to do, we oft abuse them.

Some hold them wise and virtuous that possess
 An heremital solitariness,
 But it proceeds from imbecility,
 And for because, through non-ability,
 'Those things they cannot well endure to do,
 Which they indeed should be inur'd unto.
 Beside, they wrong their country and their friends,
 " For man," saith Tully, " 's born to other ends,
 " Than for to please himself: a part to have
 " The common-wealth doth look, and parents
 " crave
 " A part ; so do his friends." Then deals he well,
 That closely mew'd up in a careless cell,
 Keeps all himself ; and for a little ease,
 Can in his conscience find to rob all these ?
 I say he's *weak*, and so again I must,
 But add withal, he's slothful and unjust.

Then as he's vain, that precious time doth spend
 In fond and idle pleasure, to no end ;
 So are those weak, that with contempt disdain
 All pleasure and delight on earth as vain.

And though they would be zealous thought, and
wise,

I shall but count them foolishly precise ;
For man hath cares, and pleasures mix'd with all
Are needful, yea, both just and natural.
We are no angels, that our re-creation
Consist should only in mere contemplation ;
But we have bodies too, of whose due pleasure
The souls must find some times to be at leisure,
For to participate ; but in this kind,
Though some find fault, we are not much be-
hind.

Then 'tis through human weakness, when that
we

Of a good turn will soon forgetful be ;
And readier to revenge a small offence
Than for that good to make a recompence.
And so 'tis also when that we eschew
Or shun them, unto whom from us is due
Both love and money : this, because their own ;
Th'other, 'cause friendship at our need was shown.
But 'tis well seen, there's many so abhor
To be in presence with their creditor,
That (thankless elves !) though he be still their
friend,
They rather would desire to see his end.

He's weak too, that's not able to withstand
 Any unlawful or unjust demand;
 As well as he that knows not to deny
 Serving-men's kindness or pot-curtisie.

Some simple fellows, 'cause that silken fools
 (Who had their bringing up in Bacchus' schools)
 In shew of love but deign to drink unto them,
 Think presently they such a favor do them,
 That though they feel their stomach well-nigh
 sick,
 Yet if to pledge these kind ones they should stick,
 Or for a draught or two or three refuse them,
 They think in conscience they should much abuse
 them.

Nay, there be some, and wise men you would
 think,
 That are not able to refuse their drink,
 Through this their weakness, though that they be
 sure
 'Tis more than their weak stomachs can endure.
 And why? O 'tis the health of some great peer,
 His master's, or his friend's be counteth dear.
 What then? If so the party virtuous be,
 He'll not esteem of such a foolery;
 If not, whoe'er it be, this is my mind still,
 A straw for's love, his friendship or good will.

Some muse to see those that have knowledge
 gain'd,
 And to degrees of art in schools attain'd,
 Should have opinions stuff'd with heresy,
 And in their actions such simplicity
 As many have. At first, without a pause,
 As mere a boy as I, may tell the cause;
 Is't not the reason their acquir'd parts
 And knowledge they have reach'd unto by arts,
 Is grown a match too great and far unfit
 For to be joined with their natural wit?
 'Tis so; and they instead of rightful using,
 Draw from their learning errors by abusing.
 Plain reason shews, and every man that's wise
 Knows, though that learning be a dainty prize,
 Yet if that fate with such a weakling place it,
 Who hath no helps of nature for to grace it,
 Or one whose proper knowledge is so small,
 He is beholding to his book for all,
 It only breeds (unless it be some treasons)
 Crippled opinions and prodigious reasons;
 Which being favor'd, bring, in the conclusion,
 Public dissensions or their own confusion.
 For I may liken learning to a shield,
 With a strong armour, lying in a field
 Ready for any man that has the wit
 To take it up, and arm himself with it.
 Now if he be a man of strength and might,
 That happens on that furniture to light,

He may do wonders ; as offend his foe,
 And keep himself and his from overthrow ;
 But if a weak and feeble man should take
 These instruments of Mars, what would they make
 For his advantage ? Surely I should gather
 They would go near to overthrow him rather.
 For they would load him so, a man more strong,
 Although he be unarm'd, may do him wrong.
 So he that is depriv'd of natures gifts,
 With all his learning, maketh harder shifts
 Through his own weakness, and incurs more shame
 Than many that want art to write their names.

We have some fellows that would scorn to be
 Term'd weak, I know, especially by me ;
 Because they see that my ungente fate
 Allow'd me not to be a graduate ;
 Yet whatsoever they will say unto it,
 For all their scorning I am like to do it.
 And to be brief, they are no simple fools,
 But such as have yauld Ergo in the schools ;
 Who being by some men of worship thought
 Fit men, by whom their children may be taught,
 And learn'd enough, for that they are allow'd
 The name of teachers ; whereof growing proud,
 Because, perhaps, they hear that now and then
 They are admir'd by the serving-men ;
 Or else by reason something they have said
 Hath been applauded by the chambermaid ;
 They thereupon suppose that no man may

Hold any thing for truth but what they say ;
 And in discourse their tongues so much will walk,
 You may not hear a man of reason talk.
 They are half preachers, if your question be
 Of matters that concern divinity.
 If it be law, I'll warrant they'll out-face
 A dozen Ploydens to maintain their case :
 But if it be of physic you contend,
 Old Galen and Hypocrates may send
 For their opinion ; nay, they dare profess
 Knowledge in all things, though there's none
 know less.

Now I should wonder they prevail'd so much,
 Did not the common people favor such ;
 But they are known, although their verdict passes,
 Proud dogmatists, and self-conceited asses ;
 Whom I may term (though I cannot out-scold
 them)
 Weak, simple fools ; and those that do uphold
 them.

Moreover, some (but foolishly precise,
 And in my judgment far more weak than wise)
 Misjudge of poetry, as if the same
 Did worthily deserve reproach and blame ;
 If any book in verse they hap to spy,
 " O out upon't, away, prophane," they cry.
 " Burn it, read it not, for sure it doth contain
 " Nothing but fables of a lying brain."

All-ass take heed, indeed it oft pollutes
 The outside of thy false, vain-glorious sutes;
 And to the blinded people makes it plain,
 The colour thou so counterfeit'st will stain.

Because we see that men are drunk with wine,
 Shall we condemn the liquor of the vine?
 And since there's some that do this art misuse,
 Wilt therefore thou the art itself abuse?
 'Twere mere injustice; for divinity
 Hath with no science more affinity
 Than this, and howsoe'er this scruple rose,
 Rhime hath express'd as sacred things as prose;
 When both in this age and in former time,
 Prose hath been ten times more prophane than
 rhime.

But they say still that poetry is lies
 And fables, such as idle heads devise;
 Made to please fools; but now we may by this,
 Perceive their weakness plainly what it is:
 Yea, this both weak and ignorant doth prove
 them,
 In that they'll censure things that are above them.
 For if that worthy poets did not teach
 A way beyond their dull, conceited reach,
 I think their shallow wisdoms would espy,
 A parable did differ from a lie.
 Yea, if their judgment be not quite bereft,

Or if that they had any reason left,
The precious truths within their fables wrapp'd,
Had not upon so rude a censure happ'd.

But though that kind of teaching some dispraise,
As there's few good things lik'd of now-a-days ;
Yet I dare say, because the Scriptures shew it,
The best e'er taught on earth taught like a poet :
And whereas poets now are counted base,
And in this worthless age in much disgrace,
I of the cause cannot refrain to speak,
And this it is ;—men's judgments are grown weak,
They know not true desert ; for if they did,
Their well-deservings could not so be hid.

And sure, if there be any doth despise
Such as they are, it is 'cause he envies
Their worthiness, and is a secret foe
To every one that truly learns to know ;
For of all sorts of men, here's my belief,
The poet is most worthy and the chief.
His science is the absolut'st and best,
And deserves honor above all the rest ;
For 'tis no human knowledge gain'd by art,
But rather 'tis inspir'd into the heart
By divine means, and I do muse men dare
'Twixt it and their professions make compare.
For why should he that's but philosopher,
Geometrician, or astrologer,

Physician, lawyer, rhetorician,
 Historian, arithmetician,
 Or some such like; why should he (having found
 The means but by one art to be renown'd)
 Compare with him that claims to have a part
 And interest almost in every art?
 And if that men may add unto their name
 By one of these an everlasting fame,
 How much more should it unto them befall,
 That have not only one of these, but all,
 As poets have? For do but search their works,
 And you shall find within their writing lurks
 All knowledge; if they undertake
 Of divine matters any speech to make,
 You'll think them doctors. If they need to tell
 The course of stars, they seem for to excell
 Great Ptolemy; intend they to persuade,
 You'll think that they were rhetoricians made.

What law, what physic, or what history
 Can these not treat of? Nay, what mystery
 Are they not learn'd in? If of trades they write,
 Have they not all their terms and words as right,
 As if they had serv'd an apprenticeship?
 Can they not name all tools for workmanship?
 We see 'tis true. If once he treat of wars,
 Of cruel bloody frays, of wounds, of scars;
 Why then he speaks so like a soldier there,
 That he hath been begot in arms thou'lt swear.

Again, he writes so like a navigator,
 As if he had serv'd Neptune in the water ;
 And thou would'st think he might of travel make
 As great a volume as our famous Drake.
 Old Proteus and Vertumnus are but apes
 Compar'd with these, for shifting of their shapes ;
 There is no humourous passion so strange,
 To which they cannot in a moment change ;
 Note but their dramatics, and you shall see
 They'll speak for every sex, for each degree,
 And in all causes ; as if they had been
 In every thing, or at least all things seen.

If need be, they can like a lawyer prate,
 Or talk more gravely, like a man of state ;
 They'll have a tradesman's tongue to praise their
 ware,

And counterfeit him right, (but they'll not swear.)
 The curioust physicians, (if they please)
 Shall not coin words to give their patients ease
 So well as they ; and if occasion urge,
 They'll choler, yea and melancholy purge,
 Only with charms and words ; and yet it shall
 Be honest means, and merely natural ;
 Are they dispos'd to gossip't, like a woman,
 They'll shew their tricks so right, that almost no
 man

But would so think them ; virgins that are purest,
 And matrons that make shew to be demurest,
 Speak not so like chaste Cynthia as they can,

Nor Newbery so like a curtezan.
 They'll give words either fitting for a clown,
 Or such as shall not unbeseem a crown.
 In shew they will be choleric, ambitious,
 Desperate, jealous, mad, or envious;
 In sorrow, or in any passion be;
 But yet remain still from all passions free:
 For they have only to this end express'd them,
 That men may see them plainer, and detest them.

But some will say that these have on the stage,
 So painted out the vices of this age,
 That it not only tells, that they have been
 Experienc'd in every kind of sin,
 But that it also doth corrupt, and show
 How men should act those sins they did not know.

Oh, hateful saying! not pronounc'd by chance,
 But spew'd out of malicious ignorance;
 Weigh it, and you will either think these weak,
 Or, say that they do out of envy speak.
 Can none declare th' effect of drunkenness,
 Unless they used such like beastliness?
 Are all men ignorant what comes by lust,
 Excepting those that were themselves unjust?
 Or, think they no man can describe a sin,
 But that which he himself hath wallowed in?

If they suppose so, I no cause can tell ;
 But they may also, boldly say as well,
 They are apprentices to every trade,
 Of which they find they have descriptions made ;
 Or else, because they see them write those things
 That do belong to rule, best say they're kings :
 As though that sacred poesy inspir'd
 No other knowledge than might be acquir'd
 By the dull outward sense ; yes, this is she,
 That shows us, not alone, all things that be ;
 But by her power, lays before our view,
 Such wond'rous things as nature never knew.

And then, whereas, they say that men are worse
 By reading what these write ; 'tis their own curse ;
 For, is the flower faulty, 'cause we see
 The loathsome spider and the painful bee
 Make divers use on't ? No, it is the same
 Unto the spider, though she cannot frame
 Like sweetness, as the bee thence. But, indeed,
 I must confess, that this bad age both breed
 Too many that without respect presume
 This worthy title on them to assume,
 And undeserv'd ; base fellows, whom mere time
 Hath made sufficient to bring forth a rhyme,
 A curtain jig, a libel, or a ballet
 For fidlers, or some rogues, with staff and wallet,
 To sing at doors : men only wise enough,
 Out of some rotten, old, worm-eaten stuff

To patch up a bald witless comedy,
 And trim it here and there with ribaldry;
 Learn'd at a bawdy house? I say there's such,
 And they can never be disgrac'd too much.
 For though the name of poet such abuses,
 Yet they are enemies to all the muses,
 And dare not sort with them, for fear they will
 Tumble them headlong down Parnassus hill.

Why then should their usurping of it, wrong
 That title, which doth not to them belong?
 And wherefore should the shame of this lewd crew
 Betide them, unto whom true honour's due?
 It shall not; for howe'er they use the name,
 Their works will shew how they do merit fame;
 And though it be disgrac'd through ignorance,
 The generous will poesy advance,
 As the most antique science that is found,
 And that which hath been the first root and ground
 Of every art; yea, that which only brings
 Content; and hath been the delight of kings.
 Great James our king, both loves and lives a poet,
 (His books, now extant, do directly show it)
 And that shall add unto his worthy name,
 A better glory, and a greater frame
 Than Britain's monarchy; for few but he
 (I think) will both a king and poet be;
 And for the last, although some fools debase it,
 I'm in the mind that angels do embrace it:

And though God give't here, but in part to some,
All shall have't perfect in the world to come.

This in defence of poesy to say
I am compell'd, because that at this day,
Weakness and ignorance have wrong'd it sore:
But what need any man therein speak more
Than divine Sidney hath already done?
For whom (though he deceas'd ere I begun)
I have oft sighed, and bewail'd my fate,
That brought me forth so many years too late
To view that worthy : and now think not you,
O Daniel, Drayton, Jonson, Chapman, how
I long to see you, with your fellow peers,
Sylvester matchless, glory of these years !
I hitherto have only heard your fames,
And know you yet but by your works and names ;
The little time I on the earth have spent,
Would not allow me any more content ;
I long to know you better, that's the truth,
I am in hope you'll not disdain my youth ;
For know you, muses darlings, I'll not crave
A fellowship amongst you for to have,
Oh, no ; for though my ever-willing heart
Hath vow'd to love and praise you, and your art,
And though, that I your stile do now assume,
I do not, nor I will not so presume ;
I claim not that too-worthy name of poet,
It is not yet deserv'd by me, I know it ;

Grant me I may but on your muses tend,
 And be enroll'd their servant, or their friend;
 And if desert hereafter worthy make me,
 Then for a fellow (if it please you) take me.

But yet I must not here give off to speak
 To tell men wherein I have found them weak;
 And chiefly those that cannot brook to hear
 Mention of death, but with much grief and fear;
 For many are not able once to take
 That thought into them, but their souls will quake.

Poor, feeble spirits ! would you ne'er away,
 But dwell for ever in a piece of clay ?
 What find you here wherein you do delight,
 Or what's to seeing that is worth the sight ?
 What ? do the Heavens thy endeavours bless,
 And would'st thou therefore live, still to possess
 The joy thou hast ? Seek't not, perhaps to-morrow,
 Thou'lt wish to have di'd to day, to 'scape the
 sorrow

Thou then shalt see: for shame, take stronger
 hearts,

And add more courage to your better parts;
 For death's not to be fear'd, since 'tis a friend
 That of your sorrows makes a gentle end.

But here a quality I call to mind,
 That I amongst the common-people find;

This 'tis, a weak one too; when they perceive
 A friend near death, and ready for to leave
 This wretched life; and if they hear him say
 Some parting words as if he might not stay;
 "Nay, say not so (these comforters reply),
 "Take heart, your time's not come, ye shall not die;
 "What man, and grace of God, you shall be
 "stronger,
 "And live, no doubt, yet many a fair day longer;
 "Think not on death;"—with many such like words,
 Such as their understanding best affords.
 But where is now become this people's wit?
 What do their knowledges esteem more fit
 Than death to think on; chiefly when men be
 About to put off their mortality?
 Methinks they rather should persuade them then,
 Fearless, to be resolv'd, to die like men;
 For, want of such a resolution stings
 At point of death, and dreadful horror brings
 E'en to the soul; 'cause wanting preparation,
 She lies despairing of her own salvation.
 Yea, and moreover, this full well know I,
 He that's at any time afraid to die,
 Is in weak case; and whatsoe'er he saith,
 Hath but a wavering and a feeble faith.

But what need I go further to relate
 The frailty I have seen in man's estate?
 Since this, I have already said, makes clear,

That of all creatures, GOD hath placed here,
 (Provided we respect them in their kind)
 We cannot any more unable find;
 For, of ourselves we have not power to speak;
 No, nor to frame a thought, we are so weak.
 Against our bodies every thing prevails,
 And oft our knowledge and our judgment fails.
 Yea, if that one man's strength were now no less
 Than all men do in general possess;
 Or if he had attain'd to ten times more
 Than all GOD's creatures join'd in one before,
 Yet would his power be even then so small,
 When he stands surest, he's but sure to fall.

'Tis only weakness that doth make us droop,
 And unto crosses and diseases stoop;
 That makes us vain, inconstant, and unsure,
 Unable any good things to endure;
 It brings us to the servile, base subjection
 Of all loose passion, and untam'd affection;
 It leads us and compels us oft to stray,
 Both beside truth, and out of reason's way.
 And lastly, we, and that because of this,
 Either do nothing, or do all amiss;
 Which being so, we may with David then,
 Confess that we are rather *worms* than men.

Of PRESUMPTION.

SATIRE IV.

SOFT! heedless muse, thou no advisements
tak'st;

Was't not of men that last of all thou spak'st?

It was, and of the *weakness* too of men;

Come then, with shame now, and deni't again;

Recant; for so the matter thou didst handle,

Thou may'st be curs'd for't with bell, book and
candle.

Is mankind weak? Who then can by their
powers

Into the air hurl palaces and towers;

And with one blast e'en in a moment make

Whole kingdoms and brave monarchies to shake?

Or what are they that dare for to aspire

Into GOD's seat, and if it might be, higher:

That forgive sins as fast as men can do them,

And make JEHOVAH be beholding to them?

I've heard of such. What are they? Would I
wist;—

They can make saints (they say) of whom they
list;

And being made, above the stars can seat them,

Yea, with their own hands make their gods, and
eat them.

Ha? Are they men? How dar'st thou then
to speak

Such blasphemy, to say mankind is weak?
I tell thee this, muse; either man is strong,
And through thy babbling thou hast done him
wrong;

Or else beyond his limits he doth err
And for *Presumption* puts down Lucifer.
Is't so? Nay then, I pray thee muse go on,
And let us hear of his *presumption*;
For I do know, 'cause I have heard him vaunt,
That he's a creature proud and arrogant;
And it may be, he is not of such might
As he makes shew for; but usurps some's right.
There't goes indeed; for though he be so base,
So weak, and in such miserable case,
That I want words of a sufficient worth
To paint this most abhorred vileness forth;
Yet such is also his detested pride,
That I suppose the devil is beli'd
By every man that shall affirm or say,
He is more proud. For do but mark, I pray,
This creature, Man. Did nature's powerful king
(God, that of nothing framed every thing)
Mould out of clay a piece which he had rent
E'en from the earth, the basest element?

And whereas he might have been made a thrall,
 Yea, and the very underling of all;
 That GOD with title of chief ruler grac'd him,
 And as a steward over all things plac'd him;
 Gave him a pleasant garden for to till,
 And leave to eat of every tree at will;
 Only of one indeed he did deny him,
 And peradventure of that one to try him?
 But see his insolence; though GOD did threat
 Death if he eat, and though that GOD was great,
 And so exceeding just, that he well knew
 All that he threaten'd doubtless would ensue;
 Though GOD were strong, and could, had man
 been prouder,
 (Poor clay-bred worm!) have stamp'd him into
 powder;
 Yet (notwithstanding all this same) did he
 Presume to taste of that forbidden tree.

A rash beginning, but he sped so ill,
 D'ye think he held on this *presumption* still?
 To hear he had left that offence 'twere news;
 But Cain and Nimrod, Pharaoh and the Jews
 Shew'd it continued; and grew much more
 Rather than lesser than it was before.
 Cain, in his murder and his proud reply;
 Nimrod, in that he dar'd to build so high;
 Pharaoh, by boldly tempting GOD, to show
 His sundry plagues, to Egypt's overthrow;

And many ways the last. But what need I
 Recite examples of antiquity,
 Or thus to tax old ages of that crime,
 Since there was ne'er a more presumptuous time
 Than this that's now? What dare not men to do,
 If they have any list or mind thereto?
 Their fellow creatures they do much contemn,
 Vaunting that all things were ordain'd for them;
 Yea, both the gladsome days and quiet nights,
 Sun, moon and heaven, with those glorious lights
 Which so bespangle that fair azure roof,
 They think were only made for their behoof;
 Whenas, alas, their power and weak command
 Cannot extend so far as to withstand
 The least star's force; o'er them and their estate
 Sun, moon, and stars too, do predominate.

Before our fall, indeed, we did excel
 All other creatures that on earth did dwell;
 But now I think, the very worst that be
 Have just as much to boast upon as we.
 Our soul's defil'd; and therefore, if in sense
 We place our worth and chief pre-eminence,
 'Tis known that there be divers creatures then
 Will have the upper hand, for they pass men:
 And though we still presume upon't, 'tis vain,
 To challenge our old sovereignty again;
 For when that we from our obedience fell,
 All things against us also did rebel;

Lions, and bears, and tygers sought our blood ;
 The barren earth deni'd to yield us food ;
 The clouds rain'd plagues, and yet dare we go on,
 We take such pleasure in *presumption*.

But for because there's some do scarcely know
 How we do in that fault offend, I'll show :
 First, when that they new worshippings invent,
 And cannot hold themselves so well content
 With that which God doth in his word ordain,
 As with inventions of their own weak brain ;
 It seems they think their fancies to fulfill,
 Would please him better than to have his will.

Next, I do reckon them, that over-bold,
 God's sacred legion have at will control'd,
 And maugre his grand curse, some places chang'd,
 Added to some, and some again estrang'd.

Then those great masters I presumptuous deem,
 That of their knowledge do so well esteem ;
 They will force others, as the Papists do,
 For to allow of their opinions too ;
 Yea, though it be a mere imagination,
 That neither hath good ground nor just founda-
 tion.

Some will be prying, though they are forbidden
 Into those secrets God meant should be hidden.

So do some students in astrology,
 Though they can make a fair apology;
 And so do those that very vainly try
 To find out fortunes by their palmistry.
 These do presume, but much more such as say,
 At this or that time comes the judgment day;
 Or such as ask, or dare for to relate
 What GOD was doing ere he did create
 Heaven and earth; or where he did abide,
 How and by whom he then was glorifi'd.

But those that into such deep secrets wind,
 A slender profit in their labour find;
 For to make known how highly they offend,
 A desperate madness is oft times their end.
 Yet such their nature is, they'll not beware,
 But to be prying further still they dare;
 For sure that longing can no way be staid,
 Which well the poet seem'd to know, who said,
 "Man, what he is forbidden, still desires,
 "And what he is deni'd of, most requires."

Rather than many will a man gain-say,
 They dare make bold with GOD; and think they
 may,
 Because it seems they deem him not so strong,
 Or so well able to revenge a wrong.

Some such great power to themselves assume,
 And on their own strength do so much presume,
 They seldom do for God's assistance crave ;
 As if it were a needless thing to have :
 Which is the cause that often the conclusion
 Proves their own shame, their hindrance, and
 confusion.

In praying men *presume*, unless they be
 With every one in love and charity ;
 Or if in their petitions they desire
 Such things as are unlawful to require.

Death's their reward, we know, that break the
 law ;
 But neither that, nor yet damnation's awe
 Keeps us from sin. A thousand god-heads more
 Than one we make, and dare for to adore
 Our own hand-works ; the sabbath we disdain,
 And dreadless take the name of God in vain.

If but by his lord's hand an Irish swear,
 To violate that oath he stands in fear ;
 Lest him both of his lands and goods he spoil,
 For making him the instrument of guile ;
 And yet dare we (poor worms !) before his face,
 (Respecting whom, the greatest lords are base)
 Both swear and forswear, using that great Name
 At pleasure, without any fear of blame.

Why should not we as well suppose that He,
 Who in our hearts would have no fraud to be,
 Will miserable, poor and naked leave us,
 Yea, of those blessings and estates bereave us,
 We now hold of him, if we thus contemn
 And still abuse his sacred Name, and Him?
 But men, secure in wickedness, persist,
 As if they could please God with what they list;
 If they can, Lord have mercy on them, say,
 And mumble some few prayers once a day,
 There needs no more; nay, surely there be such,
 That think it is enough, if not too much.
 But what's the reason? God made all the man,
 Why should he have but part allow'd him then?
 He in their service nothing doth delight,
 Unless it be with all their strength and might,
 With their whole heart and soul, and that way,
 too,
 As he appoints them in his word to do.

Some men there are who hope, by honesty,
 By their alms deeds and works of charity,
 To win God's favor, and so to obtain
 Salvation by it; but their hope's in vain.

Others there are, who for because they've faith
 For to believe 'tis true the Scripture saith:
 Since they have knowledge in religion,
 And make thereof a strict profession;

Or do observe the outward worship duly,
Do think that therein they have pleas'd God
truly.

Now these are just as far as th' others wide,
For they God's worship do by halves divide;
And for his due, which is e'en all the heart,
Do dare presume to offer him a part.
But th' one must know he will not pleas'd be
With a religion that wants honesty,
And th' other, that as little good will do
His honest shews without religion too.

If this be so, (as so it is indeed)
How then will those presumptuous fellows speed
Who think, forsooth, because that once a year
They can afford the poor some slender cheer,
Observe their country feasts, or common doles,
And entertain their Christmas wassaile-bowls;
Or else because that for the churches good,
They in defence of Hock-tide custom stood,
A Whitsun-ale, or some such goodly motion,
The better to procure young men's devotion?
What will they do, I say, that think to please
Their mighty God with such vain things as these?
Sure very ill; for though that they can moan
And say that love and charity is gone,
As old folks do, because their banquettings,
Their ancient drunken summer-revellings

Are out of date; though they can say, through
teaching,

And since the Gospel hath had open preaching,
Men are grown worse; though they can soon
espy

A little mote in their own neighbour's eye;
Yea, though that they their pater-noster can,
And call their honest neighbour Puritan;
Howe'er they in their own conceits may smile,
Yet sure they are *presumptuous*, weak, and vile.

Also in this abominable time,
It is amongst us now a common crime
To flout and scoff at those which we espy
Willing to shake off human vanity;
And those that gladly do themselves enforce
Unto a strict and more religious course
Than most men do; although they truly know
No men are able to pay half they owe
Unto their God; (as though their wisdoms thought
He might be served better than he ought)
They count precise and curious more than needs;
They try their sayings, and weigh all their deeds;
A thousand things that they well do, shall be
Slightly pass'd over, as if none did see;
But one thing ill done (though the best does ill)
They shall be certain for to hear of still;
Yea, notwithstanding they can daily smother
Millions of ten-times greater faults in other.

Who are so hated, or so often blam'd,
 Or so revil'd, or scorn'd, or so misnam'd ;—
 To whom do we now our contentions lay ;—
 Who are so much term'd Puritans, as they
 That fear GOD most ? But 'tis no marvel, men
 Presume so much to wrong his children, when
 As if they fear'd not his revengeful rod,
 They can blaspheme, and dare to anger GOD.

Now by these words, to some men it may seem
 That I have Puritans in high esteem :
 Indeed, if by that name you understand
 Those whom the vulgar atheists of this land
 Do daily term so ; that is, such as are
 Fore-named here, and have the greatest care
 To know and please their Maker—then, 'tis true,
 I love them well ; for love to such is due.
 But if you mean, the busy-headed sect,
 The hollow crew, the counterfeit elect ;
 Our dogmatists and ever-wrangling spirits,
 That do as well condemn good works as merits :
 If you mean those that make their care seem great
 To get soul's food, when 'tis for body's meat ;
 Or those, all whose religion doth depend
 On this, that they know how to discommend
 A May-game, or a summer-pole defy,
 Or shake the head, or else turn up the eye :
 If you mean those, however they appear,
 This I say of them (would they all might hear !)

Though in a zealous habit they do wander,
 Yet they are God's foes and the churches slander;
 And though they humble be in shew to many,
 They are as haughty, every way, as any.

What need I here the lewd *presumption* tell
 Of Papists in these days? 'Tis known too well.
 For them thereof each peasant now convinces
 In things as well concerning God as princes.

Others I find too, that do dare presume
 The office of a teacher to assume,
 And being blind themselves and gone astray,
 Take on them to shew other men the way.

Yea some there be, who have small gifts of
 spirit,
 No kind of knowledge, and as little merit,
 That with the world have made a firm conjunction,
 Yet dare to undergo the sacred function
 Of CHRIST his pastor; yea, such is their daring,
 That (neither for their charge nor duty caring)
 Instead of giving good and sound instruction,
 They lead themselves and others to destruction.

We read that Jeremie and Moses both,
 To undertake this charge were wond'rous loth,
 (The greatness of the same so much apall'd them)
 Yea, though that God himself directly call'd
 them;

But our brave clerks, as if they did condemn
 The too much bashful backwardness of them;
 Or else as if themselves they abler thought,
 Those divine callings have not only sought
 Without respect of their ability,
 A christian conscience or civility;
 But being of old Simon Magus' tribe,
 Purchase it often with a hateful bribe;
 Which shews, that they such places do desire,
 Not for the good of others, but their hire.

But, patrons, fear ye neither God nor hell?
 Dare ye the churches patrimony sell
 For filthy lucre, in despite of law
 Sacred or human? Pedants, dare ye, how!
 Dare ye, buy't of them? By God's help, unless
 This villany ere long have some redress,
 I'll find a means, or else let me have blame,
 To bring some smart or else eternal shame
 Upon you for't. It may be, you do scent it,
 But all your policy shall not prevent it.
 What do you look for,—hell and your damnation?
 Well, you shall have it by impropriation:
 I know, now you have enter'd simony,
 You'll double damn your souls with perjury;
 For they as oft together may be seen
 As is the chilling fever and the spleen.

But, O dear countrymen ! be more advis'd ;
 Think what GOD is, he may not be despis'd.
 Could you well weigh his justice and his power,
 How many infinites it passeth over,
 And knew his judgments, you would not dissemble
 An outward feigned reverence, but tremble
 And shake with horror ; you'd not dare to venture
Sanctum sacrorum so unfit to enter.
 His church's good you rather would advance
 Than rob it thus of her inheritance,
 Or make the same (as men still unbelieving,)
 Like to "*A house of merchandize and thieving.*"

You to whom deeds of former times are known,
 Mark to what pass this age of our's is grown ;
 Even with us that strictest seem to be
 In the professing of Christianity ;
 You know men have been careful to augment
 The church's portion, and have been content
 To add unto it out of their estate ;
 And sacrilege all nations did so hate,
 That the mere Irish, that seem'd not to care
 For GOD nor man, had the respect to spare
 The church's profits ; yea, their heed was such,
 That in the time of need they would not touch
 The known provisions, they daily saw
 Stor'd up in churches ; in such fear and awe
 The places held them, though that they did know
 The things therein belonged to their foe :

But now the world and man's good nature's
chang'd,

From this opinion most men are estrang'd ;
We rob the church, and what we can attain
By sacrilege and theft, is our best gain.
In paying dues, the refuse of our stock,
The barrenest and leanest of our flock
Shall serve our pastor ; whom for to deceive
We think no sin. Nay, further (by your leave)
Men seek not to impropriate a part
Unto themselves, but they can find in heart
T' engross up all ; which vile presumption
Hath brought church-livings to a grand consumption.

And if this strong disease doth not abate,
'Twill be the poorest member in the state.

No marvel, though instead of learned preachers,
We have been pester'd with such simple teachers
Such poor, mute, tongue-tied readers, as scarce
know

Whether that God made Adam first or no :
Thence it proceeds, and there's the cause, that
place

And office at this time incurs disgrace ;
For men of judgment, or good dispositions,
Scorn to be tied to any base conditions,
Like to our hungry pedants, who'll engage
Their souls for any curtail'd vicarage.

I say, there's none of knowledge, wit, or merit,
 But such as are of a most servile spirit,
 That will so wrong the church as to presume
 Some poor, half-demi parsonage to assume
 In name of all ; no, they had rather quite
 Be put beside the same, than wrong God's right.

Well, they must entertain such pedants then,
 Fitter to feed swine than the souls of men ;
 But patrons think such best, for there's no fear
 They will speak any thing they loath to hear ;
 They may run foolishly to their damnation,
 Without reproof, or any disturbance ;
 To let them see their vice they may be bold,
 And yet not stand in doubt to be controll'd ;
 Those in their houses may keep private schools,
 And either serve for jesters or for fools,
 And will suppose that they are highly grac'd,
 Be they but at their patron's table plac'd :
 And there if they be call'd but priests in scoff,
 Strait they duck down, and all their caps come off,
 Supposing it for to be done in kindness ;
 Which shews their weakness and apparent blind-
 ness.

Moreover, 'tis well known that former time
 Held it to be a vile presumptuous crime,
 Such men in sacred offices to place,
 Whom they knew touch'd with any foul disgrace ;

Or to allow those whom they did suspect
 To have an outward bodily defect;
 But be they now not only crooked, lame,
 Dismember'd, and of the unshapeliest frame
 That ever nature form'd; though they be blind,
 Not in sight only, but as well in mind;
 Though they be such, who if they came to
 shrieking,
 Might confess murder, whoredom, slander, thiev-
 ing,
 And all damn'd villany; yet these men will be
 Admitted to the sacred ministry.

But most of us do now disdain that place,
 Accounting it unworthy, mean and base;
 Yea, like to Jeroboam's priests, we see
 They of the lowest of the people be;
 And though we know the Israelites allow'd
 GOD the first born for his, we are so proud,
 Unless they either do want shape or wit,
 Or seem for worldly business unfit,
 Few think GOD's service worthy the bestowing
 Their child upon it; or such duty owing
 Unto the same; but rather that vocation
 They count a blemish to their reputation.
 But where's your understanding, O you men?
 Turn from your brutish dullness once again;
 Honour GOD's messengers; for why? 'tis true
 To them both reverence and honour's due:

Think what they are, and be not still self-minded,
 Suffer not reason to be so much blinded ;
 If not for love that you to justice bear,
 Yet follow her (although it be) for fear ;
 And see that this *presumption* you amend,
 Or look some heavy plague shall be your end.

Then it is also a *presumptuous* act,
 With knowledge to commit a sinful fact,
 Though ne'er so small ; for sin's a subtle elf,
 That by degrees insinuates itself
 Into our souls, and in a little space
 Becomes too huge a monster to displace ;
 Yea, it is certain that one sin, though small,
 Will make an entrance great enough for all.

And what is't but *presumption*, to abuse
 And without fear and reverence to use
 GOD's sacred Word ? Yet we, that CHRIST
 profess,
 Think it no fault, or that there's no fault less ;
 Else sure we would not in our common talk,
 Let our loose tongues so much at random walk ;
 We would not dare our jests of that to make,
 At uttering whereof the Heavens shake ;
 For if GOD had reveal'd his Gospel news
 To us, as heretofore unto the Jews
 He did the law ; who heard him to their wonder
 Speaking through fearful fiery flames of thunder ;

We would more dread in any evil fashion,
To use that sacred means of our salvation.

Our cursed Pagan unbelieving foe,
(I mean the Turk) more reverence doth show
In those his damn'd erroneous rites, than we
In the true worship ; for 'tis known that he
Will not so much as touch his alcharon,
That doth contain his false religion,
With unwash'd hands ; nor 'til he hath o'erwent
All that his vain and confus'd rabblement
Of ceremonies us'd, much less dares look
On the contents of that unhallow'd book :
But we in midst of all our villany,
In our pot-conference and ribaldry,
Irreverently can the same apply,
As if 'twere some of Pasquil's Letany.

But soft ! my muse in her perambulation,
Hath happ'd upon an excommunication ;
And though that her commission she wanted,
Yet she made bold to search wherefore 'twas
granted ;

Which if you would know too ; why, it may be
Some were so pleas'd because they lack'd a fee ;
For had the officers been well contented,
They say the matter might have been prevented.
But you that have the wisdom to discern
When abuse is, pray tell me ; I would learn,

Misuse we not excommunication ?
 You know, it is a separation
 From God, and a most fearful banishment
 From the partaking of his sacrament,
 And good men's fellowship ; a sad exile
 (Perhaps for ever, at the least awhile)
 From the true church, and oh ! (most horrid evil !)
 A giving of men over to the devil ;
 And therefore was ordain'd in better times
 Only for such, who in their heinous crimes,
 With harden'd obstinacy did persist,
 As may appear ; but now, we at our list,
 As if the same but some slight matter were,
 For every trifle to pronounce it dare ;
 And peradventure too, on such as be
 More honest far, and better much than we.

But since my muse hath her endeavour done,
 To note how men into this fault do run ;
 I will be bold to let you understand
 One strange *presumption* noted in our land,
 Worth the amending : and indeed 'tis this,
 Reader, pray judge how dangerous it is.
 We, seeing God hath now removed far
 From this our country, his just plague of war,
 And made us, through his mercy, so much blest,
 We do in spite of all our foes yet rest
 Exempt from danger ; by us it appears
 Through the great blessing of these quiet years,

We are so fearless, careless, and secure,
 In this our happy peace, and so cock-sure,
 As if we did suppose, or heard it said,
 Old Mars were strangled, or the devil dead ;
 Else can I not believe, we would so lightly
 Esteem our safety, and let pass so slightly
 Our former care of martial discipline,
 For exercises merely feminine ;
 We would not see our arms so soil'd in dust,
 Nor our bright blades eat up with canker'd rust,
 As now they be ; our bows they lie and rot,
 Both musket and caliver is forgot,
 And we lie open to all foreign dangers
 For want of discipline : 'tis known to strangers,
 Though we'll not see't. Alas ! will not our pleasure

Let us be once in seven years at leisure
 To take a muster, and to give instruction ?
 No, rather pleasure will be our destruction ;
 For that first caus'd the law, that now prevents
 And bars the use of powder instruments
 To be enacted. Why ? for to preserve
 As idle game, the which I wish might sterve
 Amidst our plenty, so that with their curse
 The land and people might be nothing worse ;
 'Cause for that trifle to the realm's abuse,
 The hand-gun hath been so much out of use,
 Scarce one in forty, if to proof it came,
 Dares or knows well how to discharge the same.

O valiant English ! we are like to hold
 The glory that our fathers had of old ;
 But sure I think some undermining hand,
 That studies for the ruin of the land,
 Is cause of this, in hope thereby at length
 To weaken our's, and let in foreign strength.

What ! do we think, 'cause there's a truce with
 Spain,
 That we are safe ? Alas ! that thought is vain ;
 Our danger's rather more ; for while they dar'd
 To proffer wrong, they found us still prepar'd :
 The profitable fear that we were in
 Prevented danger that might else have been ;
 But now the cause of foreign fear is gone,
 We have not only let all care alone,
 But also are so drunken with delights,
 And drown'd in pleasures, that our dulled sprites
 Are so o'er-clogg'd with luxury, we droop,
 More fit for Venus than for Mars his troop ;
 That if our foes should now so vent'rous be
 As to invade the land, unless that we
 With speed amend this error, here's my mind,
 The way to work our ruin they'll soon find ;
 For just the Trojans' last night's watch we keep,
 " Who then were buried all in wine and sleep."

We read, when Cato should a captain chuse
 For the Panonian fight, he did refuse

His kinsman, Publius, 'cause that from the war
 He often had return'd without a scar,
 And went perfum'd; but if such faults as these
 Displeas'd the Censor, sure then in our days,
 He scarcely would in town or country find
 A man with us according to his mind:
 Such is our daintiness. Besides, to strangers
 (As if there were no cause to doubt of dangers)
 We do not only our great riches show,
 (A shrewd temptation to allure a foe)
 But we moreover plainly do declare,
 By fond apparel, too superfluous fare,
 Much idleness, and other wanton parts,
 That we have weak, effeminated hearts;
 Which being known, are sure a great persuasion
 Unto our enemies to make invasion.

But we do say, in God's our only trust,
 On him we do depend; well, so we must,
 And yet we ought not therefore to disdain
 The lawful means by which he doth ordain
 To work our safety then; for that's a sign
 We rather love to tempt the Powers Divine,
 Than trust unto them. Worthy Britons, then,
 Leave this presumption—once again be men,
 Not weak Sardanapali;—leave those toys
 To idle women, wanton girls and boys;—
 Unto our foes I wish you could betake them,
 Or unto any, so you would forsake them.

Let martialists that long have been disgrac'd
 Be lov'd again, and in our favours plac'd;
 Count not them rogues, but rather such as can
 So much degenerate themselves from man,
 In tire and gesture both to womanize.
 Go call a parliament, and there devise
 An act to have them whipp'd now: O, 'twere
 good,
 A deed well worthy such a noble brood.

Meanwhile, let's trim our rusty arms, and scour
 Those long un-used well-steel'd blades of our;
 (We shall not do the spiders any wrong,
 For they have rent-free held their house-room long
 In morains, helmets, gauntlets, bundileres;
 Displace them thence, they have had all their
 years)
 And give them such a lustre, that the light
 May dim the moon-shine in a winter's night;
 Away with idle citherns, lutes, and tabers,
 Let knocks requite the fiddlers for their labours.
 Bring in the war-like drum; 'twill music make ye,
 That from your drowsy pleasures will awake ye;
 Or else the heart'ning trumpet, that from far
 May sound unto you all the points of war.
 Let dances turn to marches; you ere long
 May know what doth to ranks and files belong;
 And let your thundering shot so smoke and roar,
 Strangers may tremble to behold the shore,

And know you sleep not. But now, to what end
 Do you suppose that I these words do spend ?
 Believe me, I'm not mal-content with peace,
 Nor do desire this happy time might cease ;
 I would not have you foul seditions make,
 Or any unjust wars to undertake ;
 But I desire you leave those idle fashions,
 That have been the just fall of many nations.
 Look well unto yourselves, and not suppose,
 'Cause there's a league with Spain, we have no foes ;
 For, if wars ever make this land complain,
 It will be thought some truce it had with Spain,

But here I bid you once again beware,
 Delay not time, but with all speed prepare ;
 Repair your forts again, and man them well,
 Place better captains in them : I can tell
 Some are grown covetous, and there's no trust
 To such as they ; that vice makes men unjust :
 They pocket up the wages of their men,
 And one poor soldier serves alone for ten.

Look to the navy-royal ; were't well scann'd,
 I doubt it would be found but simply mann'd ;
 The pursers study (if some not belie them)
 Only which way they may have profit by them ;
 But see unto it you to whom't belongs ;
 See the abuses done, redress the wrongs.

And oh! renew the forces of this land,
 For there's a fearful, bloody day at hand;
 Though not foreseen, a bloody day for some,
 Nor will the same be long before it come.

There is a tempest brewing in the south,
 A horrid vapour, forc'd from hell's own mouth;
 'Tis spread already far into the west,
 And now begins to gather in the east;
 When 'tis at full once, it will straight come forth
 To show'r down all it's vengeance on the north.

But fear not, little isle; thy cause is right,
 And if thou hast not cast all care off quite,
 Nor art secure; why by that token then,
 Thou shalt drive back that threat'ning storm again,
 Through GOD's assistance; even to ruin those,
 By, and amongst whom, first of all it rose:
 But if that still thou careless snorting lie
 In thy presuming blind security,
 Take't for a sign, that now thy sins are ripe,
 And thou shalt surely feel the death-ful stripe
 Of that ensuing ill, unto thy shame,
 And extirpation of thy former fame.

But yet, I hope, this oversight will end,
 And we shall this presumptuous fault amend;
 I hope, I say, (and yet I hope no harms)
 To see our English youth trick'd up in arms,

And so well train'd, that all their foes shall hear
 No news from them, but horror, death and fear :
 Yea, and their march, like Jehu's king of Jewry,
 Shall shew they come with vengeance, speed, and
 fury.

I would, we could as easily forsake
 Other presumptions, and that we could take
 But half the care and diligence to arm
 Our souls, in danger of a greater harm.
 Would we the holy weapons could assume
 Of Christian warfare, and not still presume
 To leave our better parts all open so,
 For the advantage of the greater foe
 Than Rome or Spain. Oh, would we could begin
 To feel the danger of presumptuous sin !
 Which soon would be, if we could once be brought
 But to consider, with an equal thought,
 Our base beginning and infirmity,
 Our wavering, and wond'rous misery;
 And with this wretched poor estate of our,
 God's infinite, and all-sufficient power ;
 His justice, with his hatred unto ill,
 And threat'nings if we disobey his will ;
 Or else remember he doth still behold,
 And sees us when we sin ; for who so bold,
 Unless depriv'd of grace, then to offend ?
 But it should seem, we our endeavours bend
 To anger God ; for we of sin complain,
 Yet with our will sin in his sight again.

Say, were't not a presumption very great,
 If coming to a king, one should intreat
 A pardon for some murder, and yet bring
 The bloody blade with which he did that thing,
 He would have mercy for; and whilst he speak-
 ing,

Sheath it again, with blood and gore yet reeking,
 In the king's son before his father's face;
 And yet still bide, as if he hop'd for grace?
 Should we not think him mad? Sure yes; yet we
 Cannot that madness in our own selves see:
 For, we dare come before th' Almighty King,
 To sue for pardon for our sins, yet bring
 The self-same bad mind, still conceiving murder
 Against his children, to provoke him further.
 And look, what ill is but in thought begun,
 With him's all one, as if the same were done.

It is no marvel, that no human law
 Can keep our over-daring hearts in awe;
 Since that we do so little dread the rod
 Of such a powerful, and so just a God;
 And if in man's and God's own sight we dare
 So fearless sin without respect or care;
 It seems that we do little conscience make
 What mischiefs by ourselves we undertake;
 Or think it no presumption to commit
 Something alone in our own sight unfit.

O gross and ignorant ! Why, that's the worst
 Of all presumptions, the most accurst,
 And full'st of danger. Silly man, take heed,
 Do not before thyself an evil deed ;
 For when God doth forgive, and man forget,
 Thine own ill conscience will oppose and set
 Herself against thee, tell thee thine offending,
 And keep thee back from ever apprehending
 Grace or forgiveness ; neither will afford
 The smallest comfort of the sacred Word ;
 But rather to thy sad remembrance call
 Each saying that may serve to prove thy fall :
 And though that fire wond'rous tortures brings
 Unto the body, yet when conscience stings,
 Nor fire, nor sword, nor hell itself can yield
 A worser torment. God defend and shield
 Me from the like ; and give me grace to fear,
 So that I may preserve my conscience clear
 In all my actions ; and then I shall be
 In better case a thousand-fold, than he
 That unto wealth and honour hath attain'd
 With a craz'd conscience that is blur'd and stain'd.

Alas ! how easy wer't to climb or mount
 To worldly reputation and account !
 How soon could I, if I had an intention
 To plot, and to contrive a damn'd invention,
 Get golden heaps ! yea, and so privily,
 That though 'twere done by craft and villany,

I by the blinded world should be deemed
 Perhaps, more honest; but much more esteemed
 Than now I am : but God forbid, that I
 Such base, vain trash and dunghill stuff should buy
 At such a rate. For, there's no jewel dearer,
 Nor any loss a man can have goes nearer
 Than peace of conscience; which, to be most
 true,

The ancient poets very wisely knew,
 And therefore feign'd their furies, with intent
 So to declare the inward punishment
 Of guilty minds : which sure they might do well ;
 For, there are in them devils, yea, and hell,
 With all her torture. What else was the cause,
 Nero (who knew no God, nor feared laws)
 When he had kill'd his mother, took no rest,
 But thought he saw her coming to molest
 And plague him for't? What made him to surmise,
 He was still tortur'd in such hellish wise,
 That furies did to his appearance scorch
 His living body with a burning torch?
 Was't not his conscience that had privy been
 Unto the fact? Was not the cause within,
 His own bad self? If 'twere, let's to amending
 Of our presumptuous sins, and bold offending;
 If neither in regard of God nor men,
 Oh, let's for fear of our own conscience then.

Yet there's another thing, which were't well
weigh'd,

Our rash *presumption* would be somewhat staid;
The end of life, with the ne'er ending pain
God for *presumptuous* sinners doth ordain.
Could we note that, with death's uncertain times,
And how it takes men acting of their crimes,
Even in the very nick of their offence,
And bears them, ere they can repent them, hence
To such a place where nothing shall appear,
But all the ghastly objects of grim fear;
Where every sense shall severally sustain
The miserable smart of endless pain;
The tender feeling shall, in every part,
Be subject to th' intolerable smart
Of hellish flames, commix'd with chilling cold;
Tortures beyond conceit, not to be told.
The dainty mouth that had the curious taste,
And of the choicest cates still made repast,
Shall filled be, yea, belly, throat and all,
With filth more loathsome than the bitterest gall:
The once-perfumed nostril, there shall drink
Foul noisome smells; beside the sulphurous stink
Of choaking flames. And there the list'ning ear,
Fed with the sound of pleasant music here,
Shall change it for the woeful, screeching cry
Of damned souls, that in hell's tortures lie;
Whose hideous howlings can by no defence,
Be kept from piercing that amazed sense.

And then while they shall, trembling, think to
fly

From those amazements that do seem so nigh,
Lo ! there the fearful'st object of the sight
Their quite despairing minds shall more affright ;
For garish forms of foul, mis-shapen fiends,
And ugly bugs, for evermore attends,
To thwart each look. But if this do not make
Thy over-harden'd heart, O man ! to quake ;
If this relation be too weak to win,
Or to reclaim thee from thy wonted sin ;
Reader ! if this do no impression leave,
So that thou canst not any fear conceive
Through this description ; think upon't at night,
Soon in thy bed, when earth's depriv'd of light :
I say at midnight, when thou wak'st from sleep,
And lonely darkness doth in silence keep
The grim-fac'd night ; and but imagine then,
Thou wert borne all alone to some dark den,
And there set naked, though thou felt no pain,
Yet seeing no way to get out again,
If thou should'st in that naked liveness, hear
Some yelling voice, or some strange noise draw
near,

With threat'ning, or but calling on thy name ;
O with what patience could'st thou bear the same !
But if withal thy wand'ring eyes should mark,
And now and then see piercing through the dark
Some monstrous visages or ugly faces,

Which would make proffer of some rude embraces,
 And sometime seem as if they would begin
 With griping paws to seize thy trembling skin;
 Or but suppose, that in thy chamber there,
 Where cannot be the hundredth part of fear
 (Because to thee the place well known will be,
 And thou may'st have wherewith to cover thee)
 Yet there, I say, suppose thou should'st behold,
 Not such grim objects as are here foretold,
 But only hear the doleful voice of men
 Complaining in the dark; and now and then
 Behold the ghastly shape of friends long dead,
 Wrapp'd in their sheets, as they were buried;
 Or else from out thy chamber floor to rise
 A troop of bony, pick'd anatomies,
 Come pointing to thee; as if thou wert he
 That must ere long their bare companion be,
 Then would'st thou fear, I know, and think on
 him,

Whose might and fearful power thou didst con-
 temn.

Thou would'st consider better of the fear
 And hellish horror I have mention'd here.
 Thy dangerous estate thou would'st conceive,
 And somewhat thy presumptuous actions leave;
 Thou would'st not so cast all thy care behind thee,
 But watch thyself, for fear lest death should find
 thee

Doing some ill; nor would'st thou thus delay
 Times of repentance thus from day to day.

But, O, how should I hope, that this I plead
 Will work in them that shall but barely read
 What I have writ, since I myself, that know
 And have some inward feeling of that woe,
 Forget myself? I think, when I shall be
 From such and such like cares and troubles free,
 Then will I all my vanities forsake,
 A better course of life I'll undertake,
 And only seek the glory of His name
 By whom I live. That day ere long time, came,
 Then I had other lets; but if that they
 (As I did seek they might) were once away,
 I would indeed my duty better do.
 Well, so it pleas'd God, I o'erpast them too:
 Yet something hindred still, that I could never
 In my intended Christian course persevere;
 But ever found, unto my grief and sorrow,
 That I was bad to-day and worse to-morrow.
 But, O, thou God! that know'st my heart's de-
 sire,
 Do not, oh! do not, at my hands require
 My youthful sins; though this my flesh be frail,
 And my affections often do prevail:
 Seeing thou know'st the weak estate of man,
 And what a little his small power can,
 Accept my will, and let thy blood suffice
 To quit the rest of mine iniquities.

But now, because I have observ'd such store,
I needs must tell a few *presumptions* more.

Some, in contemning others' wisdom, show
That they presume themselves do all things know ;
But that vile self-conceit ne'er raised any,
Certain I am it is the fall of many.

Others (and they in this kind too offend)
On their own memories too much depend ;
Such I have heard so confidently speak,
As if they had no thought that men were weak ;
Yea, those, though twenty men have all gain-
said

What they affirmed, were not yet afraid
Their own bare affirmation to out-face
With sundry oaths ; such wond'rous trust they
place

In their remembrance ; yea, myself, ere now,
Have been oft-times more ready to avow
What I thought truth, than ere I'll be again ;
For what I deen'd to be so sure and plain,
That I not only stood in't to my might,
But would have pawn'd my life't had it been the
right :

That to my shame I have myself alone,
Found to be false, when all the rest were gone.
Which griev'd me so, that I'll ne'er more rely,
Or trust so much to mine own memory.

But what may I term those, who for a name,
 Or else to get some vile preposterous fame,
 Will desperately for the nonce begin
 To put in action some ungodly sin,
 That all men loath, and only (as they say)
 For to be talk'd of;—what are such, I pray?
Presumptuous, vain, or weak, or all that's bad :
 The last, I think, and ten times more than mad.

Yet we have gallants, and great store of such,
 That in their great bravados care not much
 What villanies they do ; but 'tis their humour
 Only to fill men's mouths with idle rumour,
 And 'cause they know the vulgar sort do deem
 them

Youths of great spirit, and do much esteem them ;
 But amongst wise men, they are sure to gain
 Reproachful shame and well-deserv'd disdain.
 And yet to add some fame unto this story,
 We will bequeath them Erostratus glory.

Nor have our old men left that humour yet,
 For though through feebleness they are unfit
 To put in practice their old tricks again,
 Yet for to show they like them, and would feign ;
 They'll often with a lie or two recite them,
 And the remembrance doth so much delight them,
 That whereas they ought rather to repent,
 And with a grieved heart for to lament

Their former folly ; they with joy and laughter
Seem to approv't in those that shall come after.

There's yet another crew, my muse well knows,
To whom she here a memorandum owes,
Although no commendations ; for they are
But busy fellows, and do boldly dare
Take on them in their comments, forth to find
The secret meaning of each author's mind ;
And do apply that, in particular,
Which doth extend to all in general ;
And in this little book, perhaps, they can
Say, here I meant one, there another man ;
And by their names they will not stick to shew
them,

When as perhaps I ne'er so much as knew them.
So from my honest meaning they will rear them
A slander, for some private grudge they bear them.

But though these are so bold, yet I believe
Or hope at least, no men of wisdom give
Credit to any such interpretations,
That are but idle, false imaginations ;
Since each of these, what stile soe'er he crave,
Doth shew himself presumptuous, fool and knave.

But here all you that are quite void of care,
What you presume in ; chiefly you that dare
Maugre God's threats, go forward to fulfill

Your naughty, rash, unbridled, hair-brain'd will,
 As if you thought that you yourselves made all,
 And that indeed there were no GOD at all ;
 Know this, ere long time it shall come to pass,
 That you shall howling sit, and cry, *alás!*
 Cursing your birth and miserable state,
 With sad repentance, when it is too late,
 Unless you now take time. O worms ! O men !
 Forsake your follies, oh ! forsake them then ;
 What will ye do else, when once seiz'd by death,
 Ready to draw the latest gasp of breath ;
 When as you are so weak that you would fain,
 But cannot move your tongues for to complain ?
 What would you do, if then there should appear
 The authors of most miserable fear,
 Your guilty consciences, and there unroll
 To your remembrances the dreadful scroll
 Of your *presumptions*, and withal present
 A vision of th'infernal punishment
 Prepar'd for such ? And if in that bad case
 You should behold Him, you esteem'd so base,
 Sit with such power, that at each frown he makes
 The earth doth tremble and the Heaven shakes,
 What would you do ? O, any thing ! I'm sure
 No pain there is but you would then endure
 To 'scape his wrath, (if you do not despair)
 Then will you beg, intreat, and promise fair,
 Or any thing, if so it were you might
 Return to life again ; then would you quite

Alter your doings ; then, forsooth, you'll be
 A pattern unto all posterity ;
 You would be humble, meek, devout and chaste ;
 But now there's time, and then it may be past.

Yet I myself have heard those that have vow'd
 Much in their anguish, and God hath allow'd
 A longer time, yea, hath vouchsaf'd to save
 And give them life again, e'en at the grave ;
 And yet have these forgot their former pain,
 And turn'd unto their own ill ways again. ,
 Which having seen, this for us men I'll speak,
 Not without grief,—though nothing be so weak ;
 Yet are we in our own conceits so tall,
 That for *presumption* we do out-pass all :
 And if so be that this same hard'ning sin
 Doth seize upon the heart once and get in,
 My mind is this, 'twill ne'er be purg'd thence well,
 No, not with all the fears and pangs of hell.



EPILOGUS.

So in some measure, I have now made known
What foul *Abuses* time to me hath shown,
And what *Man* is ; I have explain'd some crimes
That I have noted in these present times.
Then though I have by some been counted idle,
This shews I have not given time the bridle
To run away unmanag'd ; but did use it
Then best, when I most seemed to abuse it.

Here, sinful Man, thou may'st behold in part,
Thy miserable state, and what thou art ;
Thy passions, thy vanities here see,
In part, I say, for all there cannot be :
Thy waverings and thy frailties I've explain'd,
With thy presumption, and have nothing feign'd.
If thou hast read it, then I hope thou know'st,
Though thou seem'st bad, thou worse art than
 thou show'st ;
And I do trust, thy wretchedness espied,
Will quell thy most intolerable pride.

I mus'd awhile, thou wert so prone to sinning,
But 'twas thy fault, I see, from the beginning ;

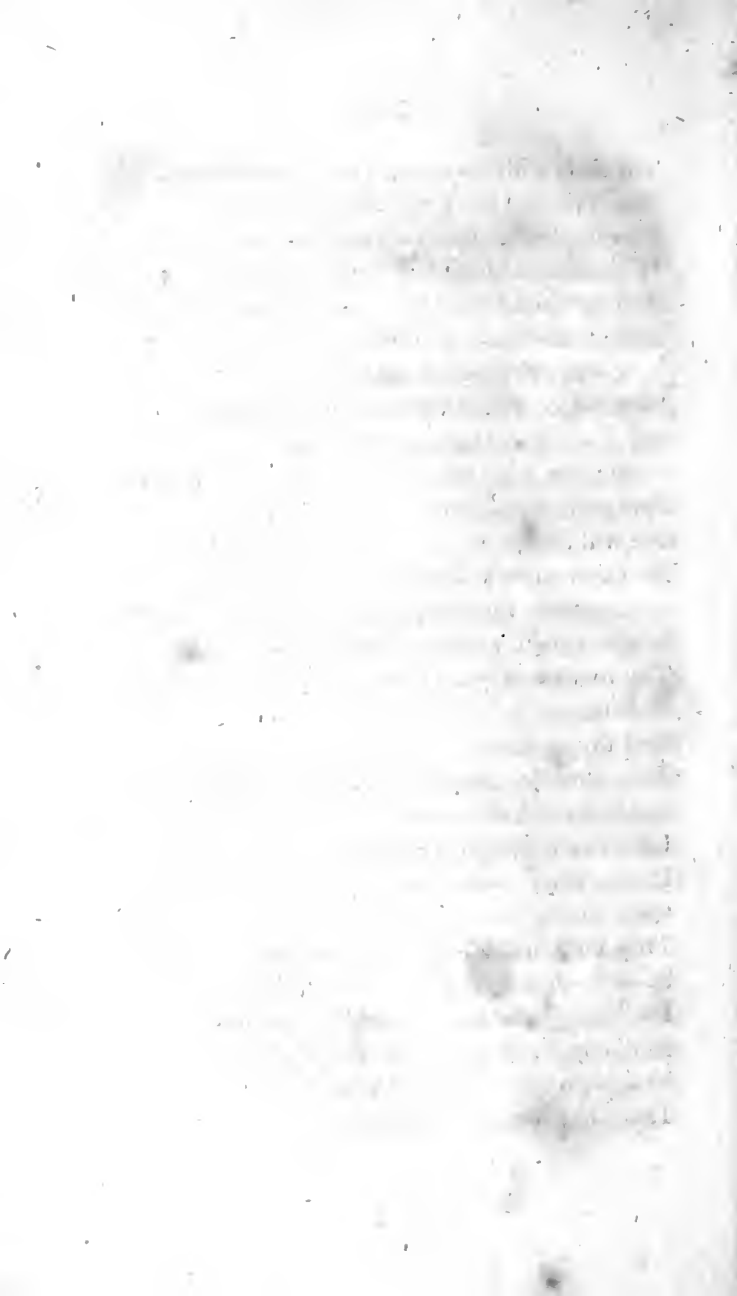
And as the LORD himself once said, so still,
"Th' imaginations of thy heart are ill."
 That's one main cause; then to perform an evil,
 Thou hast the "*proneness of the flesh*," the devil
 With bad examples, for thy instigation,
 Besides in ill the world's rash approbation.

But yet would I not have thee think, O man!
 That I, with Timon, the Athenian,
 Desire to make thee so much feel thy woe
 To go and hang thyself; I mean not so,
 Nor seek to drive thee thereby to despair,
 'Tis not my purpose, my intent's more fair.
 This I would have thee do, since flesh is frail,
 And satan will be busy to prevail,
 With heed and care watch over thy affection,
 And in thy doings follow this direction:

First, see if't be thy flesh that moves thee to
 Those things thou art so oft about to do.
 Next, to consider well it doth behove thee,
 What kind of men they are that do approve thee;
 For true it is, what I have oft been taught,
 What flesh desires and most approves, is naught.
 And since to thrust thee forward unto evil,
 Thou hast an ill heart, proud flesh, and the devil,
 With bad example; learn, O man! to season
 Thy heart with sacred thoughts, with truth and
 reason.

Thy flesh with labour and with fasting tame,
 And 'twill not be so subject unto blame.
 Prevent the devil's baits and his temptations
 With earnest prayers and good meditations ;
 And see thou heed to thy companions giv'st,
 Since thou wilt be as those with whom thou liv'st.
 Yea, since thou art so subject unto sin,
 Shun all occasions that may draw thee in.

So when thy GOD shall see thou hast a will,
 And truly dost desire to mend what's ill ;
 He will accept it, for his Son's dear sake,
 And thee more willing and more able make.
 Yea, should thy sins more red than scarlet grow,
 Yet he would make them whiter than the snow.
 Thy now black soul, were it thrice more defil'd,
 As innocent as is the new-born child ;
 And thy most miserable body far
 More glorious than is the brightest star.
 But if thou, without care or heed, dost lean
 Unto those lusts of flesh that are unclean,
 If thou take pleasure and delight to do them,
 Quite giving over thy desires unto them,
 They both in soul and body too, will make thee
 So foul a leper, that GOD will forsake thee ;
 His holy angels and his saints abhor thee,
 And only devils make entreaty for thee ;
 Yea, thou shalt in Gehynnon, wail with them
 That are excluded New Jerusalem.



THE SCOURGE.

MY muse, I purpos'd to have rested here,
And so she should indeed, but that I fear
A gentle warning will not now suffice
To make men leave off their iniquities;
Yea, I do know their negligence so great,
'Tis not enough we should persuade or threat,
And therefore I'm resolved, ere I part,
To give them a remembrance to their smart;
And, though full loth, 'cause their ill natures
urge,
I'll send abroad a satire with a scourge,
That to their shame for this Abuse shall strip them,
And being naked in their vices, whip them:
And to be sure of those that are most rash,
Not one shall 'scape him that deserves the lash.

But some will kick. Yea, let them kick, and
spare not,
So he may come to jerk them well, I care not;
For be they rich, or poor, or weak, or strong,
I'll make him find them that delight in wrong:
Not in despight to make revengeful rumours,

Rather in sport, to mock the world's base humours.

But lest I make my prologue over large,
I'll let my whipping satire know his charge.

First, though he have but little manners got,
Bred in the woods, where many use them not,
He shall be sent to over-look the court,
And dance the witch, and make the king some sport.

Do satire go, thou shalt not be disdain'd;
Love, without merit, hath been entertain'd,
And so may thine; that progeny's the most,
Yea, all indeed of which the world can boast;
And that so worthy ('tis a wond'rous matter)
Commend it how thou wilt, thou canst not flatter.

If thou may'st get their favor that be best,
There is no cause why thou should'st fear the rest;
The good will help, but never hurt. Then care
not

Although the wicked world offend, they dare not.
First, lash the great ones; but if thou be wise,
In general, and do not specialize;
Yet if thou do, so wisely let it be,
None may except but those that faulty be.

Now, peradventure, some will rage or storm ;
 But that's no matter, thou art freely born ;
 And though their eyes spark fire, and they look
 big,

Be thou as stern, thou need'st not care a fig ;
 And tell them plainly, 'tis not all their show,
 Can make men think them better than they know.
 'Tis not great words, nor yet a large possession,
 Shall free them from the scandal of oppression ;
 Though they can now, to get themselves a name,
 Build Babel up a-new, and quickly frame
 Such lofty palaces, as if they meant
 To threaten Heaven from the battlement.

Who wonders at it ? None I think, and why ?
 Who is so mad to tell them that ? Not I.
 Yet, satire, look that thou, before thou part,
 Give them one jerk, to make their honors smart :
 Their stately houses, say, are things but vain,
 An age or two shall rot them down again ;
 And for their vice, if there be none dare show it,
 Say I have vow'd to make the world to know it.

Then 'tis not tombs, nor yet a heap of stones,
 Shall make men think the better of their bones ;
 No, it shall speak their avarice and pride,
 Which those they scorn'd and wrong'd shall then
 deride.

So let them go their sovereign to attend,
 And those that be not at the best, amend.

Search on for more, but if thou hap to find
 Any among them of the female kind,
 Women or angels, bad or good, thine eyes
 Shall not look toward their infirmities.
 Whate'er some say, no woman will or can
 Wrong him, I'll warrant, that's an honest man ;
 For they are good, and surely would be still,
 Were't not that men did often make them ill.
 Those that are angry with them, let them show it,
 I'll say they're virtuous, for because I know it.
 Men's faults I tell ; so may he woman's too
 That's plagu'd by whores, with whom he had to
 do :—

These, if thou hap to see, I charge thee skip,
 And search in every office with thy whip ;
 There, there are those, that for their private store,
 Make both the exchequer and the commons poor ;
 Extortion doth maintain their bravery,
 Yet lay not open all their knavery ;
 But tell them they a new account must bring,
 That lash, perhaps, their guilty souls will sting.

Thou shalt in court another troop espy,
 Such as in show are full of honesty ;
 Fair tongu'd ; but he that such fine followers
 wants
 Is happy, for they are but sycophants,
 Dissembling villains ; do but note them well,
 And thou wilt say they are the brood of hell.

For pluck away their feign'd fidelity,
 And they are e'en a heap of villany;
 To make them smart, these words to them commend,
 That beggary and shame shall be their end.

Yet thou shalt find depending on the court,
 Some that will jest to make their betters sport;
 But sift them (I durst pawn a brace of testers)
 If truth were known, they are more fools than
 jesters,
 And so they are suppos'd; although indeed
 They are more knaves than fools; but take thou
 heed,
 Come not within the compass of their babble,
 Then call them knaves as loud as thou art able.

If thou come thither at some public show,
 (As there thou shalt be whether they will or no)
 Remember that thou make a shift to creep
 Near to the place where they their revels keep.
 There stand awhile unseen, and do no more
 But note those fellows that do keep the door;
 If thou perceive some, as some will do then,
 Keep out a many worthy gentleman,
 And let a laundress or a scoundrel pass,
 Give him a jerk, and tell him he's an ass.

But lest thou spy what may make thee asham'd,
 Or speak of that for which thou may'st be blam'd,
 Leave thou the court, if thine ownself thou pity,
 And come awhile to walk about the city.

As soon as there thou ent'rest, thou shalt meet
 Great store of gallants passing out the street;
 A part from dice, or fence, or dancing come,
 And peradventure from a whore-house some :
 These are good fellows that will frankly spend
 While lands do last, or any man will lend;
 And yet to see (more fools the world had never)
 They are so proud as if 'twould last for ever.
 And though these lightly cannot have a worse,
 Or deadlier sickness than an empty purse,
 Which will ensue ; yet tell them they must meet
 At the King's Bench, the Counters, or the Fleet.

Then step unto the lawyers, peradventure
 They'll by some writ command thee not to enter.
 Yet fear them not; but look, and thou shalt spy
 Under their gowns a mass of knavery.
 Pluck off the mask of law, that cloaks their drifts,
 And thou shalt see a world of lawless shifts;
 But tell them there's a judge will not be feed,
 And that perhaps will make their conscience bleed.
 Then tell the scriv'ners as thou passest by,
 That they were best to leave their forgery,
 Or else why is't their ears do scape so well?
 The devil means to bear them whole'to hell.

Tell the physicians, if thou meet with any,
 Their potions and their drugs have murder'd
 many,
 For which thou would'st have lash'd, but dost
 delay them,
 Because the devil means to pay them ;
 But if they'll prove conclusions, tell them then
 Try't on themselves, and not on other men.

Desire the brokers that they would not yawn
 After the forfeit of another's pawn ;
 It is their right by law, they'll say ; 'tis true,
 And so's their soul ; perhaps another's due
 But sting them ; if their conscience quite be fled,
 Then shall they pay what they have forfeited.

Entreat the taylor next, if that he can
 To leave his theft, and prove an honest man ;
 And if he think the matter be too hard,
 Knock him about the noddle with his yard.
 If he be rich, and take the same in snuff,
 Tell him his substance is but broken stuff ;
 And that the jay would hardly brook the weather
 If every bird should take away her feather.
 So having whipp'd him, let the priest go shrieve
 him,
 And (if he have authority) forgive him.

Go warn the craftsman that he do not lurk
 All day at ale-house, and neglect his work ;
 And then survey the ware of every trade,
 For much, I tell thee, is deceitful made :
 Which if thou find, I charge thee do not friend
 it,
 But call him knave, and bid him go and mend it.

O see if thou the merchantman can'st find,
 For he'll be gone at turning of the wind ;
 Bid him keep touch, or tell his worship how
 His heart will tremble when the seas are rough ;
 Desire him too, if he do travel thither,
 Where conscience is, that he would bring some
 hither ;
 Here's little, some will have it ; if none will,
 He shall gain by it though he keep it still ;
 If he bring none, 'twere charity, I think,
 To pray some storm may make his vessel sink.

Look in their ships, for I have known deceit
 Hath been in both the owner and the freight ;
 Yea, note them well, and thou shalt find their
 books
 Are woodcock's gins and barbed fishing-hooks ;
 But he thereby great store of wealth obtains,
 And cares not how, so he increase his gains ;
 Yet lest his riches hap to make him proud,
 Satire, I pray thee tell him this aloud,

To make him smart ;—that whilst he, like a mome,
Plays fast abroad, his wife plays loose at home ;
Nor shall his ill-got mass of wealth hold out,
But he or his become a banquerout.

Now to thy rest, 'tis night ; but here approaches
A troop with torches, hurried in their coaches.
Stay and behold, what are they ? I can tell ;
Some bound for Shoreditch or for Clerkenwell.
O these are they, which think that fornication
Is but a youthful, sportful recreation ;
These, to hold out the game, maintain the back
With marrow-pies, potatoe-roots and sack ;
And when that nature hath consum'd her part,
Can hold out a luxurious course by art.
Go stop the horses quickly, lest thou miss,
And tell the coachman's wanton carriage this,—
They of their guide must be advised well,
For they are running down the hill to hell ;
Their venery will soon consume their stocks,
And bring them to repentance with a pox.

For other crimes committed without light
Let such reveal, as see like owls by night ;
For many men a secret fault can find,
But in apparent rogueries are blind,
Or else they will not see ; but thou wert best
Leave whipping, and betake thee to thy rest.
If in an inn it be, before thou sup,

Will that the tapster call his master up,
And bid him kindly, since there lodge thou must,
To use plain dealing, like an honest host..
Dissembling's naught, hard reckonings they are
worse ;

Light gains, they say, will make a heavy purse.
And let him not (a fault with many rife)
For base advantage prostitute his wife ;
For many men, who are not as they should be,
Do make their wives more wanton than they
would be :

Thereby they gain ; their inns are ill frequented ;
But such ill courses are too late repented.
So school him well, but do thy whip refrain,
And send him to his other guests again.

Then thou shalt see the nimble tapster fly,
Still yauling, "Here, anon sir, by and by."
So diligent that time more known must make him,
Or for an honest man thou wilt mistake him ;
His best revenue is by nick and froth,
Which privilege to lose he would be loth ;
And there's an old shift (if they leave it not)
There must be something added to the shot.
But wilt thou swagger with him for it? No,
But take him as he is, and let him go,

Now for most hostlers, if you hap to try them,
Knave thou may'st say they are, and not belie
them ;

For they deceive the poor dumb travelling beast,
 And for the same deserve a jerk at least;
 Yet do thou spare them, for there is no doubt
 Some guest will find a time to pay the lout.

Well, having rested, and discharg'd thine host,
 I'll send thee down into the country post;
 For I have business, no man would believe,
 With whom, d'ye think? e'en with the under-
 shrieve:

Tell him thou heard'st (and that's a fault indeed)
 That in some causes he is double feed;
 And that, moreover, he deserves a portion
 With those that are indicted for extortion;
 Yea, and for other things as well as that,
 Tell him the country terms him—he knows what;
 Whereat, if thou perceive he make a sport,
 Thou whip him shalt 'til he be sorry for't.
 Say to our knights, their much formality
 Hath made them leave their hospitality;
 And say (although they angry be therefore)
 That many of them are not only poor,
 But that they have too (or they are beli'd,)
 Quite beggar'd their posterity with pride.

And since thou art so near them, do not cease
 Until thou see our justices of peace;
 There try if thou canst get but so much favor
 To bind the country to the good behaviour,

And tell them how thou hast informed been
 That they have granted warrants upon spleen ;
 Are partial, and have oversway'd by might
 The poor man's cause that's innocent and right :
 If this thou find be true, thou hast permission
 To lash or put them out of the commission.

The constable, if he were bid, I wis,
 Be good in's office, 'twere not much amiss ;
 For he they say, a many means may have
 If so he be dispos'd, to play the knave.
 See how he deals, and make thy message known,
 For he hath stocks and whipping-posts of's own.

There are churchwardens too, I shame to see
 How they run into wilful perjury ;
 Partly in favor, and in part for fear,
 They wink at much disorder in a year ;
 But if thou hap to take them in the lurch,
 Jerk them, as evil members of the church.
 If they reply, offenders are so friended,
 Though they present, 'tis little thing amended :
 Yet tell them 'tis their duty to discharge
 Their consciences in every thing at large,
 Which if they do, ill-doers shall be sham'd,
 Or the corrupted visitors be blam'd.

And prithee tell the B. chancellors
 That thou art sent to be their counsellors ;

And will them if they mean not to be stripp'd,
 And to be once again like school-boys whipp'd,
 Their worships should not so corrupted be,
 To hinder justice for a scurvy fee.

Then next go tell their reverend good masters,
 That thou and they are like to fall to wasters.
 Faith ! thou shalt find their doctorships perhaps,
 Disputing of their surplices and caps,
 About the holy cross, a gown, a hood,
 Or some such matter, for the church's good ;
 But tell them there are other things to do,
 A great deal fitter to be look'd into,
 And if they please to go their visitation,
 There's weightier matters look for reformation.
 Yea, say there's many an infirmity
 Which they both may and ought to remedy ;
 But touch them with remembrance of their place,
 And they perhaps will alter then the case.

Then bid those dunces in our colleges
 That they provide them good apologies;
 For 'tis reported lately they have both
 Betook themselves to venery and sloth,
 And seek not learning only, as they should,
 But are back-friends to many a man that would :
 'Twere fit they made a public recantation,
 And were well whipp'd before a congregation.

So leaving them their wits for to refine,
 Thou shalt be bold to look on the divine ;
 They say he's grown more careful of his stock,
 Of profits and of tithes, than of his flock.
 Now if thou find report hath not beli'd him,
 With good respect unto his calling, chide him.

I had almost forgot our civil doctors,
 I pray thee warn them, and their lazy proctors,
 They would not use to make so many pauses,
 Before they do determine poor men's causes ;
 And let them not suppose their fees are small,
 Since they at last will get the devil and all.

There be court-barons many in thy way,
 Thus may'st thou to the steward of them say,—
 Their policy in raising fines and rents
 Hath put poor men besides their tenements ;
 And tell them (let them answer if they can)
 Their false court-rolls have undone many a man.
 Say, thou hast seen what to their place belong'd,
 And knowst, oft-times, both lord and tenants
 wrong'd.

Yet spare thy whip,—for why? the people's curse
 Already hath prepared them a worse.

So when thou thus hast punish'd vice's slaves,
 And roundly jerk'd the country petty knaves,
 Then march thou to the camp, and tell thou, there

The lusty, ruffling, shuffling cavalier,
 (Whose harden'd heart can brook to rob and spill
 His friend or foe ; to ruin, wound, and kill)
 That he will one day find a misery
 Will dog him to revenge his cruelty ;
 And see that thou the ruffian's courage quail,
 Or lash him 'til the stock and whip-cord fail.

Walk but the round, and thou may'st hap to
 catch

The careless soldiers sleeping in their watch ;
 Or in a march, perhaps, they'll go astray ;
 But if thou see them out of their array,
 And without leave and warrant roaming out,
 To fetch some desperate booty thereabout,
 Remember them, and for their stout bravados,
 See thou reward them with sound bastinados.
 Then bid the captains in their garrisons
 Not lay to pawn their rich caparisons,
 Nor turn upon the score 'til they are forc'd
 To be disarm'd for payment, or unhors'd ;
 Nor keep the soldiers' hire, lest they be fain
 To make an insurrection or complain :
 For that indeed proves oftentimes the cause
 They do so much transgress the martial laws.
 Yea, tell them 'tis a scandal to be drunk,
 And drown their valour, or maintain a punk ;
 Then if they mend it not, to blot their fame,
 Instead of honor, whip them for't with shame.

Lastly, there are some self-conceited wits,
Whose stomachs nought but their own humour
fits ;

Detracting critics : who e'en at the best,
Do bite with envy, or else snarl at least ;
And in thy progress if discern'd thou be,
'Tis out of question they will snap at thee.
To spight them then, the way's not to out-brawl
them ;

But say thou car'st not, and that lash will gall
them.

Now satire, leave me to myself alone,
Thou hast thy message, and thou may'st be gone ;
Whip any that shall offer to withstand thee,
In executing that which I command thee.

And yet (so ho ! ho ! ho !) come back again,
Be sure that thou do understand me plain ;
First, note, I from my scourge do here except
The guard by whom the kingdom's peace is kept ;
The virtuous peers ; know that I nothing grutch
them,
And on my blessing see thou do not touch them.

And if in all our offices there's any
That is an honest man, among so many,
Him did I ever mean that thou should'st spare,
Because I know that such an one is rare.

Physic and law I honor (as 'tis fit)
 With every virtuous man professing it;
 I do not aim at such as they; nor when
 I flout our gallants, mean I gentlemen,
 That well and decently maintained be,
 According to their fashion and degree;
 No, those I love; and what can I less do,
 Since I of them am well beloved too?

To blame all merchants, never was my will;
 Nor do I think all tradesmen's works are ill:
 My meaning must not so be understood,
 For the last shoes I had were very good.

Yea, and so far am I from such a thought,
 Thou should'st against the virtuous do aught,
 That if thou but an honest tapster see,
 Tell him I wish we might acquainted be;
 And I'll that hostler love, which in amends
 Will use my horse well, that we may be friends.

And, to be brief,—good satire understand,
 That thou may'st not mistake what I command;
 'Tis not my meaning, neither do I like
 That thou at this time should'st in special strike;
 Because my hatred might appear as then
 Not to the vice, but rather to the men.
 Which is not so; for though some malice me,
 With every one I am in charity.

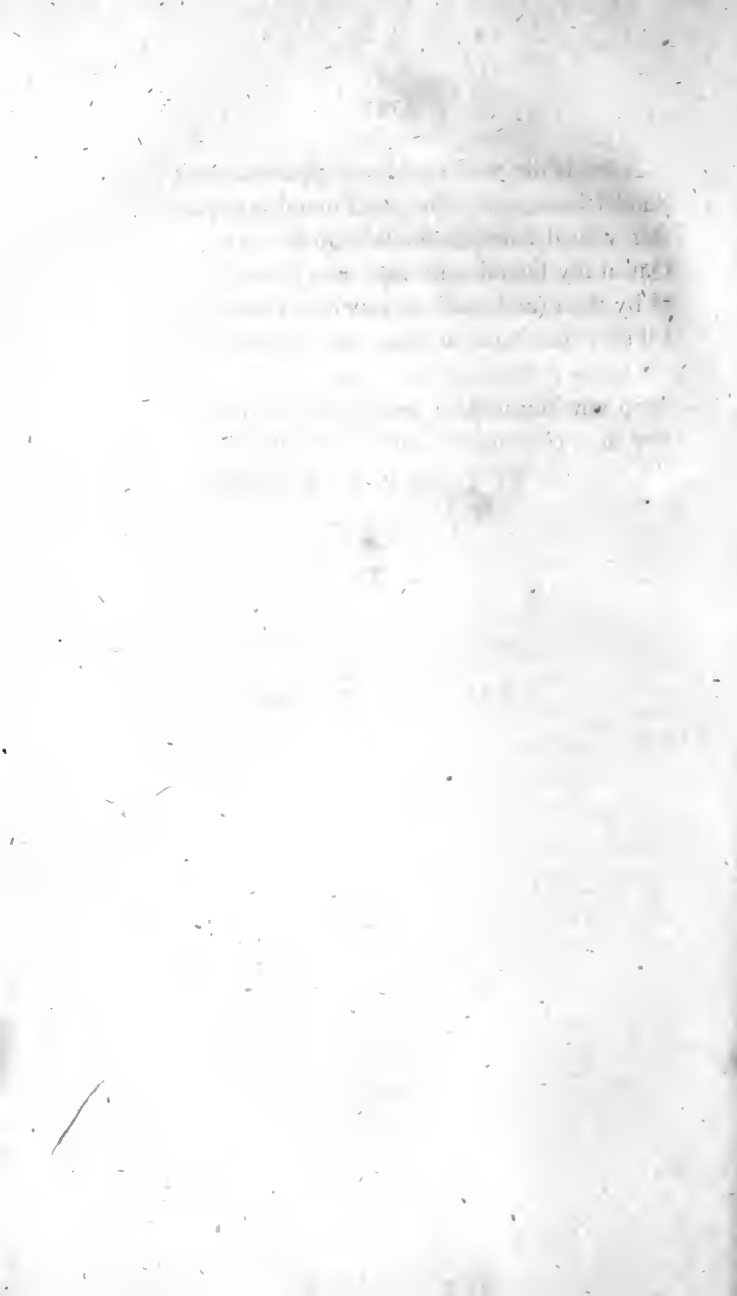
And if that thou do ever come to sight,
 And bring thy yet concealed charge to light,
 I wish it might be took as 'twas intended,
 And then no virtuous man will be offended.
 But if that any man will think amiss,
 Upon my life, that party guilty is ;
 And therefore lash him. So get thee out of door,
 Come what come will, I'll call thee back no
 more.

Well, now he's gone the way that I direct him,
 And go he shall, howe'er the world respect him.
 If any marvel why he was not bolder,
 Perhaps he may be when that he is older ;
 He hath too smooth a chin, a look too mild,
 A token that he is not wholly wild.
 But may I reach the years of other men,
 If this loose world be not amended then,
 I'll send a satire rougher than a bear,
 That shall not chide and whip, but scratch and
 tear ;
 And so I'll teach him ; he shall be too strong
 For all your Paris garden dogs to wrong.
 This satire hath a scourge (but it wants weight ;
 Your Spanish whips were worse in eighty-eight)
 That shall not only make them howl for pain,
 But touse them, 'til they hold their peace again.

Now, if the world do frown upon me for't,
 Shall I be sorry? No, 'twill mend my sport.
 But what if I myself should hap to stray
 Out of my bounds into my satire's way?
 Why then (and that's as much as I need do)
 I'll give him leave to come and lash me too.

So now my muse a resting time requires,
 For she's o'erwearied, and her spirit tires.

Πάντοτε δόξα Θεῷ.



Waither's Motto.



Nec habeo, nec careo, nec curo.

Nor have I, nor want I, nor care I.



TO ANY BODY.

TO recreate myself after some more serious studies, I took occasion to exercise my invention in the illustration of my *Motto*; which being thus finished, my friends made me believe it was worth the preserving, and grew so importunate for copies thereof, that I could not deny them. But doubting, lest by often transcribing, it might be much lamed through the scribe's insufficiency (as many things of this nature are) I thought fitting rather to exemplify the same, by the press than by the pen: and to that end, delivered it over to some stationers, to have only so many copies as I intended to bestow.

Yet considering that other men (to whom I meant them not) might peradventure come to the view of those lines, I thought it not amiss, by way of prevention, to remove such cavils as may be made against me, by those unto whom I am unknown. Not that I care to give every idle reader an account of my intentions; but to shew the ingenuous that the carelessness expressed in this motto, proceeds from an undisturbed care, to make all my actions, as near as I can, such as may be decent, warrantable, and becoming an honest man: and that those who shall foolishly seek, from

thence, to pick advantages against me, may know I am too well advised to write any thing which they shall be justly able to interpret, either to my hinderance or disparagement.

Let me want esteem among all good men, if I purposed (or have any secret desire in me) that any part of this should be applied to any particular man, but so as every one ought to apply things unto his own conscience; and he that believes me not, I fear is guilty. My intent was to draw the true picture of mine own heart, that my friends, who knew me outwardly, might have some representation of my inside also;—and that if they liked the former of it, they might (wherein they were defective) fashion their own minds thereunto. But my principal intention was, by recording those thoughts, to confirm my own resolution, and to prevent such alterations, as time and infirmities may work upon me. And if there be no more reason inferred against me, to remove my opinion, than I am yet apprehensive of, I am confidently persuaded, that neither fear nor force shall compel me to deny any thing which I have affirmed in this poem; for I had rather be degraded from the greatest title of honor that could be given me, than constrained to deny this motto.

Proud arrogance, I know, and enough too, will be laid to my charge; but those who both know me, and the necessity of this resolution, will excuse me of it.—The rest (if they mis-censure me) are part of those things *I care not for*.

The language is but indifferent, for I affected matter more than words. The method is none at all, for I was loth to make a business of a recreation; and we know, he that rides abroad for his pleasure, is not tied so strictly to keep highways, as he that takes a journey.

If the intermixing of slight and weighty things together, be offensive to any; let them understand, that if they well observe it, they shall find a seriousness, even in that which they imagine least momentary;—and if they had as well observed the conditions of men, as I have done, they would perceive that the greatest number (like children which are allured to school with points and apples) must be drawn on with some frivolous expressions, or else will never listen to the grave precepts of virtue; which when they once hear, do many times beget a delight in them, before they be aware.

Many dishes of meat which we affect not, may be so cooked, that we shall have a good appetite unto them. So many men, who take no pleasure to seek virtue in grave treatises of morality, may, perhaps, finding her unlook'd for, masked under the habit of a light poem, grow enamoured on her beauty.

The foolish Canterbury tale, in my scourge of *Vanity* (which I am now almost ashamed to read over) even that hath been by some praised for a witty passage; and I have heard divers seriously protest, that they have much more feelingly been informed, and moved to detest the vanity of the humour there scoffed

at, by that rude tale, than they were by the most grave precepts of philosophy : and that makes me oftentimes affect some things, in regard of their usefulness, which being considered according to the method of art, and rules of scholarship, would seem ridiculous.

But I use more words for my apology than needs. If this will not give you satisfaction, I am sorry I have said so much ; and if you know which way, satisfy yourselves ; for how I am resolved (if you think it worth the taking notice of) the book will tell you.—
Farewell.

GEORGE WITHER.

WITHER's MOTTO.

Nec habeo, nec Careo. nec Curo.

Nor have I, nor want I, nor care I.

AH! will they storm? why let them, who needs
care,

Or who dares frown on what the muses dare,
Who when they list, can for a tempest call,
Which thunder louder than their fury shall:
And if men causelesly their power contemn,
Will more than mortal vengeance fling on them.

With thine own trembling spirit, thou didst
view

These free-born lines, that doubt'st what ensue;
For if thou felt'st the temper of my soul,
And knew'st my heart, thou would'st not fear
controul.

Do not I know, my honest thoughts are clear
From any private spleen, or malice here?

Do not I know, that none will frown at this,
But such as have apparent guiltiness;
Or such, as must to shame and ruin run,
As some, once aiming at my fall have done?

And can I fear those idle scar-crows then,
 Those bug-bear perils, those mere shades of men,
 At whose displeasure they for terror sweat,
 Whose heart upon the world's vain love is set.

No, when this motto first I mine did make,
 To me I took it not for fashion's sake ;
 But that it might express me as I am,
 And keep me mindful to be still the same,
 Which I resolve to be; for, could the eye
 Of other men within my breast espy
 My resolution, and the cause thereof,
 They durst not at this boldness make a scoff.

Shall I be fearful of myself to speak,
 For doubt some other may exceptions take ?
 If this age hold, ere long we shall go near
 Of every word of our to stand in fear ;
 And, five to one, if any should confess
 Those sins in public, which his soul oppress,
 Some guilty fellow, mov'd thereat, would take it
 Unto himself, and so a libel make it.
 Nay, we shall hardly be allow'd to pray
 Against a crying sin, lest great men may
 Suspect, that by a figure, we intend
 To point out them ; and how they do offend.
 As I have hope to prosper, ere I'll fall
 To such a bondage, I'll adventure all,
 And make the whole world mad, to hear how I
 Will fearless write, and rail at villany.

But O beware ! (grey-hair'd discretion says)
 The dog fights well that out of danger plays ;
 For now these guilty times so captious be,
 That such as love in speaking to be free,
 May for their freedom to their cost be shent,
 How harmless ere they be in their intent ;
 And such as of their future peace have care,
 Unto the times a little servile are.

Pish ! tell not me of times or danger thus ;
 To do a villany is dangerous :
 But in an honest action, my heart knows
 No more of fear, than dead men do of blows ;
 And to be slave to times, is worse to me
 Than to be that which most men fear to be.

I tell thee, critic, whatsoever thou,
 Or any man, of me shall censure now,
 They, who for aught here written do accuse,
 Or with a mind malicious tax my muse,
 Shall not by day awake, nor sleep by night
 With more contentment, in their glory's height,
 Than I will do, though they should lay me where
 I must, in darkness, bolts of iron wear ;
 For I am not so ignorant, but that
 I partly know what things I may relate ;
 And what an honest man should still conceal,
 I know as well as what he may reveal.

If they be poor and base, that fear my strain,
 These poor base fellows are afraid in vain.
 I scorn to spurn a dog, or strike a fly,
 Or with such grooms to soil my poesy.
 If great they were, and fallen, let them know
 I do abhor to touch a wounded foe :
 If on the top of honor yet they be,
 'Tis poor weak honor, if aught done by me
 May blot or shake the same ; yea, whatsoe'er
 Their titles cost, or they would fain appear,
 They are ignoble, and beneath me far,
 If with these measures they distemper'd are ;
 For if they had true greatness, they would know
 The spite of all the world were far below
 The seat of noblest honor ; and that he,
 In whom true worth and real virtues be,
 So well is arm'd, as that he fears no wrong
 From any tyrant's hand or villain's tongue :
 Much less be startled at those numbers would,
 Where virtue's praised, and proud vice controll'd.

Is any man the worse if I express
 My wants, my riches, or my carelessness ?
 Or can my honest thoughts, or my content,
 Be turn'd to any man's disparagement,
 If he be honest ? Nay, those men will find
 A pleasure in this picture of my mind,
 Who honor virtue ; and instead of blame,
 Will, as they have done, love me for the same.

You are deceiv'd, if the Bohemian state
 You think I touch, or the Palatinate ;
 Or that this aught of Eighty-eight contains,
 The powder-plot, or any thing of Spain's,
 That their ambassador need question me,
 Or bring me justly for it on my knee.
 The state of those occurrences I know
 Too well, my raptures that way to bestow.
 Nor need you doubt, but any friend you have
 May play the fool, and if he list, the knave,
 For aught here written ; for it is not such
 As you suppose, nor what you fear so much.
 If I had been dispos'd to satirize,
 Would I have tam'd my numbers in this wise ?
 No, I have furies that lie tied in chains,
 Bold (English mastiff like) advent'rous strains ;
 Who fearless, dare on any monster fly,
 That wears a body of mortality ;
 And I had let them loose, if I had list,
 To play again the sharp-fang'd satirist.

That therefore, you no more mis-title this,
 I say it is my *motto* ; and it is ;
 I'll have it so : for, if it please not me,
 It shall not be a satire, though it be.
 What is't to you, or any man, if I
 This little poem term as foolishly,
 As some men do their children ? Is it not
 Mine own Minerva, of my brains begot ?

For aught I know, I never did intrude
 To name your whelps; and if you be so rude,
 To meddle with my kitling, though in sport,
 'Tis odds but she'll go near to scratch you for't.

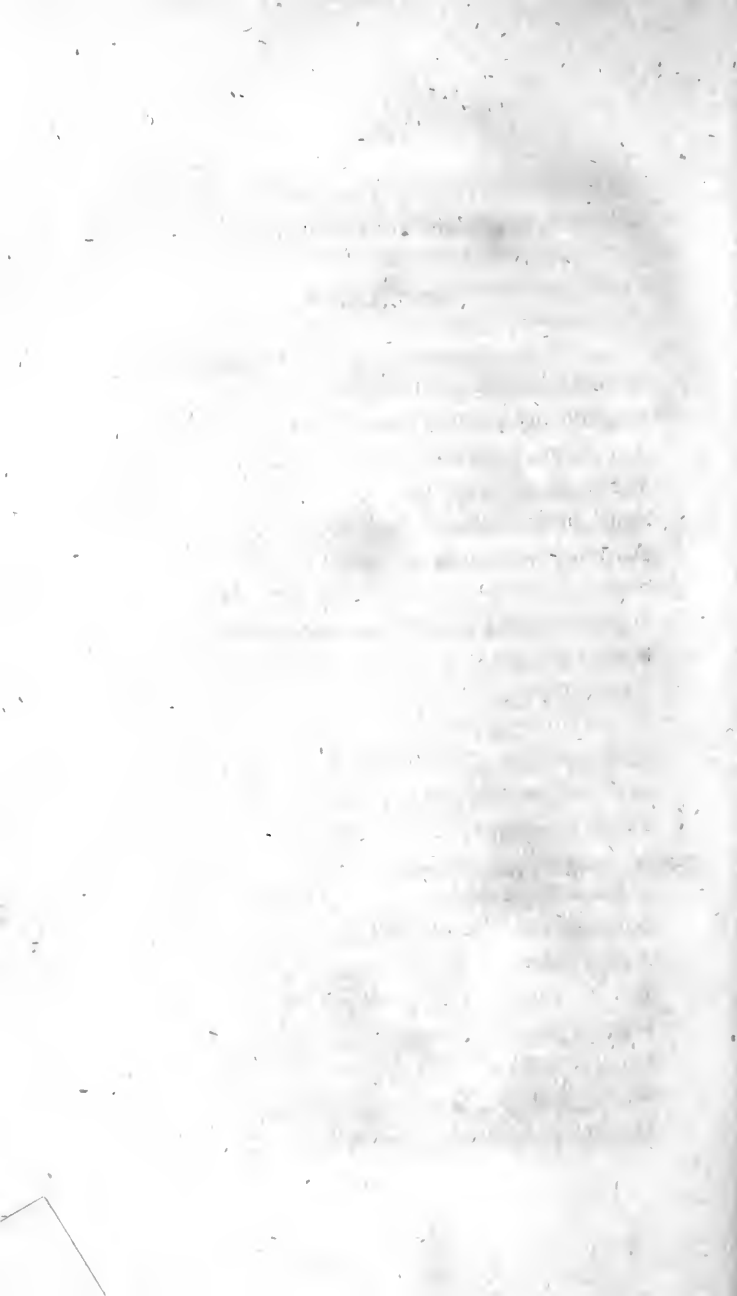
Play with your monkey then, and let it lie,
 Or (if you be not angry) take it, pray,
 And read it over.—————

————— So, the critic's gone,
 Who at these numbers carp'd, and we alone.
 Proceed we to the matter.—————

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

SOME having seen where I this *motto* writ
Beneath my picture, ask'd what meant it ;
And many in my absence do assay
What by these words they best conjecture may.
Some have supposed that it doth express
An unadvised, desperate *carelessness*.
Some others do imagine that I meant
In little, to set forth a great content.
Some on each member of the *sentence* dwell,
And (first) will, what *I have not*, seem to tell ;
What things *I want not*, they will next declare ;
And then they guess for what *I do not care*.
But that they might not from my meaning err,
I'll now become my own *interpreter*.

Some things *I have*, which here I will not show ;
Some things *I want*, which you shall never know ;
And sometime I, perchance, do *careful* grow ;
But we with that will nothing have to do.
If good occasion be thereof to speak,
Another time we may the pleasure take.
That which to treat of, I now purpose, therefore,
Is what I neither *have*, nor *want*, nor *care* for.



NEC HABEO.

AND first, that no man else may censure me,
For vaunting what belongeth not to me;
Hear what *I have not*, for I'll not deny
To make confession of my poverty.

I have not of myself, the power or grace
To be, or not to be, one minute space.
I have not strength another word to write,
Or tell you what I purpose to indite;
Or think out half a thought before my death,
But by the leave of Him that gave me breath.
I have no native goodness in my soul,
But I was over all corrupt and foul;
And 'til another cleans'd me, *I had nought*
That was not stain'd within me; not a thought.
I have no proper merit, neither will,
Or to resolve or act but what is ill.
I have no means of safety or content,
In aught which mine own wisdom can invent;
Nor have I reason to be desperate though,
Because for this a remedy I know.

*I have no portion in the world like this,
That I may breath the air which common is ;
Nor have I seen within this spacious round,
What I have worth my joy or sorrow found,
Except it hath for these that follow been,—
The love of my Redeemer, and my sin.*

*I none of those great privileges have,
Which make the minions of the time so brave.
I have no sumptuous palaces or bowers
That over-top my neighbours with their towers.
I have no large demeans, or princely rents,
Like those heroes, nor their discontents.
I have no glories from mine ancestors,
For want of real worth, to brag of their's ;
Nor have I baseness in my pedigree,
For it is noble, though obscure it be.*

*I have no gold those honors to obtain,
Which men might heretofore by virtue gain ;
Nor have I wit, if wealth were given me,
To think bought place or title honor'd me.
I (yet) have no belief that they are wise,
Who for base ends can basely temporize ;
Or that it will at length be ill for me,
That I liv'd poor to keep my spirit free.*

*I have no causes in our pleading courts,
Nor start I at our chancery reports ;*

No fearful bill hath yet affrighted me,
 No motion, order, judgment, or decree.
Nor have I forced been to tedious journies
 Betwixt my counsellors and my attornies.
I have no need of those long-gowned warriors,
 Who play at Westminster, unarm'd, at barriers;
 Nor gamester for those common pleas am I,
 Whose sport is marred by the chancery.

I have no juggling hand, no double tongue;
 Nor any mind to take or do a wrong.
I have no shifts or cunning slights, on which
 I feed myself, with hope of being rich;
Nor have I one of these, to make me poor,
 Hounds, humours, running horses, hawks, or
 whore.

I have no pleasure in acquaintance, where
 The rules of state and ceremony are
 Observ'd so seriously, that I must dance
 And act o'er all the compliments of France,
 And Spain, and Italy, before I can
 Be taken for a well-bred Englishman;
 And every time we meet be forc'd again
 To put in action that most idle scene.
 'Mongst these, much precious time, unto my cost,
 And much true-hearted meaning have I lost;
 Which having found, I do resolve therefore,
 To lose my time and friendship so no more.

I have no compliments but what may show
 That I do manners and good breeding know;
 For much I hate the forced apish tricks
 Of those our home-disdaining politics;
 Who to the foreign guise are so affected,
 That English honesty is quite rejected,
 And in the stead thereof they furnish'd home
 With shadows of humanity do come.
 O how judicious in their own esteem,
 And how completely travelled they seem,
 If in the place of real kindnesses
 (Which nature could have taught them to express)
 They can with gestures, looks and language sweet,
 Fawn like a courtezan on all they meet;
 And vie in humble and kind speeches, when,
 They do most proudly, and most falsely mean.
 On this, too many falsely set their face,
 Of courtship and of wisdom; but 'tis base.
 For servile, unto me it doth appear,
 When we descend to sooth and flatter, where
 We want affection; yea, I hate it more
 Than to be born a slave, or to be poor.
I have no pleasure or delight in aught
 That by dissembling, must to pass be brought.
 If I dislike, I'll sooner tell them so
 Than hide my face beneath a friendly show:
 For he who to be just hath an intent,
 Needs not dissemble nor a lie invent.
 I rather wish to fail with honesty,

Than to prevail in aught by treachery.
 And with this mind, I'll safer sleep than all
 Our Machiavillian politicians shall.

*I have no mind to flatter, though I might
 Be made some lord's companion, or a knight ;
 Nor shall my verse for me on begging go,
 Though I might starve, unless it did do so.*

*I have no muses that will serve the turn
 At every triumph, and rejoice or mourn,
 Upon a minute's warning, for their hire,
 If with old sherry they themselves inspire.
 I am not of a temper like to those,
 That can provide a hour's sad talk in prose
 For any funeral, and then go dine
 And choke my grief with sugar-plumbs and wine.
 I cannot at the claret sit and laugh,
 And then, half tipsy, write an epitaph ;
 Or howl an epicœdium for each groom,
 That is by fraud or nigardize become
 A wealthy alderman ; nor, for each gull
 That hath acquir'd the stile of, worshipful.
 I cannot for reward adorn the hearse
 Of some old rotten miser with my verse ;
 Nor, like the poetasters of the time,
 Go howl a doleful elegy in rhyme
 For every lord or ladyship that dies,
 And then perplex their heirs, to patronize*

That muddy poesy. O! how I scorn
 Those raptures, which are free and nobly born,
 Should, fidler-like, for entertainment scrape
 At strangers' windows, and go play the ape,
 In counterfeiting passion, when there's none,
 Or in good earnest, foolishly bemoan
 (In hope of cursed bounty) their just death,
 Who (living) merit not a minute's breath
 To keep their fame alive, unless to blow
 Some trumpet, which their black disgrace may
 show.

I cannot, for my life, my pen compel
 Upon the praise of any man to dwell,
 Unless I know, or think at least, his worth
 To be the same which I had blazed forth.
 Had I some honest suit, the gain of which
 Would make me noble, eminent and rich,
 And that to compass it no means there were,
 Unless I basely flattered some great peer,
 Would with that suit my ruin I might get,
 If on those terms I would endeavor it!

I have not been to their condition born,
 Who are inclined to respect and scorn,
 As men in their estates do rise and fall;
 Or rich, or poor, I virtue love in all;
 And where I find it not, I do despise
 To fawn on them, how high soe'er they rise:

For where proud greatness without worth I see,
Old Mordecai had not a stiffer knee.

I cannot give a plaudit, I protest,
When as his lordship thinks, he breaks a jest,
Unless it moves me ; neither can I grin
When he a causeless laughter doth begin.
I cannot swear him truly honorable,
Because he once receiv'd me to his table,
And talk'd as if the muses glad might be
That he vouchsafed such a grace to me.
His slender worth I could not blaze on so,
By strange hyperboles, as some would do ;
Or wonder at it, as if none had been
His equal, since king William first came in.
Nor can I think true virtue ever car'd
To give or take, for praise, what I have heard.

For if we peyze them well, what goodly grace
Have outward beauties, riches, titles, place,
Or such, that we the owners should commend,
When no true virtues do on these attend ?
If beautiful he be, what honor's that ?
As fair as he is many a beggar's brat.
If we his noble titles would extol,
Those titles he may have, and be a fool.
If seats of justice he hath climb'd, we say,
So tyrants and corrupt oppressors may.
If for a large estate his praise we tell,

A thousand villains may be prais'd as well.
 If he his prince's good esteem be in,
 Why so hath many a bloody traitor been.
 And if in these things he alone excell,
 Let those, that list, upon his praises dwell :
 Some other worth I find, ere I have sense
 Of any praise-deserving excellence.

I have no friends, that once affected were,
 But to my heart, they sit this day as near
 As when I most endear'd them (though they seem
 To fall from my opinion or esteem)
 For precious time in idle would be spent,
 If I with all should always compliment;
 And 'til my love I may to purpose show,
 I care not wher' they think I love or no.
 For sure I am, if any find me chang'd,
 Their greatness nor their meanness me estrang'd.

I have not priz'd men's loves the less or more
 Because I saw them either rich or poor,
 But as their love and virtues did appear
 I such esteem'd them, whosoe'er they were.

I have no trust or confidence in friends
 That seek to know me, merely for their ends;
Nor have I ever said I loved yet,
 Where I expected more than love for it;
 And let me fail of that where most I lov'd,

If that with greater joy I be not mov'd
 By twenty-fold, when I my kindness show,
 Than when their favors they on me bestow.

I have not that vile mind, nor shall my breast
 For ever with such baseness be possest,
 As in my anger (be it ne'er so just)
 To utter aught committed to my trust
 In time of friendship; though constrained so,
 That want of telling it should me undo:
 For, whosoe'er hath trust repos'd in me,
 Shall ever find me true, though false he be.

I have no love to country, prince or friend,
 That can be more, or less, or have an end;
 For whatsoever state they rais'd me to,
 I would not love them better than I do.
 Nor can I hate them, though on me they should
 Heap all the scorn and injury they could.

I have no doting humour, to affect
 Where love I find rewarded with neglect.
 I never was with melancholy fit
 Oppressed in such stupid manner yet,
 As that ungently to my friends I spake,
 Or heed to their contentment did not take;
Nor have I felt my anger so inflam'd,
 But that with gentle speech it might be tam'd.

I have no private cause of discontent,
Nor grudge against the public government.
I have no spite or envy in my breast,
Nor doth another's peace disturb my rest.
I have not, yet, that dunghill humour, which
Some great men have, who, so they may be rich,
Think all gain sweet, and nought ashamed are,
In vile and rascal suits to have a share ;
For I their baseness scorn, and ever loth'd
By wronging others, to be fed or cloth'd ;
Much more to have my pride or lust maintain'd
With what by proud oppression had been gain'd.

I have not been enamour'd on the fate
Of men to great advancements fortunate ;
I never yet a favorite did see
So happy, that I wished to be he ;
Nor would I, whatsoe'er of me became,
Be any other man, but who I am.
For, though I am assur'd the destiny
Of millions tendeth to felicity,
Yet those dear secret comforts, which I find,
Unseen, within the closet of my mind,
Give more assurance of true happiness,
Than any outward glories can express.
And 'tis so hard (what shews soe'er they be)
The inward plight of other men to see,
That my estate with none exchange I dare,
Although my fortunes more despised were.

I have not hitherto divulged aught
 Wherein my words dissented from my thought;
 Nor would I fail, if I might able be
 To make my manners and my words agree.
I have not been ashamed to confess
 My lowest fortunes, or the kindnesses
 Of poorest men; nor *have I* proud been made
 By any favor from a great man had.

I have not plac'd so much of my content
 Upon the goods of fortune, to lament
 The loss of them, more than may seemly be,
 To grieve for things, which are no part of me;
 For I have known the worst of being poor;
 Yea lost, when I to lose have had no more;
 And though the coward world more quakes for
 fear

Of poverty, than any plagues that are,
 Yet he that minds his end, observes his ward,
 The means pursues, and keeps a heart prepar'd,
 Dares scorn, and poverty as boldly meet,
 As others gladly fame and riches greet.
 For those, who on the stage of this proud world,
 Into the paws of want and scorn are hurl'd,
 Are in the master-prize that trieth men,
 And virtue fighteth her brav'st combat then.

I no antipathy, as yet *have* had
 'Twixt me and any creature God hath made;

For if they do not scratch, nor bite, nor sting,
 Snakes, serpents, toads, or cats, or any thing
 I can endure to touch or look upon,
 (So cannot every one whom I have known.)

I have no nation on the earth abhorr'd,
 But with a Jew or Spaniard can accord
 As well as with my brother, if I find
 He bear a virtuous and heroic mind.

Yet, I confess, of all men I most hate
 Such, as their manners do adulterate ;
 Those lindsy-woolsy people, who are neither
 French, English, Scotch, nor Dutch, but alto-
 gether.
 Those, I affect not, rather wish I could,
 That they were fish, or flesh, or hot or cold ;
 But none among all them, worse brook I, than
 Our mere Hispanioliz'd Englishmen.
 And if we 'scape their treacheries at home,
 I'll fear no mischiefs wheresoe'er I come.

I have not fear'd who my religion knows,
 Nor ever for preferment made I shows
 Of what I was not ; for although I may
 Through want, be forc'd, to put on worse array
 Upon my body, I will ever find
 Means to maintain a habit for my mind,
 Of truth in grain ; and wear it in the sight
 Of all the world ; in all the world's despite.

I their presumption *have not*, who dare blame
 A fault in others, and correct the same
 With grievous punishments ; yet guilty be
 Of those offences in more high degree.
 For, O how bold and impudent a face
 (And what unmoved hearts of flint and brass)
 Have those corrupted magistrates, who dare
 Upon the seat of judgment sit, and there
 Without an inward horror, preach abroad
 The guilt of sin, and heavy wrath of God
 (Against offenders pleading at the bar)
 Yet know what plots within their bosoms are?
 Who (when enthron'd for justice) they behold
 A reverend magistrate, both grave and old,
 And hear how sternly he doth aggravate
 Each little crime offenders perpetrate ;
 How much the fact he seemeth to abhor ;
 How he a just correction labours for ;
 How he admires, and wonders that among
 A people where the faith hath flourish'd long,
 Such wickedness should reign, which (he hath
 heard)
 The heathen to commit hath been afeard.

Who, that observes all this, would think that he
 Did but an hour before receive a fee,
 Some innocent (by law) to murder there ;
 Or else from children fatherless to tear
 Their just inheritance ; and that when this

Were done (as if that nought had been amiss)
 He could go sleep upon a deed so foul,
 And neither think on man's or God's controul?
I have not a stupidity so mad;
 And this presumption, I would no man had.

I have no question made, but some there are
 Who, when of this my motto they shall hear,
 Will have a better stomach, to procure
 That I may check or punishment endure,
 Than their own evil manners to amend;
 For that's a work they cannot yet intend.
 And though they many view (before their face)
 Fall'n, and each minute falling to disgrace,
 (For less offences far than they commit)
 Without remorse and penitence they sit;
 As if that they (and they all one) had been
 Without the compass or reproof of sin.

I have no great opinion of their wit,
 Nor ever saw their actions prosper yet,
 Who wedded to their own devices be;
 And will not counsel hear, nor danger see,
 That is foretold them by their truest friends;
 But rather list to them, who for their ends
 Do sooth their fancies; and the best excuse
 That such men can, to hide their folly use,
 (When all their idle projects come to nought)
 Are these words of the fool, "I had not thought."

I have not their delight, who pleasure take
 At nature's imperfections scoffs to make ;
 Nor have I bitterness against that sin
 Which thorough weakness hath committed been,
 (For I myself am to offences prone,
 And every day commit I many a one)
 But at their hateful crimes I only glance
 That sin of pleasure, pride and arrogance.

I have not so much knowledge as to call
 The arts in question, neither wit so small
 To waste my spirits those things to attain,
 Which all the world hath labour'd for in vain.

I have not so much beauty, to attract
 The eyes of ladies; neither have I lack't
 Of that proportion which doth well suffice
 To make me gracious in good people's eyes.

I have not done so many a holy deed
 As that of JESUS CHRIST, I have no need.
 And my good works I hope are not so few,
 But that in me a living faith they shew.

I have not found ability so much
 To carry millstones, yea, and were it such,
 I should not greatly vaunt it ; for in this
 A scurvy pack-horse for my better is.
 I love his manly strength that can resist

His own desires, force passage when he list
 Through all his strong affections, and subdue
 The stout attempts of that rebellious crew.
 This were a braver strength than Sampson got,
 And this I covet, but *I have it not*.

I have not so much heedlessness of things
 Which appertain unto the courts of kings,
 But that from my low station I can see
 A prince's love may oft abused be ;
 For many men their country injure dare
 At home, where all our eyes upon them are ;
 And (of the world's Protector) I implore,
 The trust abroad be not abused more.

I have no brother, but of younger age,
 Nor have I birth-right without heritage ;
 And with that land let me inherit shame,
 Unless I grieve when I possess the same.

The value of a penny *have I not*,
 That was by brib'ry or extortion got.
I have no lands that from the church were pil'd,
 To bring hereafter ruin to my child.
 And hitherto I think I have been free
 From widows or from orphans cursing me.

The spleen, the cholic, or the lethargy,
 Gouts, palsies, dropsies, or a lunacy,

I (by inheritance) *have none* of these;
Nor raging sin, nor any foul disease.

I have no debts, but such as (when *I can*)
I mean to pay ; nor is there any man
(To whom *I* stand engag'd by aught *I* borrow)
Shall loss sustain, though *I* should die to-morrow.
And if they should (so much my friends they be)
Their greatest loss they'll think the loss of me.
And well they know, *I* took not what they lent,
To wrong their loves, or to be idly spent.

Except the devil, and that cursed brood
Which have dependence on his devil-hood,
I know *no* foes *I have* ; for, if there be
In none more malice than *I* find in me,
The earth that man, at this time, doth not bear,
Who would not, if some just occasions were,
(E'en in his height of spleen) my life to save,
Adventure with one foot into his grave.

To make me careful, children *I have none* ;
Nor have I any wife to get them on ;
Nor have I (yet to keep her) had *I* one.
Nor can this spoil my marriage, being known ;
Since *I* am sure *I* was not born for her
That shall before my worth her wealth prefer :
For *I* do set my virtues at a rate
As high as any prize their riches at,

And if all count the venture too much cost,
 In keeping it myself there's nothing lost.
 For, she I wed shall somewhat think in me
 More worthy love than great revenues be.
 And if I find not one of such a mind
 (As such indeed are jewels rare to find)
 I'll clasped in mine own embraces lye,
 And never touch a woman 'til I die.

For, shall a fellow, whom (the usurer)
 His father, by extortion did prefer
 Unto an heritage, in value clear
 Above four times a thousand pounds a-year,
 So worthily or so confident become,
 (By means of that his goodly annual sum
 Which may be lost to-morrow) as to dare
 Attempt a nymph of honor for his fare?
 Shall he, that hath with those four thousand
 pounds

A gaming vein, a deep-mouth'd cry of hounds,
 Three cast of hawks, of whores as many brace,
 Six hunting nags, and five more for the race,
 (Perhaps a numerous brood of fighting cocks)
 Physicians, barbers, surgeons for the pox,
 And twenty other humours to maintain
 (Beside the yearly charges of his train)
 With this revenue,—most of which, or all
 To mortgage must be set; perhaps to sale,
 To pay his creditors, and yet all fail

To keep his crazy body from the jail;—
 Shall this dull fool, with his uncertain store,
 (And in all honesty and virtues poor)
 Hope for a mistress noble, rich, and fair?
 And is it likely that I can despair
 To be as happy, if I seek it would,
 Who such a matchless fortune have in hold,
 That though the world my ruin, plot, and threat,
 I can in spite of it be rich and great?

A silly girl no sooner understands
 That she is left in portion or in lands,
 So large a fortune, that it doth excell
 The greatest part who near about her dwell,
 But strait begins to rate and prize herself
 According to the value of her pelf;
 And though to gentry nor good breeding born,
 Can all that have estates beneath her scorn.

This wit a woman hath, and shall not I
 Who know I have a wealth which none can buy
 For all the world, expect a nobler fare
 Than suits unto a hundred pounds a year?
 Shall love of truth and virtue make of me
 A match no better worthy, than is he
 Who knows not what they mean, and doth pos-
 sess
 In outward fortunes neither more nor less?

Have I oft heard so many fair ones plain
 How fruitless titles are ;—how poor and vain
 They found rich greatness, where they did not
 find

True love, and the endowments of the mind ?
 Have fairest ladies often sworn to me
 That if they might but only mistress be
 Of true affection, they would prize it more
 Than all those glories which the most adore ?
 Have I observ'd how hard it is to find
 A constant heart, a just and honest mind ?
 How few good natures in the world there are ;
 How scanty true affection is ; how rare ?
 And shall I pass as true a heart away
 As hath conceiv'd an honest thought to-day,
 As if in value to no more it came
 Than would endear me to a vulgar dame
 On equal terms ; or else undo me with
 Some old rich croan that hath outliv'd her teeth ?
 I'll rather break it with proud scorn, that dead,
 The worms may rifle for my maidenhead.

I have no love to beauties, which are gone
 Much like a rose in June, as soon as blown.
 Those painted cabinets, and nought within,
 Have little power my respect to win.
Nor have I, yet, that stupid love to pelf,
 As for the hope thereof, to yoke myself
 With any female, betwixt whom and me

There could not in the soul a marriage be.
 For whosoever join without that care,
 Fools, and accursed in their marriage are ;
 And so are you, that either hear or view
 What I aver, unless you think it true.

I have no meaning, whensoever I wed,
 That my companion shall become my head ;
 Nor would I (if I meant to keep my right)
 So much as say so, though that win her might.
 Not though a duchess, for the means I'll use
 To keep my worth, though my reward I lose.
 Yea, from a prison had she raised me,
 Lord of her fortunes and herself to be,
 I that respect would still expect to have,
 Which might become her husband, not her slave.
 And should I spouse a beggar, I would shew
 What love and honor to a wife were due.

I have not yet of any scorned been,
 Whose good opinion I have sought to win ;
 Nor have I (when I mean to woo) a fear
 That any man shall make me willow wear.

I have not eyes so excellent, to see
 Things (as some men can do) before they be ;
 Nor purblind sight, which crimes far off can mark,
 Yet seem no faults which are more near me, dark.
I have not ears for every tale that's told,

Nor memory things frivolous to hold.
I have not their credulity, that dare
 Give credit unto all reports they hear.
Nor have I subject to their dullness been,
 Who can believe no more than they have seen.

I have no feeling of those wrongs that be
 By base unworthy fellows offer'd me ;
 For my contentment and my glory lies
 Above the pitch their spite or malice flies.

I have not need enough, as yet, to serve,
 Nor impudence to crave 'til I deserve.
I have no hope the world's esteem to get,
 Nor could a fool or knave e'er brook me yet.
I have not villany enough, to prey
 Upon the weak, or friendship to betray.
Nor have I so much love to life, that I
 Would seek to save it by dishonesty.

I have not cowardice enough to fear
 In honest actions, though my death be there.
 Nor heart to perpetrate a wilful sin,
 Though I with safety large renown might win ;
 And for omitting it were sure to die,
 Ne'er to be thought on but with infamy.

I have not their base cruelty, who can
 Insult upon an over-grieved man,

Or tread on him that at my feet doth bow ;
 For I protest, no villany I know
 That could be done me ; but if I perceiv'd
 (Or thought) the doer without feigning griev'd,
 I truly could forgive him, as if he
 Had never in a thought abused me.
 And if my love to mercy I belie,
 Let God deny me mercy when I die.

I have not that unhappiness to be
 A rich man's son, for he had trained me
 In some vain path, and I had never sought
 That knowledge which my poverty hath taught.

I have no inclination to respect
 Each vulgar compliment, nor yet neglect
 An honest shew of friendship; for, I swear,
 I rather wish that I deceived were,
 Than of so base a disposition be
 As to distrust, 'til cause were given me.

I have no constitution to accord
 To aught dishonest, sooner for a lord
 Than for his meanest groom, and hopes there be
 It never will be otherwise with me.

I have no politics, to make me seem
 A man well worthy of the world's esteem.

Nor have I hope, I shall hereafter grow
To any more regard for saying so.

I have no doubt, though here a slighted thing,
But I am favorite to Heaven's great king.
Nor have I fear, but all that's good in me,
Shall in my life or death rewarded be.

But yet *I have* not that attain'd, for which
Those who account this nothing, think me rich ;
Nor that which they do reckon worth esteem,
To whom the riches of the mind do seem
A scornful poverty ; but let that go ;
Men cannot prize the pearls they do not know.
Nor have I power to teach them, for, if I
Should here consume my gift of poesy,
(And wholly waste my spirits, to express
What rich contents a poor estate may bless)
It were impossible to move the sense
Of those brave things in their intelligence.

I have not found on what I may rely,
Unless it carry some divinity
To make me confident, for, all the glory,
And all hopes fail, in things mere transitory.

What man is there among us doth not know,
A thousand men this night to bed will go,
Of many a hundred goodly things possess,

That shall have nought to-morrow but a chest
And one poor sheet to lie in ? What I may
Next morning have, I know not ; but to-day
A friend, meat, drink, and fitting clothes to wear,
Some books and papers, which my jewels are,
A servant and a horse ; all this I have,
And when I die, one promis'd me a grave ;
A grave, that quiet closet of content ;—
And I have built myself a monument.
But, as I live, excepting only this,
(Which of my wealth the inventory is)
I have so little, I my oath might save,
If I should take it, that *I nothing have.*

NEC CAREO.

AND yet what *want I?* or who knoweth how,
I may be richer made than I am now?
Or what great peer or wealthy alderman,
Bequeath his son so great a fortune can?
I nothing want that needful is to have;
Sought I no more than nature bids me crave.
For, as we see the smallest phials may
As full as greatest glasses be, though they
Much less contain; so my small portion gives
That full content to me, in which he lives,
Who most possesseth; and with larger store
I might fill others, but myself no more.

I want not temperance, to rest content
With what the providence of God hath lent;
Nor want I a sufficiency, to know
Which way to use it, if he more bestow.
For, as when me one horse would easier bear,
To ride on two at once it madness were:
And as when one small bowl might quench my
thirst,
To lift a vessel that my back might burst,
Were wond'rous folly. So absurd a thing

It were in me, should I neglect a spring
 (Whose plenty may a country's want supply)
 To dwell by some small pool that would be dry.
 If therefore aught do happen in the way,
 Which on a just occasion seek I may,
I want not resolution to make trial,
 Nor want I patience if I have denial.

Men ask me what preferment I have gain'd,
 What riches by my studies are attain'd,
 And those that fed and fatten'd are with draff
 For their destruction, please themselves to laugh
 At my low fate ; as if I nought had got
 (For my enriching) 'cause they saw it not.
 Alas ! that mole-ey'd issue cannot see
 What patrimonies are bestow'd on me.
 There is a braver wealthiness, than what
 They (by abundance) have arrived at.
 Had I their wealth, I should not sleep the more
 Securely for it ; and were I as poor
 In outward fortunes, as men shipwreck'd are,
 I should (of poverty) have no more fear
 Than if I had the riches and the powers
 Of all the eastern kings and emperors.
 For grass, though trod into the earth, may grow,
 And highest cedars have an overthrow ;
 Yea, I have seen as many beggar'd by
 Their father's wealth and much prosperity,
 As have by want misdona ; and for each one,

Whom by his riches I advanc'd have known,
 I three could reckon, who through being poor,
 Have rais'd their fortunes and their friends the
 more.

To what contents do men most wealthy mount,
 Which I enjoy not, if their cares we count?
 My clothing keeps me full as warm as their;
 My meats unto my taste as pleasing are;
 I feed enough my hunger to suffice;
 I sleep 'til I myself am pleas'd to rise;
 My dreams as sweet and full of quiet be;
 My waking cares as seldom trouble me;
 I have as oftentimes a sunny day,
 And sport, and laugh, and sing as well as they;
 I breath as wholesome and as sweet an air,
 As loving is my mistress, and as fair;
 My body is as healthy, and I find
 As little cause of sickness in my mind;
 I am as wise, I think, as some of those,
 And oft myself as foolishly dispose;
 For, of the wisest, I am none (as yet)
 And I have nigh as little hair as wit;
 Of neither have I aught to let to farm,
 Nor so much *want* I as may keep me warm.

I find my liver sound, my joints well knit,
 Youth and good diet are my doctors yet.
 Not on potatoes or eringoes feed I,

No meats restorative to raise me, need I;
 Nor amber-greese with other things confected,
 To take away the stink of lungs infected.
 I ne'er in need of 'pothecary stood,
 Or any surgeon's hand to let my blood;
 For since the rod my tutor hurled by,
 I have not meddled with phlebotomy.

As good as other men's my senses be;
 Each limb I have, as able is in me;
 And whether I as lovely be or no,
 'Tis ten to one but some do think me so.

The wealthiest men no benefits possess,
 But I have such or better in their place;
 As they my low condition can contemn,
 So I know how to fling a scorn at them.
 My fame is yet as fair, and flies as far
 As some mens that with titles laden are.
 Yea, by myself much more I have attain'd,
 Than many have with help of others gain'd.
 And my esteem I will not change for their
 Whose fortunes are ten thousand more a year.
Nor want I so much grace, as to confess
 That GOD is author of this happiness.

I want not so much judgment, as to see
 There must 'twixt men and men a difference be;
 And I of those in place account do make,

(Though they be wicked) for good order's sake.
 But I could stoop to serve them at their feet,
 Where old nobility and virtue meet.

To find mine own defects, *I want not* sense,
Nor want I will to grieve for my offence.
 To see my friend mis-do, *I want not* eyes,
 Nor love to cover his infirmities;
I want not spirit, if I once but know
 The way be just and noble that I go.
 My mind's as great as their's that greatest are,
 Yet I can make it fit the clothes I wear.
 And whether I ascend or lower fall,
I want not hope but I preserve it shall.

I want no slanders, neither want I brain,
 To scorn the rascal humours of the vain
 And giddy multitude; and trust me, they
 So far unable are to talk away
 My resolution, that no more it fears
 The worst their ignorance or malice dares,
 Than doth the moon, when dogs and birds of
 night
 Do barking stand, or whooting at her light.
 And if this mischief no way shun I could,
 But that they praise me or dispraise me would,
 I rather wish their tongues should blast my name
 Than be beholding to them for my fame.

I want not wit nor honesty enough
 To keep my hand from such base rascal stuff,
 As is a libel; for although I shall
 Sometime let fly at vice in general,
 I spare particulars; nor shall a knave
 In my lines live, so much as shame to have;
 But in his own corruption die and rot,
 That all his memory may be forgot.

I want not so much knowledge as to know
 True wisdom lies not in a glorious show
 Of human-learning, or in being able
 To cite authorities innumerable;
 Nor in a new invention: but that man
 Who make good use of every creature can,
 And from all things that happen, well or ill,
 Contentment draws (and keeps a conscience still
 To witness his endeavours to be good)
 That man is wisest, though he understood
 The language of no country but his own,
 Nor ever had the use of letters known.

To make fair shews of honesty and arts,
 Of knowledge and religion, are the parts
 This age doth strive to play, but few there are
 Who truly are the same they do appear.
 And this is that which daily makes us see
 So many whom we honest thought to be,
 And wise, and learned, (while some scenes do last)
 Prove fools and knaves before their *act* be past.

I want not sense of those men's miseries,
 Who, lull'd asleep in their prosperities,
 Must shortly fall, and with a heavy eye
 Behold their pomp, and pleasures vanish by;
 And how that mistress, they so doated on,
 (Their proud vain glory) will with scorn be gone.
 I feel, methinks, with what a drooping heart
 They and their idle hopes begin to part,
 And with what mighty burdens of unrest
 Their poor distemper'd souls will be oppress.
 How much they will repent, I do foresee;
 How much confused and asham'd they'll be;
 And as I praise their doom, e'en so I pray
 Their shame and sorrow work their comfort may.

I want not much experiment to show
 That all is good God pleaseth to bestow,
 (What shape soever he doth make it in)
 For all my former cares, my joys have been;
 And I have trust, that all my woes to come
 Will bring my soul eternal comforts home.

I do not find within me other fears
 Than what to men of all degrees appears;
 I have a conscience that is clean within;
 For, though I guilty am of many a sin,
 A kind Redeemer I have found, and he
 His Righteousness imputeth unto me.

The greatest have no greatness more than I,
 In bearing out a want or misery ;
 I can as well to passion set a bound,
 I brook as well the smarting of a wound ;
 As well endure I to be hunger-bit,
 As well can wrestle with an ague-fit ;
 My eyes can wake as long as their's, I'm sure,
 And as much cold or heat I can endure.
 Yea, let my dearest friends excused be
 From heaping scorn and injuries on me ;
 (Come all the world) and I my heart can make
 To brook as much, before it shrink or break,
 As their's that do the noblest titles wear ;
 And slight as much their frown that mighti'st are :
 For if in me at any time appear
 A bashfulness (which some mis-title fear)
 It is in doubt, lest I through folly may
 Some things unfitting me or do or say.
 But not that I am fearful to be shent,
 For dread of men or fear of punishment.

And yet *no* faults *I want, nor want* in me
 Affections, which in other men there be.
 As much I hate an incivility,
 As much am taken with a courtesy ;
 As much abhor I brutish vanities,
 As much allow I Christian liberties ;
 As soon an injury I can perceive,
 And with as free a heart I can forgive.

My hand in anger I as well can stay,
 And I dare strike as stout a man as they;
 And when I know that I amiss have done,
 I am as much asham'd as any one.

If my afflictions more than others be,
 I have more comforts to keep heart in me;
 I have a faith will carry me on high,
 Until it lift me to eternity.
 I have a hope, that neither want, nor spite,
 Nor grim adversity shall stop this flight;
 But that undaunted I my course shall hold,
 Though twenty thousand devils cross me should.

Yet, I confess, in this my pilgrimage
 I like some infant am of tender age;
 For, as the child who from his father hath
 Stray'd in some grove, through many a crooked
 path,
 Is-sometime hopeful that he finds the way,
 And sometime doubtful he runs more astray;
 Sometime with fair and easy paths doth meet,
 Sometime with rougher tracts, that stay his feet;
 Here runs, there goes, and yon amazed stays,
 Now cries, and straight forgets his care, and plays,
 Then hearing where his loving father calls,
 Makes haste; but through a zeal ill-guided, falls.
 Or runs some other way; until that he
 (Whose love is more than his endeavors be)

To seek this wanderer forth, himself doth come,
And take him in his arms, and bear him home.

So in this life, this grove of ignorance,
As to my homeward I myself advance,
Sometime aight, and sometime wrong I go,
Sometime my pace is speedy, sometime slow ;
Sometime I stagger, and sometime I fall,
Sometime I sing, sometime for help I call ;
One while my ways are pleasant unto me,
Another while as full of cares they be ;
Now I have courage, and do nothing fear,
Anon my spirits half dejected are ;
I doubt, and hope, and doubt, and hope again,
And many a change of passion I sustain
In this my journey ; so that now and then,
I lost may seem, perhaps, to other men ;
Yea, to myself awhile, when sins impure
Do my Redeemer's love from me obscure ;
But, whatsoe'er betide, I know full well,
My Father, who above the clouds doth dwell,
An eye upon his wand'ring child doth cast,
And he will fetch me to my home at last.
For, of God's love a witness want not I,
And whom he loves, he loves eternally.

I have within my breast a little heart,
Which seems to be composed of a part
Of all my friends ; for, truly, whensoe'er

They suffer any thing, I feel it there.
 And they no sooner a complaint do make
 But presently it falls to pant and ake.

I have a love that is as strong as fate,
 And such as cannot be impair'd by hate;
 And, whatsoever the success may prove,
 I want not yet the comforts of my love.

These are the jewels that do make me rich,
 These, while I do possess, *I want not* much;
 And I so happy am that I still bear
 These riches with me, and so safe they are,
 That pirates, robbers, no device of man,
 Or tyrants' power, deprive me of them can.
 And were I naked, forced to exile,
 More treasure I should carry from this isle
 Than should be sold; though for it I might gain
 The wealth of all America and Spain.
 For this makes sweet my life, and when I die
 Will bring the sleep of death on quietly.
 Yea, such as greatest pomp in life-time have,
 Shall find no warmer lodging in their grave.

Besides, *I want not* many things they need,
 Who me in outward fortunes do exceed.
I want no title, for to be the son
 Of the Almighty, is a glorious one.
I want no followers, for through faith I see
 A troop of angels still attending me.

Through want of friendship *need I not* repine,
 For God and good men are still friends of mine;
 And when I journey to the north, the east,
 The pleasant south, or to the fertile west,
I cannot want for proffer'd courtesies
 As far as our Great Britain's empire lies.
 In every shire and corner of the land,
 To welcome me, do houses open stand,
 Of best esteem ; and strangers to my face,
 Have thought me worth the feasting, and more
 grace
 Than I will boast of, lest you may suspect
 That I those glories (which I scorn) affect.
 Of my acquaintance were a thousand glad,
 And sought it, though nor wealth nor place I had
 For their advantage ; and if some more high
 (Who on the multitude of friends rely)
 Had but a fortune equal unto me,
 Their troop of followers would as slender be ;
 And those 'mong whom they now esteem have
 won,
 Would scarcely think them worth the looking on.

I want no office, for (though none be void)
 A Christian finds he may be still employ'd.
I want no pleasures, for I pleasures make,
 Whatever God is pleas'd, I undertake.
 Companions want I not, for know that I
 Am one of that renown'd society,

Which by the name we carry, first was known
 At Antioch, so many years ago.
 And greatest kings themselves have happy
 thought
 That to this noble order they were brought.

I want not arms to fit me for the field,
 My prayers are my sword, my faith my shield ;
 By which (howe'er you prize them) I have got
 Unwounded, thorough twenty thousand shot.
 And with these arms I Heaven think to scale,
 Though hell the ditch were, and more high the
 wall.

A thousand other privileges more
 I do possess, in which the world is poor.
 Yea, I so long could reckon, you would grant
 That though I nothing have, *I nothing want.*

And did the king but know how rich I were,
 I durst to pawn my fortunes, he would swear,
 That were he not the king, I had been he
 Whom he (of all men) would have wish'd to be.

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the car was the cold. It was a sharp, biting cold that seemed to penetrate my coat. I shivered as I walked towards the entrance of the building. The air was thick with the scent of old wood and the faint, distant smell of coffee. I had heard that the office was old, but I didn't realize how old it would be. The walls were made of dark, polished wood, and the floors were covered in a thick, dark carpet. The lighting was dim, with only a few small lamps providing a warm glow. I felt a sense of unease as I walked through the corridors. The silence was oppressive, and the shadows seemed to be watching me. I had heard that the office was haunted, but I didn't believe it until now. The air was thick with a strange, otherworldly energy. I felt like I was walking through a maze, and I didn't know where I was going. The corridors seemed to twist and turn, and I lost track of time. I had been walking for what felt like hours, but I had no idea how long it had been. The air was getting thicker, and the shadows were getting darker. I felt like I was being pulled towards something, but I didn't know what it was. I was lost, and I didn't know how to get out. The air was thick with a strange, otherworldly energy. I felt like I was walking through a maze, and I didn't know where I was going. The corridors seemed to twist and turn, and I lost track of time. I had been walking for what felt like hours, but I had no idea how long it had been. The air was getting thicker, and the shadows were getting darker. I felt like I was being pulled towards something, but I didn't know what it was. I was lost, and I didn't know how to get out.

NEC CURO.



THEN to vouchsafe me yet more favour here,
He that supplies my *want*, hath took my *care* ;
And when to bar me aught, he sees it fit,
He doth infuse a mind to slight at it,

Why, if he all things needful doth bestow,
Should I for what I have not, careful grow ?
Low place I keep, yet to a greatness born,
Which doth the world's affected greatness scorn ;
I do disdain her glories, and contemn
Those muddy spirits that delight in them.

I care for no man's countenance or grace,
Unless he be as good, as great in place.
For no man's spight, or envy do *I care* ;
For none have spight at me, that honest are.
I care not for that baser wealth, in which
Vice may become, as well as virtue, rich.
I care not for their friendship, who have spent
Love's best expressions in mere compliment ;
Nor for those favors (though a queen's they were)
In which I thought another had a share.

I care not for their praise, who do not show
 That in their lives, which they in words allow.
 A rush *I care not* who condemneth me,
 That sees not what my soul's intentions be.
I care not, though to all men known it were,
 Both whom I love, or hate; for none I fear.
I care not, though some courtiers still prefer
 The parasite, and smooth-tongu'd flatterer,
 Before my bold, truth-speaking lines; and here,
 If these should anger them, *I do not care*.

I care not for that goodly precious stone,
 Which chymists have so fondly doted on.
 Nor would I give a rotten chip, that I
 Were of the rosie-crosse fraternity;
 For I the world too well have understood,
 As to be gull'd with such a brother-hood.

I care for no more knowledge than to know,
 What I to God, and to my neighbour owe.
 For outward beauties *I do nothing care*,
 So I within may fair to God appear;
 No other liberty *I care* to win
 But to be wholly freed from every sin;
 Nor more ability (whilst I have breath)
 Than strength to bear my crosses to my death.
 Nor can the earth afford a happiness
 That shall be greater than this *carelessness*.

For such a life I soon should *careless* grow,
 In which I had not leisure more to know.
Nor care I in a knowledge pains to take
 Which doth not those who get it wiser make.
 Nor for that wisdom do I greatly *care*,
 Which would not make me somewhat honester.
 Nor for that moral honesty, which shall
 Refuse to join religion therewithall.
 Nor for that zealous seeming piety,
 Which wanteth love and moral honesty.
 Nor for their loves, whose base affections be
 More for their lust, than for aught good in me.
 Nor for aught good within me should I care,
 But that, they sprinklings of God's goodness are.

For many books *I care not* ; and my store
 Might now suffice me, though I had no more
 Than God's two Testaments, and therewithall
 That mighty volume, which the world we call.
 For, these well look'd on, well in mind preserv'd ;
 The present ages passages observ'd ;
 My private actions, seriously o'er view'd ;
 My thoughts recall'd, and what of them ensu'd ;
 Are books which better far instruct me can,
 Than all the other paper-works of man ;
 And some of these I may be reading too,
 Where'er I come, or whatsoe'er I do.

I care not, though a sight of idle gulls
 (With lavish tongues and ever empty skulls)
 Do let my better-temper'd labours lie ;
 And since I termly made not pamphlets fly,
 Say I am idle, and do nothing now ;
 As if that I was bound to let them know
 What I were doing ; or to cast away
 My breath and studies on such fools as they.
 I much disdain it, for these blocks be those
 That use to read my verse like ragged prose ;
 And such as (so their books be new) ne'er care
 Of what esteem nor of what use they are.

I care not though a vain and spungy crew
 Of shallow critics, in each tavern spew
 Their drunken censures on my poesy,
 Until among their cups they sprawling lie.
 These poor betatter'd rhymers, now and then,
 With wine and impudence inspir'd, can
 Some fustian language utter, which doth seem
 (Among their base admirers) worth esteem ;
 But those base ivy-poets never knew
 Which way a sprightly honest rapture flew,
 Nor can they relish any strain of wit
 But what was in some drunken fury writ.

Those needy poetasters, to prefer
 Their nasty stuff to some dull stationer,
 With impudence extol it ; and will tell him
 The very title of their book shall sell him

As many thousands of them (wholly told)
 As ever of my satires have been sold ;
 Yet, ere a twelvemonth, by the walls it lies,
 Or to the kitchen or the pastry lies.
 Sometime, that these men's rhymes may heeded
 be,

They give, forsooth, a secret jerk at me ;
 But so obscurely that no man may know
 Who there was meant, until they tell them so.
 For fearing me, they dare not to be plain,
 And yet my vengeance they suspect in vain ;
 For I can keep my way, and careless be,
 Though twenty snarling curs do bark at me :
 And while my fame those fools do murmur at,
 And vex themselves, with laughing I am fat.

I am not much inquisitive to know
 For what brave action our last fleet did go ;
 What men abroad perform, or what at home ;
 Who shall be emperor, or pope of Rome ;
 What news from France, or Spain, or Turkey are ;
 Whether of merchandise, of peace, or war.
 Whether Mogul the Sophy, Prester John,
 The duke of China or the isle Japan,
 The mightier be ; for, things impertinent
 To my particular, or my content
 I little heed (though much thereof I know)
 Nor care I whether it be true or no.
 Not for because I careless am become

Of the neglected state of Christendom ;
 But 'cause I am assur'd, whatever shall
 Unto the church or common-wealth befall,
 (Through Satan's spite, or human treachery,
 Or our relying on weak policy)
 God's promise to his glory shall prevail ;
 Yea, when the fond attempts of men do fail,
 And they lie smoaking in th'infernal pit,
 Then truth and virtue shall in glory sit.
 Those, who in love to things that wicked are,
 And those who thorough cowardice and fear,
 Became the damned instruments, whereby
 To set up vice and falsehood's tyranny ;
 E'en those shall perish, by their own offence.
 And they who loved truth and innocence,
 Out of oppression shall advance their head,
 And on the ruins of those tyrants tread.

O let that truth and innocence in me
 For ever undefil'd preserved be !
 And let me live no more, if then *I care*
 How many miseries I have to bear !
 For well I know, I should not weigh how great
 The perils are that my destruction threat ;
 Nor chains nor dungeons should my soul affright,
 Nor grimmest apparitions of the night ;
 Though men from hell could of the devil borrow
 Those ugly prospects, to augment my sorrow.
 But prove me guilty, and my conscience then

Inflicts more smart than bloody tortures can ;
 And none, I think, of me could viler deem
 Than I myself unto myself should seem.

If good and honest my endeavors be,
 What day they were begun ne'er troubles me.
I care not whether it be calm, or blow,
 Or rain, or shine, or freeze, or hail, or snow.
 Nor whether it be autumn or the spring,
 Or whether first I heard the cuckow sing,
 Or first the nightingale ; *nor do I care*
 Whether my dreams of flowers or weddings are.
 What beast doth cross me, *care I not* at all,
 Nor how the goblet or the salt doth fall ;
 Nor what aspect the planets please to show ;
 Nor how the dial or the clock doth go.

I do not care to be inquisitive
 How many weeks or months I have to live ;
 For how is't like that I should better grow,
 When I my time shall twelvemonth longer know,
 If I dare act a villany, and yet
 Know I may die while I am doing it?

Let them whose brains are sick of that disease,
 Be slaves unto an ephimerides ;
 Search constellations, and themselves apply
 To find the fate of their nativity.
 I'll seek within me, and if there I find

Those stars, which should give light unto my mind,
 Rise fair and timely in me, and affect
 Each other with a natural aspect ;
 If in conjunction there perceive I may
 True virtue and religion every day,
 And walk according to that influence
 Which is derived unto me from thence,
 I fear no fortunes, whatsoe'er they be,
Nor care I what my stars do threaten me.
 For he who to that state can once attain,
 Above the power of all the stars doth reign :
 And he that gains a knowledge wherewithall,
 He is prepar'd for whatsoe'er may fall ;
 In my conceit is far a happier man,
 Than such as but foretell misfortunes can.

I start not at a friar's prophecy,
 Or those with which we Merlin do belie ;
 Nor am I frighted with the sad relation
 Of any near-approaching alteration.
 For things have ever chang'd, and ever shall,
 Until there be a change run over all ;
 And he that bears an honest heart about him,
 Needs never fear what changes be without him.

The eastern kingdoms had their times to flourish ;
 The Grecian empire rising, saw them perish ;
 That fell, and then the Roman pride began ;

Now scourged by the race of Ottoman.
 And if the course of things around must run,
 'Til they have ending, where they first begun ;
 What is't to me, who, peradventure, must,
 Ere that befall, lie mouldered into dust ?

What if America's large tract of ground,
 And all those isles adjoining, lately found,
 (Which we more truly may a desert call,
 Than any of the world's more civil pale)
 What then, if there the " wilderness" do lie,
 To which the " woman" and her " son" must fly,
 To 'scape the " dragon's" fury, and there 'bide
 'Til Europe's thankless nations (full of pride
 And all abomination) scourged are
 With barbarism, as their neighbours were ?

If thus GOD please to do, and make our sin
 The cause of bringing other people in
 His church to be (as once he pleased was
 The Gentiles' calling should be brought to pass
 The better by the Jewish unbelief)
 Why should his pleasure be my care or grief ?
 O let his Name and Church more glorious grow,
 Although my ruin help to make it so !
 So I my duty in my place have done,
I care not greatly what succeed thereon ;
 For sure I am, if I can pleased be
 With what GOD wills, all shall be well for me.

I hate to have a thought o'er-serious spent
 In things mere trivial and indifferent.
 When I am hungry, so I get a dish,
I care not whether it be flesh or fish,
 Or any thing, so wholesome food it be ;
Nor care I whether you do carve to me
 The head, the tail, the wing, the leg or none ;
 For all I like, and all can let alone.
I care not at your table where I sit,
 Nor should I think I were disgrac'd in it
 (So much as you) if I should thence in scoff,
 To feed amongst your grooms, be turned off.
 For I am sure that no affront can blot
 His reputation, that deserves it not.
 To be o'er-curious I do not profess,
Nor ever car'd I for uncleanness ;
 For I ne'er loved that philosophy
 Which taught men to be rude and slovenly.

I care not what yon wears, or you or he,
 Nor of what fashion my next clothes shall be ;
 Yet to be singular in antique fashions
 I hold as vain, as apish imitations
 Of each fantastic garb our gallants wear ;
 For some as fondly proud conceited are
 To know, that the beholder taketh note
 How they still keep their grandsire's russet coat,
 As is the proudest lady, when that she
 Hath all the fashions that last extant be.

I care for no more credit than will serve
 The honor of the virtuous to preserve ;
 For if the shows of honesty in me
 To others' virtues should no blemish be,
 (Nor make them deemed hypocrites) if I
 Should falsely be accus'd of villany ;
 Sure, whether I were innocent or no,
 I should not think the world worth telling so ;
 Because to most men nothing bad doth seem,
 Nor nothing virtuous, but as unto them
 Occasion makes it good or ill appear.
 Yea, foulest crimes, whilst they unpunish'd are,
 Or bring in profit, no disgrace are thought ;
 And truest virtues, poor, are set at nought.

I care for no more pleasures than will make
 The way which I intend to undertake
 So passable, that my unwieldly load
 Of frailties, incident to flesh and blood,
 Discourage not my willing soul from that
 Which she on good advice hath aimed at.

I care for no more time than will amount
 To do my work, and make up my account.
I care for no more money than will pay
 The reck'ning and the charges of the day ;
 And if I need not now, I will not borrow,
 For fear of wants that I may have to-morrow.

What kings and statesmen mean, *I do not care* ;
 Nor will I judge what their intentions are :
 For private censures help not any way,
 But injure them in their proceedings may.
 Yet princes, by experience, we have seen,
 By those they love have greatly wronged been.
 Their too much trust doth often danger breed,
 And serpents in their royal bosoms feed ;
 For all the favors, gifts and places, which
 Should honor them, do but these men enrich.
 With those, they further their own private ends ;
 Their faction strengthen, gratify their friends,
 Gain new associates daily to their parts,
 And from their sovereign steal away the hearts
 Of such as are about them ; for those be
 Their creatures, and but rarely thanks hath he,
 Because the grants of pension and of place
 Are taken as their favors, not his grace.

And (which is yet a greater wickedness)
 When these the loyal subjects do oppress,
 And grind the faces of the poor alive,
 'They'll do it by the king's prerogative.
 They make him patron of their villany,
 And when he thinks they serve him faithfully,
 Secure him in their loves, and all things do
 According both to law and conscience too ;
 By virtue of his name, they perpetrate
 A world of mischiefs ; they abuse the state,

His truer-hearted servants they displace ;
 Bring their debauched followers into grace ;
 His coffers rob, yea, worse, far they use him,
 The true affections of his people lose him ;
 And make those hearts (which did in him believe
 All matchless virtues) to suspect and grieve.

Now, by that loyalty I owe my prince,
 This of all treason is the quintessence ;
 A treason so abhorred, that to me
 No treachery could half so odious be ;
 Not though my death they plotted ; for more dear
 My honor, and my friends' affections are,
 Than twenty kingdoms and ten thousand lives.
 And whosoever me of that deprives,
 I find it would a great deal harder be
 To move my heart to pardon, than if he
 Conspired had (when I least thought the same)
 To root out my posterity and name.

Who next in court shall fall *I do not care*,
 For my delights in no man's ruins are ;
 Nor mean I to depend on any, so
 That his disgrace shall be my overthrow.

I care as little who shall next arise,
 For none of my ambition that way lies ;
 Those rising stars would never deign to shine
 On any good endeavor yet of mine ;

Nor can I think there shall hereafter be
 A man amongst them that will favor me ;
 For I a scourge do carry, which doth fear them,
 And love too much plain dealing to be near them.

If my experience teach me any thing,
I care not old antiquities to bring,
 But can as well believe it to be so,
 As if 'twere writ ten thousand years ago ;
 And where I find good ground for my assent,
 I'll not be halter'd to a president.

If men speak reason, 'tis all one to me,
 Whether their tenet Aristotle's be,
 Or some barbarians, who scarce heard of yet,
 So much as with what names, the arts we fit ;
 Or whether for an author you infer,
 Some fool or some renown'd philosopher.

In my religion, I dare entertain
 No fancies hatched in mine own weak brain ;
 Nor private spirits : but am ruled by
 The Scriptures, and that church authority,
 Which with the ancient faith doth best agree ;
 But new opinions will not down with me.
 When I would learn, I never greatly *care*,
 So truth they teach me, who my teachers were.
 In points of faith I look not on the man,
 Nor Beza, Calvin, neither Luther can

More things, without just proof, persuade me to,
 Than any honest parish-clerk can do.
 The ancient fathers (where consent I find)
 Do make me, without doubting, of their mind :
 But where in his opinion any one
 Of these great pillars I shall find alone,
 (Except in questions which indifferent are,
 And such as, 'til his time, unmoved were)
 I shun his doctrine ; for this swayeth me,
 " No man alone in points of faith can be."

Old Ambrose, Austin, Jerome, Chrysostome,
 Or any father, if his reverence come,
 To move my free assent to any thing
 Which reason warrants not (unless he bring
 The sacred word of GOD to give me for it)
 I prize not his opinion, but abhor it ;
 Nay, I no faction 'gainst the truth would follow,
 Although divinest Paul and great Apollo
 Did lead me, if that possible it were
 That they should have permitted been to err.
 And whilst that I am in the right, I care not
 How wise or learned them you think, that are not.

I care not who did hear me, if I said
 That he who for a place of justice paid
 A golden income, was no honest man ;
 Nor he that sold it ; for I prove it can,
 And will maintain it, that so long as those

And church preferments we to sale expose,
 Nor common-wealth nor church shall ever be
 From hateful brib'ry or damn'd schism free.

I may be blam'd, perhaps, for speaking this;
 But much *I care not*, for the truth it is:
 And were I certain that to blaze the same
 Would set those things that are amiss in frame,
 Shame be my end but I would undertake it,
 Though I were sure to perish when I spake it.

I care not for preferments which are sold
 And bought (by men of common worth) for gold.
 For he is nobler who can those contemn,
 Than most of such as seek esteem in them.

I do not for those airy titles *care*
 Which fools and knaves as well as I may wear;
 Or that my name, whene'er it shall be writ,
 Should be obscur'd with twenty after it.
 For could I set my mind on vulgar fame,
 I would not think it hard to make my name,
 Mine own name, purchase me as true renown
 As to be call'd by some old ruin'd town.

I love my country, yet *I do not care*
 In what dominions my abidings are;
 For any region on the earth shall be
 (On good occasion) native soil to me.

I care not, though there be a muddy crew,
 Whose blockishness (because it never knew
 The ground of this my carelessness) will smile,
 As if they thought I raved all this while.

“For those,” the proverb saith, “that live in
 “hell,
 “Can ne’er conceive what ’tis in Heaven to
 “dwell.”

I care not for those places, whereunto
 Bad men do sooner climb than good men do;
 And from whose ever-goggling station, all
 May at the pleasure of another fall.
 But O how careless every way am I
 Of their base minds, who living decently
 Upon their own demeanors; there fearless, might
 Enjoy the day from morning until night,
 In sweet contentments; rendering praise to Him,
 Who gave this blessing and this rest to them;
 That free from cares and envies of the court,
 They honor’d in their neighbour’s good report,
 Might twenty pleasures, that king’s know not try,
 And keep a quiet conscience ’til they die!

O God! how mad are they, who thus may do;
 Yet, that poor happiness to reach unto
 Which is but painted, will those blessings shun,
 And bribe, and woo, and sweat to be undone!

How dull are they, who, when they home may
 keep,
 And there upon their own soft pillow sleep
 In dear security, would roam about,
 Uncertain hopes or pleasures to find out !
 Yea, strain themselves a slippery place to buy,
 With hazarding their states to beggary !
 With giving up their liberties, their fame !
 With their adventuring on perpetual shame !
 With prostituting nieces, daughters, wives,
 By putting into jeopardy their lives !
 By selling of their country, and the sale
 Of justice or religion, soul and all !
 Still dreaming on content, although they may
 Behold, by new examples, every day,
 That those hopes fail ; and fail them not alone,
 In such vain things as they presumed on,
 But bring them also, many times, those cares,
 Those sad distractions, those despairs and fears,
 That all their glorious gilding cannot hide
 Those woful ruins on their inner side ;
 But, ten to one, at length they do depart,
 With loss, with shame, and with a broken heart.

I care not for this humour, but I had
 Far rather lie in Bedlam, chain'd and mad,
 Than be with these men's frantic mood possest ;
 For there they do less harm, and have more rest.

I care not when there comes a parliament,
 For I am no projector, who invent
 New monopolies, or such suits as those,
 Who, wickedly pretending goodly shows,
 Abuses to reform, engender more,
 And far less tolerable than before ;
 Abusing prince, and state, and common weal,
 Their (just deserved) beggaries to heal ;
 Or that their ill-got profit may advance
 To some great place their pride and ignorance.
 Nor by extortion, nor through bribery,
 To any seat of justice climb'd am I ;
 Nor live I so, as that I need to *care*,
 Though my proceedings should be question'd
 there.

And some there be would give their coat away,
 That they could this as confidently say.

I care for no such thriving policy
 As makes a fool of moral honesty ;
 For such occasions happen now and then,
 That he proves wise that proves an honest man.
 And howsoe'er our project-mongers deem
 Of such men's fortunes, and of them esteem,
 (How big soe'er they look, how brave soe'er
 Among their base admirers they appear,
 Though ne'er so trim in others' feathers dight,
 Though clad with title of a lord or knight,
 And by a hundred thousand crouch'd unto)

Those gaudy upstarts no more prize I do
 Than poorest kennel-rakers; yea, they are
 Things which I count so little worth my care,
 That (as I love fair virtue) I protest,
 Among all honest men, the beggar'lest
 And most bespatter'd peasant, in mine eye,
 Is nobler, and more full of majesty,
 Than all that brave, bespangled rabblement
 Compos'd of pride, of shifts, and compliment.

Let great and courtly pers'nages delight
 In some dull jester, or a parasite ;
 Or in their dry buffoon, that gracefully
 Can sing them bawdy songs, and swear and lie ;
 And let their mastership, if so they please,
 Still favor more the slaverings of these
 Than my free numbers ; for, I care no more
 To be approved or esteemed for
 A witty make-sport, than an ape to be.
 And whosoever takes delight in me
 For any quality that doth affect
 His senses better than his intellect,
I care not for his love : my dog doth so,
 He loves as far as sensual love can go ;
 And if how well he lov'd me I did weigh,
 Deserves, perhaps as much respect as they.
 I have a soul, and must beloved be
 For that which makes a lovely soul in me ;
 Or else their loves so little *care I* for,
 That them and their affections I abhor.

I care not though some fellows, whose desert
 Might raise them to the pillory, the cart,
 The stocks, the branding-iron, or the whip,
 (With such-like due preferment) those do skip;
 And by their black endeavours, purchase can
 The privileges of a nobleman;
 And be as confident in what they do,
 As if by virtue they were rais'd thereto.
 For, as true virtue hath a confidence,
 So vice and villains have their impudence;
 And manly resolution both are thought,
 'Til both are to an equal trial brought;
 But vicious impudence then proves a mock,
 And virtuous constancy endures the shock.

Though such unworthy grooms, who th'other
 day
 Were but their masters panders to purvey
 The fuel of their lust, and had no more
 But the reversion of their meat, their whore,
 And their old clothes to brag of; though that
 these
 (The foes to virtue, and the time's disease)
 Have now, to cover o'er their knavery,
 Got on the robes of wealth and bravery,
 And dare behave their rogueships saucily
 Inpresence of our old nobility,
 As if they had been born to act a part,
 In the contempt of honor and desert;

Though all this be, and though it often hath
 Discourag'd many a one in virtue's path,
 I am the same, and *care not* ; for I know
 Those butterflies have but a time to show
 Their painted wings ; that when a storm is near,
 Our habits, which for any weather are,
 May shew more glorious, whilst they shrinking
 lie
 In some old crevice, and there starve and die.

Those dues which unto virtue do belong,
 He that despiseth, offers virtue wrong :
 So he that follows virtue for rewards,
 And more the credit than the act regards,
 (Or such esteem as others seek doth miss)
 Himself imagines worthier than he is.
 If therefore I can tread the way I ought,
I care not how ignoble I be thought ;
 Nor for those honors do I care a fly,
 Which any man can give me or deny.
 For what I reckon worth aspiring to
 Is got and kept whe'r others will or no :
 And all the world can never raise a man
 To such brave heights as his own virtues can.

I care not for that gentry, which doth lie
 In nothing but a coat of heraldry.
 One virtue more I rather wish I had,
 Than all the heralds to mine arms could add ;

Yea, I had rather that by my industry
 I could acquire some one good quality,
 Than through the families that noblest be,
 From fifty kings to draw my pedigree.

Of nations or of countries *I nought care*
 To be commander ; my ambitions are,
 To have the rule and sovereignty of things
 Which do command great emperors and kings.
 Those strong and mighty passions, wherewithal
 Great monarchs have been foil'd and brought in
 thrall,

I hope to trample on ; and whilst that they
 Force but my body, if I disobey ;
 I rule that spirit, which, would they constrain
 Beyond my will, they should attempt in vain.
 Yea, whilst they bounded within limits here,
 On some few mortals only domineer ;
 Those titles and that crown I do pursue,
 Which shall the devils to my power subdue.

I care not for that valour which is got
 By furious choler or the sherry pot ;
 Nor (if my cause be ill) to hear men say
 I fought it out, e'en when my bowels lay
 Beneath my feet. A desperateness it is,
 And there is nothing worthy praise in this ;
 For I have seen (and you may see it too)
 That any mastiff dog as much will do.

He valiant is, who knows the disesteem
 The vulgar have of such as cowards seem ;
 And yet dares seem one, rather than bestow
 Against an honest cause, or word, or blow :
 Though else he fear'd no more to fight or die,
 Than you to strike a dog or kill a fly.
 Yea, him I honor, who new wak'd from sleeping,
 Finds all his spirits so their temper keeping,
 As that he would not start, though by him there
 Grim death, and hell, and all the devils were.

I care not for a coward, for to me
 No beasts on earth more truly hateful be ;
 Since all the villanies that can be thought
 Throughout the world, and altogether brought
 To make one villain, can make nothing more
 Than he that is a coward was before.
 And he that is so, can be nothing less
 Than the perfection of all wickedness.
 In him no manly virtues dwelling are,
 Nor any shews thereof, except for fear.
 In no brave resolution is he strong,
 Nor dares he bide in any goodness long.
 For, if one threat'ning from his foe there come,
 His vowed resolution starts he from ;
 And cares not what destruction others have,
 So he may gain but hope himself to save.
 The man that hath a fearful heart, is sure
 Of that disease that never finds a cure ;

For take and arm him through in every place,
 Build round about him twenty walls of brass ;
 Girt him with trenches, whose deep bottoms lie
 Twice lower than three times the Alps are high ;
 Provide (those trenches and those walls to ward)
 A million of old soldiers for his guard,
 All honest men and sworn ; his fever will
 Break in, despite of all, and shake him still.
 To 'scape this fear, his guard he would betray,
 Make cruelly his dearest friend away ;
 Act any base or any wicked thing ;
 Be traitor to his country and his king ;
 Forswear his GOD, and in some fright go nigh
 To hang himself, to 'scape the fear to die.
 And for these reasons, *I shall never care*
 To reckon them for friends that cowards are.

I care not for large fortunes, for I find
 Great wants best try the greatness of the mind :
 And though I must confess, such times there be
 In which the common wish hath place in me,
 Yet, when I search my heart, and what content
 My GOD vouchsaf'd me hath, I count my rent
 To be above a thousand pounds a-year
 More than it can unto the world appear.
 And with more wealth I less content might find,
 If I with riches had some rich man's mind.
 A dainty pallate would consume in cheer
 (More than I do) a hundred pounds a-year,

And leave me worse sufficed than I am.
 Had I an inclination much to game,
 A thousand marks would annually away,
 And yet I want my full content at play.
 If I in hawks or dogs had much delight,
 Twelve hundred crowns it yearly waste me might;
 And yet not half that pleasure bring me to
 Which from one line of this receive I do.
 If I to brave apparel were inclin'd,
 Five students' pensions I should yearly spend,
 Yet not be pleas'd so well with what I wear
 As now I am; nor take so little care.
 I much for physic might be forc'd to give,
 And yet a thousand-fold less healthy live.
 To keep my right, the law my goods might waste,
 And with vexation tire me out at last.

These, and no doubt, with these full many a
 thing
 To make me less content, more wealth might
 bring,
 Yet more employ me too; for few, I see,
 Who owners of the greatest fortunes be,
 But they have still, as they more riches gain,
 More state, more lusts and troubles to maintain
 With their revenues: that the whole account
 Of their great seeming bliss, doth scarce amount
 To half of my content. And can I less
 Esteem this rare-acquired happiness,

Than I a thousand pounds in rent would prize,
 Since, with less trouble, it doth more suffice?
 No; for, as when the march is swift and long,
 And men have foes to meet both fierce and strong,
 That soldier in the conflict best doth fare
 Who getteth arms of proof, that lightest are :
 So I, who with a little do enjoy
 As much my pleasure and content, as they
 Whom far more wealth and business doth molest ;
 Account my fortune and estate the best.
 God's favor in it I extol the more,
 And great possessions much less *care I for*.

I care not, so I still myself may be,
 What others are, or who takes place of me.
I care not for the time's unjust neglect,
 Nor fear their frowns, nor praise their vain re-
 spect ;
 For, to myself, my worth doth never seem,
 Or more or less for other men's esteem.

The Turk, the devil, antichrist, and all
 The rabble of that body-mystical,
I care not for ; and I should sorry be,
 If I should give them cause to care for me.

What Christians ought not to be careful for,
 What the Eternal Essence doth abhor,
 I hate as I am able ; and for aught

Which God approves not, when I spend a
 thought,
 I truly wish that from my eyes might rain
 A shower of tears, to buy it back again.

I care not for their kin, who blush to see
 Those of their blood who are in mean degree ;
 For that bewrays unworthiness, and shows
 How they by chance, and not by virtue rose.
 To say, " my lord," " my cousin," can to me,
 In my opinion, no such honor be,
 If he from virtue's precepts go astray,
 As when, " my honest kinsman," I can say ;
 And they are fools, who when they raised are,
 Feign their beginnings nobler than they were ;
 Yea, they do rob themselves of truest fame,
 With some false honor to belie their name.
 For such as to the highest titles rise,
 From poor beginnings, have more tongues and
 eyes
 To honor and observe them, far, than all
 That do succeed them, ever boast of shall ;
 For being nothing more than they were born,
 Men heed them not, unless they merit scorn
 For some unworthiness ; and then, perchance,
 As their forefathers' meanness did advance
 His praise the higher ; so, their greatness shall
 Make greater both their infamy and fall.

It is men's glory, therefore, not a blot,
 When they the start of all their names have got ;
 And it was worthless envy first begun
 That false opinion, which so far hath run ;
 Which well they know whose virtues honor win,
 And shame not to confess their poorest kin ;
 For whensoever they do look on those,
 To God they praises give, and thus suppose :
 Lo! when the hand of Heaven advanced us
 Above our brethren, to be lifted thus,
 He let them stay behind for marks, to show
 From whence we came, and whither we must go.

To have the mind of those, *I do not care*,
 Who both so shameless and so foolish are,
 That to acquire some poor esteem, where they
 Were never heard of until yesterday,
 (And never shall, perhaps, be thought on more)
 Can prodigally there consume their store,
 And stand upon their points of honor so,
 As if their credit had an overthrow,
 Without redemption, if in aught they miss
 Wherein th' accomplish'd gallant punctual is ;
 Yet basely every quality despise,
 In which true wisdom and true honor lies.

If you and one of those should dine to-day,
 'Twere three to one but he for all would pay ;
 If but your servant light him to the door,

He will reward him ; if but he and's whore
 Carocht a furlong are, the coachman may
 For se'nnight after let his horses play.
 And yet this fellow, whom abroad you shall
 Perceive so noble, and so liberal
 (To gain a day's, perhaps but one hour's fame)
 'Mong those that hardly will enquire his name;
 At home (where every good and every ill,
 Remains to honor or to shame him still)
 Neglects humanity; yea, where he lives,
 And needs most love, all cause of hatred gives.
 To poll, to rack, to ruin, and oppress
 The poor, the widow, and the fatherless:
 To shift, to lie, to cozen and delay
 The labourer and the creditor of pay,
 Are there his practices. And yet this ass,
 Would for a man of worth and honor pass:
 The devil he shall as soon ; and I will write
 The story of his being convertite.

I care not for the world's vain blast of fame,
 Nor do I greatly fear the trump of shame ;
 For whatsoever good or ill is done,
 The rumour of it in a week is gone.
 One thing puts out another ; and men sorrow
 To-day, perhaps, for what they joy to-morrow.
 And it is likely, that ere night they may
 Condemn the man they praised yesterday ;
 Hang him next morning, and be sorry then,
 Because he cannot be alive again.

But grant the fame of things had larger date,
 Alas! what glory is it, if men prate
 In some three parishes of that we do,
 When three great kingdoms are but mole-hills to
 The earth's circumference; and scarce one man
 Of twenty millions know our actions can?
 Believe me, it is worth so little thought
 (If the offence to others were not aught)
 What men's opinions or their speeches be,
 That were there not a better cause in me,
 (Which mov'd to virtue) *I would never care*
 Whether my actions good or evil were.

Though still unheeded of the world, I spend
 My time and studies to the noblest end;
 One hair *I care not*, for I find reward
 Beyond the world's requital or regard.
 And since all men some things erroneous do,
 And must in justice somewhat suffer too;
 In part of my correction, this I take,
 And that I favor'd am, account do make.

I care not, though there every hour should be
 Some outward discontent to busy me;
 And as I would not too much trial have,
 So too much carnal peace I do not crave.
 The one might give my faith a dangerous blow,
 The other would pervert my life, I know;
 For few love virtue in adversity,

But fewer hold it in prosperity.
 Vain hopes (when I had nought but hopes alone)
 Have made me err. Then whither had I gone,
 (If I the full possession had attain'd)
 When but mere hopes my heart to folly train'd?
 Smooth ways would make me wanton, and my
 course

Must lye where labour, industry and force
 Must work me passage, or I shall not keep
 My soul from dull security's dead sleep;
 But outward discontentments make me fly
 Far higher than the world's contents do lie.

I neither for their pomp or glory care,
 Who by the love of vice advanced are.
 Fair virtue is the lovely nymph I serve,
 Her will I follow, her commands observe;
 Yea (though the purblind world perceive not
 where)

The best of all her favors I do wear;
 And when great vices, with fair-baited hooks,
 Large promises of favor-tempting looks,
 And twenty wiles, hath woo'd me to betray
 That noble mistress; I have turn'd away,
 And flung defiance both at them and their's,
 In spite of all their gaudy servitors.

In which brave daring I oppos'd have been
 By mighty tyrants, and was plunged in

More wants than thrice my fortune would have
borne,

When our heroes did or fear or scorn
To lend me succour, (yea, in that weak age
When I but newly enter'd on the stage
Of this proud world) so that, (unless the king
Had nobly pleas'd to hear the muses sing
My bold apology) 'til now might I
Have struggling been beneath their tyranny;
But all those threat'ning comets I have seen
Blaze, 'til their glories quite extinct have been.
And I, that crush'd and lost was thought to be,
Live yet, to pity those that spited me;
Enjoying hopes which so well grounded are,
That what may follow I nor fear *nor care*.
Yet those I know there be, who do expect
What length my hopes shall have, and what
effect;

With envious eyes awaiting every day
When all my confidence shall slip away,
And make me glad through those base paths to
fly,
Which they have trod, to raise their fortunes by.

They flout to hear that I do conscience make,
What place I sue for, or what course I take.
They laugh to see me spend my youthful time
In serious studies, and to teach my rhyme
The strains of virtue; whilst I might, perchance,

By lines of ribaldry, myself advance
 To place of favor. They make scoffs to hear
 The praise of honesty, as if it were
 For none but vulgar minds; and since they live
 In brave prosperity, they do believe
 It shall continue; and account of me
 As one scarce worthy of their scorn to be.

All this is truth; yea, trust me, *care I not*,
 Nor love I virtue aught the worse a jot;
 For I oft said that I should live to see
 My way far safer than their courses be.
 And I have seen nor one, nor two, nor ten,
 But, in few years, great numbers of those men
 From goodly bravery to rags decline,
 And wait upon as poor a fate as mine.

Yea, those, whom but a day or two before
 Were, in their own vain hopes, a great deal more
 Than any of our ancient baronage,
 (And such as many wise men of this age
 Have wish'd to be the men) e'en those have I
 Seen hurled down to shame and beggary
 In one twelve hours, and grow so miserable
 That they became the scornful, hateful fable
 Of all the kingdom; and there's none so base
 But thought himself a man in better case.

'This makes me pleased with mine own estate,
 And fearful to desire another's fate ;
 This makes me *careless* of the world's proud scorn
 And of those glories, whereto such are born.
 And if to have me, still kept mean and poor,
 To God's great glory, shall aught add the more ;
 Or if to add disgraces heap'd on me,
 (For others, in their way to bliss) may be
 Of more advantage, than to see me thrive
 In outward fortunes, or more prized live ;
I care not though I never see that day,
 Which with one pin's worth more enrich me may.

Yea, by the eternal Deity I vow,
 Who knows I lie not, who doth hear me now ;
 Whose dreadful majesty is all I fear ;
 Of whose great spirit, these the spark'lings are ;
 And who will make me such proud daring rue,
 If this my protestation be untrue :
 So I may still retain that inward peace,
 That love and taste of the eternal bliss,
 Those matchless comforts, and those brave desires,
 Those sweet contentments and immortal fires,
 Which at this instant do inflame my breast,
 And are too excellent to be exprest :
I do not care a rush, though I were born
 Unto the greatest poverty and scorn,
 That (since God first infus'd it with his breath)

Poor flesh and blood did ever groan beneath ;
 Excepting only, such a load it were,
 As no humanity was made to bear.

Yea, let me keep these thoughts, and let be
 hurl'd

Upon my back, the spite of all the world ;
 Let me have neither drink, nor bread to eat,
 Nor cloaths to wear, but those for which I sweat ;
 Let me become unto my foes a slave,
 Or, causeless here, the marks of justice have
 For some great villany, that I ne'er thought ;
 Let my best actions be against me brought ;
 That small repute, and that poor little fame,
 Which I have got, let men unto my shame
 Hereafter turn ; let me become the fable,
 A talk of fools ; let me be miserable
 In all men's eyes, and yet let no man spare
 (Though that would make me happy) half a tear ;
 Nay, which is more insufferable far
 Than all the miseries yet spoken are,
 Let that dear friend, whose love is more to me
 Than all those drops of crimson liquor be
 That warm my heart (and for whose only good
 I could the brunt of all this care have stood)
 Let him forsake me ; let that prized friend
 Be cruel too ; and when distress'd, I send
 To seek his comfort, let him look on me
 With bitter scorn, and so hard-hearted be,

As that (although he know me innocent,
 And how those miseries I underwent
 In love to him) he yet deny me should
 One gentle look, though that suffice me could ;
 And (truly griev'd, to make me) bring in place
 My well-known foe, to scorn me to my face.

Let this befall me ; and with this, beside,
 Let me be for the faulty friend beli'd ;
 Let my religion and my honesty
 Be counted 'til my death hypocrisy ;
 And when I die, let, 'til the general doom,
 My name each hour into question come,
 For sins I never did ; and if to this
 You aught can add, which yet more grievous is,
 Let that befall me too ; so that in me
 Those comforts may increase, that springing be,
 To help me bear it ; let that grace descend,
 Of which I now some portion apprehend ;
 And then, as I already heretofore
 (Upon my Maker's strength relying) swore,
 So now I swear again,—if aught it could
 God's glory further, that I suffer should,
 Those miseries recited, *I nor care*
 How soon they seiz'd me, nor how long they
 were ;
 For he can make them pleasures, and I know
 As long as he inflicts them, will do so.

Nor unto this assurance am I come,
 By ony apothegmes gathered from
 Our old and much-admir'd philosophers.
 My sayings are mine own as well as their's:
 For whatsoe'er account of them is made,
 I have as good experience of them had;
 Yea, when I die (though now they slighted be)
 The times to come for them shall honor me,
 And praise that mind of mine, which now, per-
 chance,
 Shall be reputed foolish arrogance.

O that my lines were able to express
 The cause and ground of this my carelessness;
 That I might show you what brave things they be,
 Which at this instant are a fire in me!

Fools may deride me, and suppose that this
 No more but some vain-glorious humour is,
 Or such-like idle motion, as may rise
 From furious and distemper'd phantasies.
 But let their thoughts be free, I know the flame
 That is within me, and from whence it came;
 Such things have fill'd me, that I feel my brain
 Wax giddy those high raptures to contain.
 They raise my spirits, which now whirling be,
 As if they meant to take their leave of me;
 And could these strains of contemplation stay
 To lift me higher still but half a day,

By that time they would mount to such a height,
That all my *cares* would have an end to-night.

But, oh ! I feel the fumes of flesh and blood
To clog those spirits in me, and, like mud,
They sink again ; more dimly burn my fires ;
To her low pitch my muse again retires ;
And as her heavenly flames extinguish'd be,
The more I find my cares to burthen me.

Yet, I believe I was enlighten'd so,
That never shall my spirit stoop so low
To let the servile thoughts and dunghill cares
Of common minds entrap me in their snares.

For still I value not those things of nought,
For which the greatest part take greatest thought.
Much for the world *I care not*, and confess,
Desire I do my care for it were less.
I do not care (for aught they me could harm)
If with more mischiefs this last age did swarm ;
Yea, such poor joy I have, or care to see
The best contents these times can promise me ;
And that small fear of any plague at all,
Or miseries, which on this age may fall ;
That, but for charity, *I did not care*
If all those coming storms, which some do fear,
Were now descending down ; for hell can make
No uproar which my peaceful thoughts may
shake.

I founded have my hopes on him that hath
 A shelter for me in the day of wrath ;
 And I have trust I shall, without amaze,
 Look up, when all burns round me in a blaze.
 And if to have these thoughts and this mind
 known,

Shall spread God's praise no further than mine
 own ;

Or if this shall no more instructive be
 To others, than it glory is to me,
 Here let it perish, and be hurled by
 Into oblivion everlastingly :
 For with this mind I can be pleas'd as much,
 Though none but I myself did know it such ;
 And he that hath contentment *needs not care*
 What other men's opinions of it are.
I care not, though for many griefs to come,
 To live a hundred years it were my doom ;
Nor care I, though I summon'd be away
 At night, to-morrow morning, or to-day.

I care not whether this you read or no ;
 Nor whether you believe it, if you do.
I care not whether any man suppose
 All this from judgment or from rashness flows ;
 Nor mean I to take *care* what any man
 Will think thereof, or comment on it can.

I care not who shall fondly censure it,
Because it was not with more method writ,
Or fram'd in imitation of the strain
In some deep Grecian or old Roman vein;
Yea, though that all men living should despise
These thoughts in me, to heed or patronize,
I vow, *I care not*; and I vow, no less
I care not, who dislikes this *carelessness*.

My mind's my kingdom, and I will permit
No other's will to have the rule of it;
For I am free, and no man's power, I know,
Did make me thus, nor shall unmake me now.
But through a spirit none can quench in me,
This mind I got; and this my mind shall be.

To ENVY.

Now look upon me, *Envy*, if thou dare,
Dart all thy malice, shoot me everywhere;
Try all the ways thou canst to make me feel
The cruel sharpness of thy poison'd steel;
For I am *envy-proof*, and scorn I do
The worst thy canker'd spite can urge thee to.
This word, *I care not*, is so strong a charm,
That he who speaks it truly fears no harm,
Which thy accursed rancour harbour may,
Or his perversest fortunes on him lay.
Go, hateful fury, hag! go hide thou then,
Thy snaky head in thy abhorred den;
And since thou canst not have thy will of me,
There, damned fiend, thine own tormentress be;
Thy forked stings upon thy body turn;
With hellish flames thy scorched entrails burn;
From thy lean carcase thy black sinews tear;
With thine own venom burst and perish there.

Nec Habeo, nec Careo, nec Curo.

A POSTSCRIPT.

QUITE through this island hath my *motto* rung,
And twenty days are past since up I hung
My bold impresa ; which defiance throws
At all the malice of fair Virtue's foes.
The good approve it, and so crown the cause
Of this my resolution with applause,
That such as spite it dare not to appear
In opposition to the challenger.
Their malice would enforce them, but it lies
Oppressed yet with fearful cowardice ;
For they so arm'd have found me, that they fear
I may (in spite of all their envy) bear
The conquest from them, and upon the face
Of their bespotted fame stick more disgrace.

This makes them storm in private, slander, rail,
Threat, libel, rhyme, detract ; and to prevail
Upon my patience, try their utmost art ;
But I still mind my motto's latter part,
And *care not* for it ; which more makes them
 chaff,
And still the more they fret, the more I laugh.

But now their envies have so well conspir'd,
 That they have fram'd the project they desir'd ;
 And took such course, that (if their word you
 take)
 Shall move my choler and my patience shake.

Forsooth, some *rhymers* they have hir'd, to chew
 Their rancour into balladry, and spew
 Their black despite, which to a drunken note,
 They, in a hundred taverns have, by rote,
 Already belch'd unto that auditory,
 Who are the fittest trumpets of their story.

When their inventions (by the power divine
 Of much-inspiring sack and claret wine)
 Are ripen'd to the highest, then, they say
 'The stationer expects it every day ;
 And that he may a saving bargain make,
 Aforehand doth his customers bespeak.

But when these brain-worms crawling forth you
 spy
 (As pity 'twere such wit should smother'd lie)
 They will bewray the sires, and make't appear
 That ignorance and envy parents were
 To that spiteful issue ; so that he,
 Who shall a rush the less esteem of me
 For aught there writ, even he, is one of them
 Whose hate and whose affection I condemn.

The instruments they get to serve the turn,
 Are those that are unworthy of my scorn,
 And if contend or answer them I should,
 It more might wrong me, than their rhiming
 could.

As therefore, when an armed soldier feels
 A testy cur, in vain to gnaw his heels,
 He minds not him, but spends his blows upon
 Those churlish peasants that did set him on.
 So I, that know these dogs do but their kind ;
 Well, let them bark and snarl, and spend their
 wind,

'Til they grow weary ; but let them sit strong
 That urge them to it, or I lay along
 Their high top-gallant, where each groom shall
 see

How worthy scorn and infamy they be.
 For they who are their patrons, are such foes,
 As I may somewhat worthily oppose ;
 And I'll unmask them so, that you shall spy
 In them, detraction's true anatomy ;
 Yea, whereas they have by their malice thought
 To have on me their spiteful pleasures wrought,
 I'll from their censures an occasion take
 To shew, how other men a sport shall make
 At all detractions ; so those slaves undo,
 Who that base practice are inclin'd unto.

Rail, they that list; for those men know not
yet

What mind I have, who think the man that writ
This *Motto* can be ever brought to fear
Such poor fond things as idle carpers are;
Nay, rather from those slanders they shall raise,
I will advantage gather for my praise;
While they that in my shame would take delight,
Shall gnaw their flesh through vengeance and de-
spite,
To see how I unmov'd their envy mock,
And make of them this age's laughing-stock.

For, lest to have prevailed they should seem,
And so grow wise men in their own esteem,
(Or by their foolish brags dishearten such
Whose resolutions are not grown so much)
When I at leisure am, for recreation,
I'll merry make myself, to their vexation;
Yet shall my mirth from malice be so free,
That though I bitter to the guilty be,
It shall appear that I in love do scourge them,
That of their foul corruptions I may purge them:
And that it may be known how virtue hath
A sting to punish, though not mov'd to wrath.

But go, and for the pamphlet seek about,
For yet, ere night, 'tis thought, it will come out.
Yet, when you find it, do not look for there

His wit alone, whose name you see it bear,
 (For though you nothing can collect from thence,
 But foul-mouth'd language, rhyme and impudence)
 Yet there expect, since 'tis the common cause
 Of all crow-poets and poetic-daws
 Which I have touch'd, that all the brotherhood
 Will lend their wits to make the quarrel good ;
 For to that purpose they are all combin'd.
 Yea, to their strong confed'racy are join'd
 That corporation, by whose patronage
 Such poetry hath flourish'd in this age ;
 And some beside, that dare not yet be known,
 Have favor to this goodly project shown.

But let them join their force, for I had rather
 Ten millions should themselves against me gather
 (And plot and practice for my overthrow)
 Than be the conqueror of one base foe.
 For, as mine enemies increasing be,
 So resolution doth increase in me ;
 And if I must have foes, my fates shall friend me,
 If great and noble enemies they send me.

But whether on mean foes or great I light,
 My spirit will be greater than their spite.

AN EPIGRAM

*Written by the Author, on his own Picture, where this
Motto was inscribed.*

THUS other's loves have set my shadow forth,
To fill a room, with names of greater worth ;
And me amongst the rest they set to show ;
Yet what I am, I pray mistake not, though.

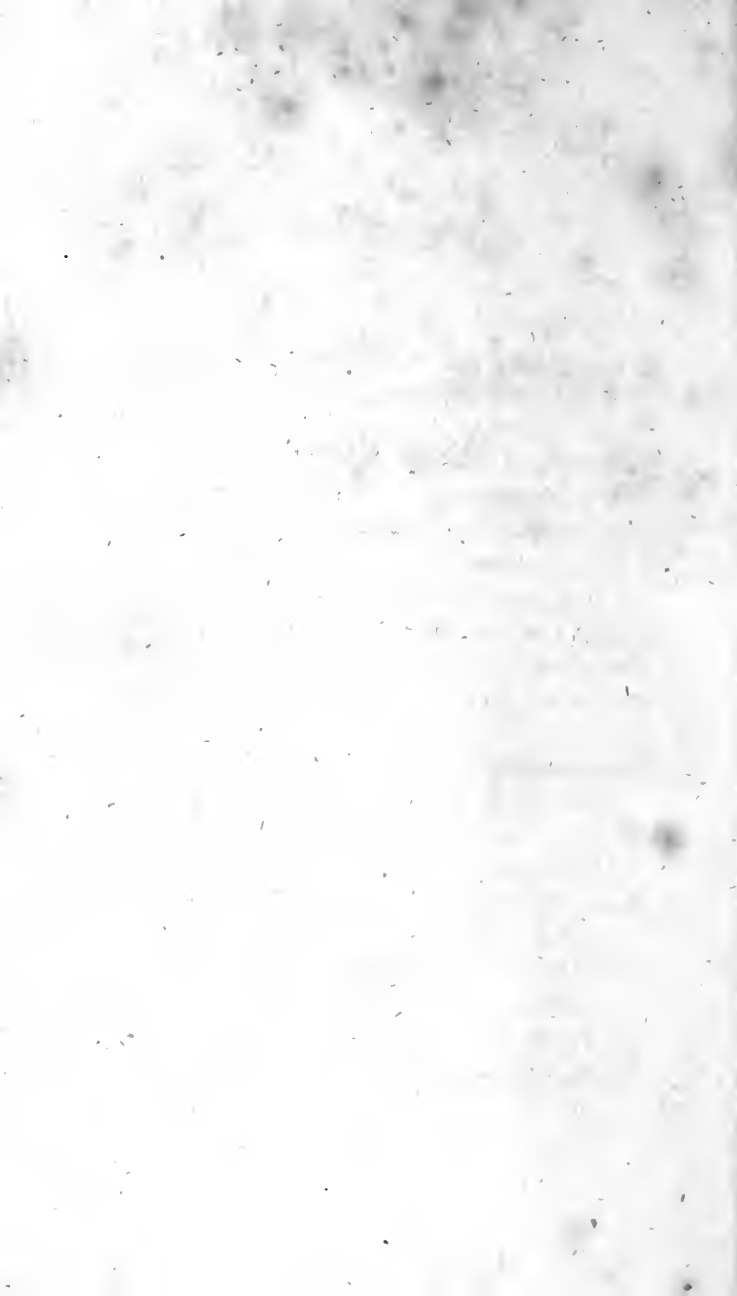
Imagine me nor earl, nor lord, nor knight,
Nor any new-advanced favorite ;
For, you would swear, if *this* well pictur'd me,
That such an one I ne'er was like to be.
No child of purblind fortune was I born,
For all that issue holdeth me in scorn ;
Yet, He that made me hath assur'd me too,
Fortune can make no such, nor such undo ;
And bids me in no favors take delight,
But what I shall acquire in her despite.

Which mind, in rags, I rather wish to bear,
Than rise, through baseness, bravest robes to
wear.

Part of my *outside* hath the picture shown ;
Part of my *inside* by these lines is known :
And 'tis no matter of a rush to me,
How *this* or *that* shall now esteemed be.

Epigrams.

The following EPIGRAMS are selected from among seventeen,
which were written by WITHER, and presented with
his ABUSES STRIPT AND WHIPT, to the Persons
to whom they are addressed.



To the Lord RIDGEWAY.

SIR,—you first grac'd and gratifi'd my muse,
Which ne'er durst try, 'til then, what she
could do ;
That which I did, unto myself was news,
A matter I was little us'd unto.
Had you those first endeavors not approv'd,
Perhaps I had for ever silence kept ;
But now your good encouragement hath mov'd
And rous'd my spirits, that before-time slept ;
For which I vow'd a gift that should be better,
Accept this for't, and I'll be still your debtor.

Here you shall see the images of men
More savage than the wildest Irish kerne ;
Abuses whipp'd and stripp'd, and whipp'd again ;
I know your judgment can the truth discern.
Now, so you well will think of this my rhyme,
I've such a mind yet to St. Patrick's isle,
That if my fate and fortunes give me time,
I purpose to re-visit you awhile,
And make those sparks of honor to flame high,
That rak'd up in oblivion's cinders lie.

To his FATHER.

OTHERS may glory, that their father's hands
Have scrap'd together mighty sums of gold ;
Boast in the circuit of new-purchas'd lands,
Or herds of cattle, more than can be told.

God give them joy ; their wealth I'll ne'er envy,
For you have gotten me a greater store,
And though I have not their prosperity,
In my conceit I am not half so poor.

You learn'd me with a little to content me,
Shew'd how to bridle passion in some measure ;
And through your means I have a talent lent
me,

Which I more value than all Indies treasure :

For when the almost boundless patrimonies
Are wasted, those by which our great ones trust

To be eterniz'd, when their braveries
Shall be forgotten, and their tombs be dust ;

Then, to the glory of your future line,
Your own and my friends sacred memory,

This little, poor, despised wealth of mine,
Shall raise a trophy of eternity ;

Which fretting envy nor consuming time
Shall ere abolish or one whit offend :

A topless statue, that no stars shall climb,
Such fortune shall my honest mind attend.

But I must needs confess, 'tis true, I yet
Reap little profit in the eyes of men ;

My talent yields small outward benefit,
Yet I'll not leave it for the world again.

Though't bring no gain that you by artful
sleight

Can measure out the earth in part or whole ;

Sound out the center's depth, or take the height
Either of th' arctic or antarctic pole ;

Yet, 'tis your pleasure it contentment brings ;
And so my muse is my content and joy :

I would not miss her to be rank'd with kings,
However some account it as a toy.

But having then (and by your means) obtain'd
So rich a patrimony for my share,

(For which with links of love I'm ever chain'd)
What duties fitting for such bounties are.

Moreover, nature brought me in your debt,
And still I owe you for your cares and fears ;

Your pains and charges I do not forget,
Besides the interest of many years.

What way is there to make requital for it?
Much I shall leave unpaid, do what I can.

Should I be then unthankful ? I abhor it ;
The will may serve when power wants in man.

This book I give you, then ; here you shall
find

Somewhat to countervail your former cost ;

It is a little index of my mind ;

Time spent in reading it will not be lost.

Accept it, and when I have to my might

Paid all I can to you, if Powers Divine

Shall so much in my happiness delight

To make you grandsire to a son of mine,

Look what remains, and may by right be due,

I'll pay it him as 'twas receiv'd from you.

Your loving son,

GEORGE WITHER.

To his MOTHER.

UNGRATEFUL is the child that can forget
The Mother's many pains, her cares, her fears ;
And therefore, though I cannot pay the debt
Due for the smallest drop of your kind tears,
This book I for acknowledgement do give you,
Wherein you may perceive my heart and mind :
Let never false report of me more grieve you,
And you shall sure no just occasion find.
Love made you apt to fear those slanders true,
Which in my absence were but lately sown ;
It was a motherly distrust in you,
But those that rais'd them are false villains known.
For though I must confess I am indeed
The vilest to myself that lives this time,
Yet to the world-ward I have ta'en such heed,
There's none can spot me with a heinous crime.
This I am forc'd to speak, you best know why,
And I dare strike him that dare say I lye.

To his dear Friend, Master THOMAS CRANLY.

BROTHER, for so I call thee, not because
Thou wert my father's or my mother's son ;
Not consanguinity, nor wedlock laws
Could such a kindred 'twixt us have begun :
We are not of one blood, nor yet name neither,
Nor sworn in brother-hood with alehouse quarts,
We never were so much as drunk together,
'Twas no such slight acquaintance join'd our
 hearts.

But a long knowledge with much trial did it,
(Which are to chuse a friend the best directions ;)
And though we lov'd both well at first, both hid it,
'Til 'twas discover'd by alike affections ;
Since which, thou hast o'er-gone me far in shewing
The office of a friend ; do so and spare not ;
Lo, here's a memorandum for what's owing ;
But know, for all thy kind respect I care not,
Unless thou'll't show how I may service do thee,
Then will I swear I am beholding to thee.

Thine,

G. W.

To his loving Friend and Cousin-German,
Mr. WILLIAM WITHER.

IF that the standards of the house bewray
What fortunes to the owners may betide ;
Or if their destinies, as some men say,
Be in the names of any signifi'd,
'Tis so in thine ; for that fair antique shield
Borne by thy predecessors long ago,
Depainted with a clear, pure argent field,
The innocency of thy line did show.

Three sable crescents with a cheveron gul'd,
Tell that black fates obscur'd our houses' light ;
Because the planet that our fortunes rul'd
Lost her own lustre, and was darken'd quite ;
And as indeed our adversaries say,
The very name of *Wither* shews decay.

But yet despair not, keep thy white unstain'd,
And then it skills not what thy crescents be.
What though the moon be now increas'd, now
wan'd ?
Learn thence to know thy life's inconstancy.
Be careful as thou hitherto hast been
To shun the abuses man is tax'd for here,

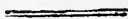
And then that brightness, now eclips'd with sin,
When moon and sun are darken'd, shall look
clear ;

And whatsoe'er thy name may seem to threat,
That quality brave things doth promise thee,
Ere thou shalt want thy hare will bring thee
meat,

And to kill care, herself thy make-sport be.

Yea, (though yet envy's mists do 'make them
dull)

I hope to see the waned orbs at full.



To his School-Master, Master JOHN GREAVES.



If ever I do wish I may be rich,
As oft perhaps such idle breath I spend ;
I do it not for any thing so much,
As to have wherewithall to pay my friend.

For (trust me) there is nothing grieves me more
Than this, that I should still much kindness take,
And have a fortune (to my mind) so poor,
That (though I would) amends I cannot make :

Yet to be still as thankful as I may,
(Since my estate no better means affords ;)

What I in deeds receive, I do repay
In willingness, in thanks, and gentle words.

Then, though your love doth well deserve to have
Better requitals than are in my power ;

Knowing you'll nothing *ultra posse* crave,
Here I have brought you these essays of our.

You may think much; perhaps, since there's so
many

Learn'd graduates that have your pupils been,
I, who am none, and more unfit than any,
Should first presume in public to be seen.

But you have heard those horses in the team,
That with their work are ablest to go through,

So forward seldom as blind *Bayard* seem,
Or give so many twitches to the plough ;

And so though they may better, their intent
Is not, perhaps, to fool themselves in print.





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